

1935

April

JUSTICE GOES TABLOID

by *NEWMAN LEVY*

The American **Mercury**

There is

NO COMMUNISM IN RUSSIA

by *EMMA GOLDMAN*

HANDS OFF THE ARTS

HEAT WAVE. *A STORY*

THE TOWNSEND PLAN

LITERARY BOSS OF THE MIDDLE WEST

JAPAN'S WAR MACHINE

ROUND BY ROUND. *A STORY*

THE BOOTLEG COAL INDUSTRY

WHY NOT USE PARACHUTES?

BIRTH CONTROL AND THE LAW

THE WHISKEY RING FRAUD

WOMEN AVAILABLE

THE PRICE OF COMFORT

Ford Madox Ford

Pearl S. Buck

Chester T. Crowell

Edgar Lee Masters

Oland D. Russell

Conrad Aiken

Joseph Agor

Kenneth B. Collings

Anthony M. Turano

Grayson L. Kirk

Ruth L. Porterfield

Robert Littell

THE LIBRARY by *Laurence Stallings*

NEW HARPER SUCCESSES

FICTION • TRAVEL • HUMOR • ROMANCE • MYSTERY



**Paul
Horgan's
NO QUARTER
GIVEN**

The new novel by the author of "The Fault of Angels"—Harper Prize Novel 1933. A modern drama of the private life of a genius that "will remain vividly in one's memory."—*N. Y. Times* \$2.50.



**Thornton
Wilder's
HEAVEN'S MY
DESTINATION**

This novel by the author of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is the best selling novel in America. "Richly comic and deeply touching—the Town Crier's book of the month."—*Alexander Woolcott.* \$2.50



**André
Maurois'
DICKENS**

One of the most successful biographers of the 20th century—author of *Ariel*, *Byron* and *Disraeli*—presents the wisest, most sympathetic portrait of Dickens as a man and as an artist, that has yet appeared. \$2.00

**THE NATIVE'S
RETURN**

By Louis Adamic

Celebrating its first anniversary as a best seller. "A book such as we have not seen before."—*N. Y. Times.* \$2.75

**THE
WHIP-POOR-
WILL MYSTERY**

By Hulbert Footner

A horrible murder plot against an innocent girl! An exciting mystery told against an authentic small-town scene by a past master of thrills. \$2.00

**Rose Macaulay's
MILTON**

A remarkably lifelike portrait of the great Restoration poet by the author of *Told By An Idiot*, *Potterism*, etc. Milton, with his eccentricities that ranged from his search for the perfect wife to his reading of the Bible in Hebrew, provides ample opportunity for Miss Macaulay's most pungent writing. \$2.00

**Fannie Hurst's
NO FOOD WITH
MY MEALS**

Thousands will read this hilarious account of Fannie Hurst's own adventures in reducing, with practical hints for those who would do likewise. A comic masterpiece that belongs beside Irvin Cobb's *Speaking of Operations.* \$1.00

**LAMB IN
HIS BOSOM**

By Caroline Miller

The Pulitzer Prize Novel, a profoundly moving story. Long a best seller, and already an American classic. \$2.50

**WINE FROM
THESE GRAPES**

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

The new volume of verse by one of America's immortals. "She still chisels the loveliest lines of poetry carved in America."—*Lewis Gannett.* \$2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS • 49 E. 33rd St. • NEW YORK

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

NEW HARPER SUCCESSES

FICTION • TRAVEL • HUMOR • ROMANCE • MYSTERY



**James
Hilton's
WAS IT
MURDER?**

An ace mystery story by the author whose novels, *LOST HORIZON* and *GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS*, have made best-seller history. First published under Mr. Hilton's pseudonym, Glen Trevor. "Fascinating." — *Phila. Record*. "Recommended." — *N. Y. Times*. \$2.00



**Louis
Adamic's
GRANDSONS**

A novel of the sons and grandsons of Yugo Slavian immigrants, the story of a lost generation — powerful, vivid — by the author of the never-to-be-forgotten best seller, "The Native's Return." \$2.50



**Margaret Culkin
Banning's
THE FIRST
WOMAN**

Can a woman get along in politics without sex appeal? This is the theme of an extraordinarily appealing romance of men and women in the spotlight of publicity, written by one of America's most appealing novelists. \$2.00

**DEATH IN
FOUR LETTERS**

By Francis Beeding

One of the most skillfully plotted mysteries the author of "The Seven Sleepers" has written. International intrigue — with danger and villains on every page. \$2.00

**THE VOYAGE
OF AUTOLEON**

By Leonard Bacon

One of the most vigorous of the 20th century poets offers three narrative poems of ancient Greece. \$2.00

**Sir Norman Angell's
PEACE AND THE
PLAIN MAN**

The Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to this distinguished author whose life work has been a study of war and whose "The Great Illusion" has sold over a million copies. This new volume is a study written for the ordinary reader who is interested in the cause of peace. \$2.50

**Homer Smith's
THE END OF ILLUSION**

A brilliant novel of far away places, where, deep in the jungle, four people each suspect another of murder. An irresistible combination of romantic adventure and philosophic meaning by the author of "Kamongo." \$2.50

**MASTER
SANGUINE**

By Ivor Brown

Red shirts, green shirts, blue shirts, stuffed shirts, professors, politicians, and pretty ladies provide material for a novel of riotous comedy and exposure of modern hokum. \$2.50

**STARS
WERE BORN**

By Barbara Lucas

A gay, sophisticated novel of young people, conceived in the wholly delightful manner of *The Constant Nymph*. \$2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS • 49 E. 33rd St. • NEW YORK

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS :: AUTOGRAPHS :: STAMPS :: LITERARY SERVICES

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th St. (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Careful, prompt attention and reasonable prices. Bargain Catalogue 5 cents (stamps).

OUT-OF-PRINT

WE SPECIALIZE in and are successful in finding, promptly, the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No Obligation. THE SEVEN BOOKHUNTERS, Station H, Box 66, New York City.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS SOLD. Expert advice, criticism, editing, revision for placement and publication. New Authors invited. PUBLISHERS' AGENCY, Laurence Roberts, Literary Agent, 47 West 42nd St., New York.

MANUSCRIPT BUREAU—Literary Agency of character. Stories, books, articles sold on commission basis. Prompt reporting. Free reading.

MANUSCRIPT BUREAU, 3186 Broadway New York City. MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Expert typist wishes manuscripts or other work to do at home. Rates very reasonable. Work neat and accurate. Telephone Dewey 9-6174 mornings or address MAE ABERDON, 1974 E. 2nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

J. G. EDMONDS, LITERARY AGENT

Marketing on commission.
No advance charges.
5639 Rippey St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
(or 108 W. 85th St., New York, N. Y.)

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT.

Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP INC., 570 Lexington Ave., New York.

RARE BOOKS

DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY, 130 full-page Dore illus., Cary translation, 652 pp. Published at \$10.00—Our price \$2.98. Write for free Bargain Lists. SUPERIOR BOOK Co., 203 W. 49 St., N.Y.C.

CURIOSA, SEXUALIA, EXOTICA. The largest publishers of privately printed literature in the United States, invite you to send for their free catalogue of curiosa, sexualia, esoterica. PANURGE PUBLISHERS, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WE SPECIALIZE IN CURIOUS books; privately printed items in limited editions; unexpurgated translations; unusually illustrated volumes. Join our select clientele. Catalogue on request. THE FALSTAFF PRESS, Dept. M, 230 Fifth Ave., New York City.

RARE BOOKS

THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSEwhere may be read for a nominal fee. Members have access to a large collection of rare, scarce, out-of-print, and curious books; limited, privately printed editions, unabridged translations. Please state occupation or profession when writing for information. ESOTERIKA BIBLION SOCIETY, Dept. M-4, 15 East 45th Street, New York.

RECORDED MUSIC

MUSIC LOVERS—100,000 finest records at 50c & 75c (value \$1.50 & \$2). Symphonies, Chamber Music, Operas, etc., of BACH, BEETHOVEN, BRAHMS, MOZART, WAGNER, etc. Mail Orders, Catalogue. THE GRAMOPHONE SHOP, 18 East 48th St., N. Y.

STORY PLOTS

WRITERS ARE MAKING THOUSANDS of dollars turning their story ideas into cash with the aid of PLOT GENIE. Endorsed by editors, used by successful authors. Booklet free. GAGNON Co., Dept. 104, 1541 No. Western, Hollywood, Calif.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

THE LITERARY BAZAAR places before you its large and wealthy collectors' market. A half inch advertisement (6 lines of type) costs only \$5.00—and on the twelve time order only \$4.00. Write Dept. L. B., THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

Complete Book Manufacture

A SURPRISINGLY large percentage of the books reviewed and advertised in this number of THE AMERICAN MERCURY were manufactured complete in our plant.

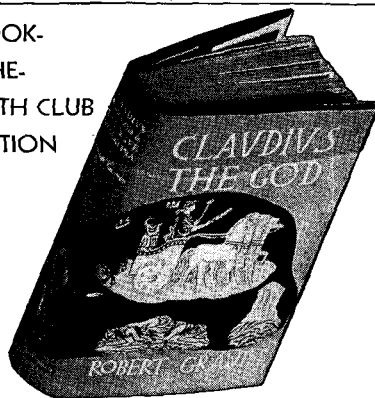
This comes as a natural result of our many years of experience in manufacturing books of the highest quality for the most discriminating publishers

The
VAIL-BALLOU PRESS

The Efficient Plant

Main Office and Factory: Binghamton, N. Y.
New York Office: 220 Fifth Avenue

A BOOK-
OF-THE-
MONTH CLUB
SELECTION



CLAUDIUS THE GOD
AND HIS WIFE MESSALINA
by Robert Graves; Smith and Haas, \$3

Another
BEST-SELLER
made by
WOLFF

WOLFF

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXXIV

April 1935

NUMBER 136

TABLE OF CONTENTS

JUSTICE GOES TABLOID	Newman Levy	385
THERE IS NO COMMUNISM IN RUSSIA	Emma Goldman	393
HANDS OFF THE ARTS	Ford Madox Ford	402
HEAT WAVE. <i>A Story</i>	Pearl S. Buck	409
THE BOOTLEG COAL INDUSTRY	Joseph Agor	416
JAPAN'S WAR MACHINE	Oland D. Russell	422
THE PRICE OF COMFORT	Robert Littell	430
THE SLANT ON POLITICS. <i>A Story</i>	Saul Levitt	436
WHY NOT USE PARACHUTES?	Kenneth Brown Collings	444
LITERARY BOSS OF THE MIDDLE WEST	Edgar Lee Masters	450
THE TOWNSEND PLAN— <i>A Challenge to Congress</i>	Chester T. Crowell	456
ROUND BY ROUND. <i>A Story</i>	Conrad Aiken	461
BIRTH CONTROL AND THE LAW	Anthony M. Turano	466
WOMEN AVAILABLE	Ruth L. Porterfield	473
THE WHISKEY RING FRAUD	Grayson L. Kirk	479
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES:		
The American Composer Gets a Break	Aaron Copland	488
The Truth About Cosmetics	Jerome W. Ephraim	492
THE LIBRARY:		
Gentleman from Mississippi	} . . . Laurence Stallings	499
True to the Navy		501
Young Men with a Past		503
REVIEWS:		
Six Poets	Louis Untermeyer	505
Spinoza	Jerome Rosenthal	508
THE CONTRIBUTORS		510
INDEX TO VOLUME XXXIV		512
CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS		iv
RECORDED MUSIC		x

Unsolicited manuscripts, if not accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes, will not be returned and the Editor will not enter into correspondence about them. Manuscripts should be addressed to The Editor, and not to individuals. All accepted contributions are paid for on acceptance, without reference to the date of publication. The whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission.

Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$5.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America. Canada, \$5.50; other foreign subscriptions, \$6.00; all rag edition, \$10.00 by the

year. The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1935, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. The American Mercury is indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Publisher*
Paul Palmer, *Editor*

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

SEX IN PRISON.

By Joseph F. Fishman. *The National Library Press*
\$3 6¼ x 9¼; 256 pp. New York

Here, at last, is a frank and thorough exposure of the various sex evils which are being tolerated, if not actually encouraged, in virtually every penal institution in America today. Branding as quaint and ridiculous the cowardly reluctance of high officials to face the problem, Mr. Fishman, a member of the board of directors of the American Prison Association, points out the undeniable fact that the sex urge is an imperious impulse which must needs express itself in one form or another no matter what efforts are made to suppress it; and unless prisoners are treated like other human beings while incarcerated, they will develop perversions which will render them a menace to society once they are set free. The solution to the problem, Mr. Fishman believes, lies in the inauguration of the "vacation plan" now successfully employed by several foreign countries. Unfortunately, the author does not explain how this plan could be followed in America where, of necessity, it would have to undergo certain basic modifications. The book lacks an index.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE NEW DEAL.

By Louis M. Hacker. F. S. Crofts & Company
\$1.75 6 x 9¼; 151 pp. New York

Beginning with the presidential contest of 1932, Mr. Hacker traces the political history of the United States on through to the summer of 1934, showing step by step the progress and development of the New Deal. All of the important emergency measures are described in detail, and there are special chapters devoted to a discussion of problems which the New Deal has thus far vainly endeavored to solve. Only the very sanguine, says Mr. Hacker, looking back over fifteen months of the Roosevelt Administration, will claim that the New Deal has realized the expectations of its sponsors. It has been no revolution, for it has effected no enduring changes in the class relations in American economic society. Agriculture is still in a state of unrest, and organized labor continues to confront organized capital with hatred and distrust. And the test of fire is just as much of a threat today as it was when Roosevelt first descended upon the national capital with his bag of tricks. There is an index.

SOCIOLOGY

PATTERNS OF CULTURE.

By Ruth Benedict. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 291 pp. Boston

Dr. Benedict says that nationalism and "racial snobbery" are scientifically baseless. Culture rather than race is the important thing. "All over the world, since the beginning of human history, it can be shown that peoples have been able to adopt the culture of peoples of another blood. There is nothing in the biological structure of man that makes it even difficult. . . . Culture is not a biologically transmitted complex." A nation, she continues, should not take the symbol of common blood heredity and make a slogan of it; it should concern itself "rather with the culture that unites its people." But to date no nation has sincerely emphasized this, and there has been no real understanding of "the relativity of cultural habits." To clarify and illustrate her point regarding the all-importance of culture, Dr. Benedict studies three primitive societies "historically as little related as possible to our own and to one another"—the Zuni Indians of New Mexico, the Dobuans of Melanesia, and the Kwakiutl of Vancouver Island—because "they provide ready to our hand the necessary information concerning the possible great variations in human adjustments, and a critical examination of them is essential for any understanding of cultural processes." Most of the book is concerned with studying the thought and customs of these three primitive civilizations. Dr. Benedict spent ten years of research on this book. Professor Franz Boas contributes a foreword. There is an index.

THE FAMILY: ITS SOCIOLOGY AND SOCIAL PSYCHIATRY.

By Joseph Kirk Folsom. John Wiley & Sons
\$4 6 x 9; 604 pp. New York

This is an exhaustive book which considers the subject of the family from every angle—social, historical, medical, psychiatric, and even political. The author discusses the family of the past, of the present, of Nazi Germany and of Soviet Russia. He also has a chapter on the future of the family system. There are extensive bibliographies, excellent indices and an unusual appendix summarizing studies on the family now in progress at various institutions. This is an excellent reference book and a valuable starting point for reading or study of this subject.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

EXPLORATION

SOUTH OF THE SUN.

By Russell Owen. *The John Day Company*
\$2.50 5¾ x 8¾; 288 pp. New York

An account of the adventures of forty-two men at the bottom of the world, recorded by the official correspondent for the first Byrd Expedition. Mr. Owen was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for his newspaper reports of this memorable journey, and here for the first time he makes the contents of his diary public. "South of the Sun" reads almost like a piece of fiction from start to finish: it contains none of the tedious documentation and wearisome detail of Admiral Byrd's own story of the expedition, and, what is more, it is ably written. No book on polar exploration to date can equal it for sheer readability.

THE SEARCH FOR THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

By Nellis M. Crouse. *The Columbia University Press*
\$4.00 6¼ x 9½; 533 pp. New York

In 1497, when John Cabot suggested that Cathay could be reached over an easily navigable waterway by sailing westward over a northern route, the idea was immediately received with enthusiasm, and countless English, French, Spanish and Portuguese sailors began from that date to search for this supposedly simple route, the discovery of which meant great wealth and fame. But finding this Northwest Passage proved far from simple and an Arctic death or horrible suffering was for centuries the only reward of their search. Only as recently as 1905 was

the first successful voyage completed by Amundsen. In this clearly written volume the author tells very briefly about the earlier voyages, but most of this interesting history is concerned with the attempts made to reach Asia in more modern times, from the journeys of Commanders Ross and Buchan of the British Navy in 1819 to Amundsen's successful expedition. There are four illustrations, an excellent map and an index.

ONE'S COMPANY.

By Peter Fleming. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
\$2.75 5¾ x 8½; 319 pp. New York

A fascinating travel-book by the author of "Brazilian Adventure." After warning the reader that he is just twenty-six years old, has spent only about seven months in China, and does not speak Chinese, Mr. Fleming proceeds with the same degree of frankness to render what he modestly calls "a superficial account of an unsensational journey" through Russia, Siberia, Manchukuo and China. The wrecking of the Trans-Siberian Luxury Express, the meeting with Pu Yi, the thrilling bandit hunt with a flying column of Japanese troops, the interview with Chang Kai-shek, the long journey through South China—these are a few of the high-spots of Mr. Fleming's delightful volume. The style, although consistently light and breezy, is at the same time an adequate vehicle for some wise and penetrating criticism of the Orient. And there are a good many excellent illustrations.

Continued on page vi

The **SEX TECHNIQUE** IN MARRIAGE

CONDENSED RÉSUMÉ

Preparation for Marriage	Influence of Age, Sex Instinct, Health
The Sex Organs of Men; of Women	Sex Intercourse During Pregnancy; After Child Birth
Sex Instinct in Men; in Women	Inability to Perform Sexually
Analysis of Sex Intercourse	Menstruation and the "Change of Life"
The Technique of the Sex-Act	Curable Childlessness
Practical Considerations	The Value of Birth Control
The First Sex-Act	FIVE DIAGRAMS
Adjustment to Sex Life; Difficulties; Mutual Consideration	The Male Sex Organs (Two Views)
Frequency of Intercourse	The Female Sex Organs (Two Views)
Positions in Performing the Sex-Act	Male and Female Reproductive Cells

INTERNATIONAL ACCLAIM

Below are a few of scores of publications, lay and medical, that have praised **SEX TECHNIQUE**: *Journal of the American Medical Association*; *Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin*; *The Lancet* (London); *American Journal of Psychiatry*; *Japan Medical World*; *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*; *Indian Medical Gazette*; *American Journal of Nursing*; *Irish Journal of Medical Science*; *Cleveland Press*; *Canadian Practitioner*; *San Francisco News*; *Medical Journal of Australia*; *Cincinnati Inquirer*; *Scottish Health*; *Providence Journal*; *Parents Magazine*; *Medical Times*; *British Medical Journal*; *Journal of Neurology and Psychopathology*; *King's College Magazine*; *Public Health* (London); *Eugenics Review* (London); *Middlesex Hospital Journal*; *London Hospital Gazette*, etc., etc.

By ISABEL EMSLIE HUTTON, M.B., Ch.B., M.D.
Physician to the British Hospital for Functional Mental and Nervous Diseases, London

Foreword by IRA S. WILE, M.D.

Former Commissioner of Education, New York City

Authoritative Comment

"THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE is a clear, succinct, non-emotional, authoritative and conservative exposition of the practical factors involved in making marriage successful on the sexual level."

—Ira S. Wile, M.D.

"Dr. Ira Wile describes the book exactly. . . . It is primarily concerned with the conduct of the honeymoon and with the technic of the sexual performance."

—Morris Fishbein, M.D.

"A practical work . . . with a modern point of view, and the author has certainly been guided by good judgment as to what constitutes general medical opinion."

—Journal of the American Medical Association.*

"It is a book that can be safely recommended by physicians and parents."

—Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin.

* The membership of the A.M.A. consists of approximately 100,000 physicians.

"Sexual pleasure, wisely used, may prove the stimulus and liberator of our finest and most exalted activities."
—Havelock Ellis.

PRICE \$2.00 (Postage 15c extra) EMERSON BOOKS, INC., Dept. 4-A, 333 SIXTH AVE., N.Y.C.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



Hotel
Delmonico
NEW YORK

DELMONICO...a name always distinguished for excellence...today one of New York's smart hotels, noted for its appointments, service and famed restaurant.

For guests from out of town, ideally situated for both business and social engagements.

Single Rooms from \$4.00
Double Rooms from \$6.00
Suites from \$8.00

PARK AVENUE AT 59TH STREET
Under Reliance Direction



FIRST EDITIONS, RARE BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS MANUSCRIPTS
[Catalogues Issued]
JAMES F. DRAKE, Inc.
24 W. 40 St., N. Y. C.

Read

The New American

MERCURY

Regularly

1 Year \$5.00
2 Years \$7.00

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY and STATE _____

A.M. 4-35



Check List of NEW BOOKS *Continued from page v*

THE ARTS

BALLETOMANIA.

By *Arnold L. Haskell.* *Simon & Schuster*
\$3.75 5¼ x 8¾; 359 pp. *New York*

This is a complete guide to the appreciation of ballet, written by a man who has called the art his obsession and who has traveled thousands of miles with various companies over a long period of years. A friend and confidant of all the dancers, he has followed the ballet from town to town, from country to country, enriching his knowledge of its technical intricacies, and ever increasing his appreciation of its dazzling beauty and glamorous charm. The book is filled with stories of colorful personalities: through its finely written pages march Diaghileff, Stravinsky, Pavlova, Nijinsky, Picasso, Massine, Rubinstein, and numerous others whose names have been intimately associated with the art. There are more than forty full-page photographs of the important performers, past and present, together with an appendix and an unusually helpful index. No true lover of the ballet can afford to overlook this book.

OPERA SYNOPSES.

By *J. Walker McSpadden.* *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
\$2.50 5¼ x 8½; 493 pp. *New York*

A new and greatly-enlarged edition of a standard guide to the opera, which first appeared in 1911. It contains complete synopses, by acts, of more than two hundred operas and light operas from Gluck to Gruenberg and Howard Hanson. There is a short biography of each composer, a list of his works, the date and place of each performance, the name of the author of the libretto, and, in addition, a short account of each country's operatic history. A handy volume. There is an index.

HANDBOOK OF PRINT MAKING AND PRINT MAKERS.

By *John Taylor Arms.* *The Macmillan Company*
\$2.50 5¼ x 7½; 255 pp. *New York*

John Taylor Arms, one of America's foremost etchers, describes briefly the different processes of print making, tells how to distinguish one variety from another, and relates some interesting facts about the history of the various media of graphic expression. In order to make the work as readable as possible, he has dwelt chiefly on those artists who to him seem to have made the most personal and enduring contributions. There is an alphabetical list at the end of the book which gives the name, nationality and period of each of the more important print makers, together with the particular medium in which each has worked. There is also an index.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

BIOGRAPHY

C. P. SCOTT OF THE MANCHESTER
GUARDIAN.

By J. L. Hammond. Harcourt, Brace and Company
\$3.75 5 3/4 x 9 1/2; 365 pp. New York

C. P. Scott became editor of the Manchester Guardian when he was only twenty-five. For more than fifty years thereafter, under his leadership, it grew steadily in influence and finally became the most powerful liberal paper in England. Scott's journalistic credo was an admirable one: "Comment is free, but facts are sacred." Thus the Guardian was against the Boer War and criticized the government mercilessly, even though that was an almost suicidal stand for an English newspaper. The paper almost did die, so great was the resultant decrease in its circulation and advertising. But in the World War Scott blundered badly: he championed Lloyd George and was for the War. He believed, his present biographer says, that Lloyd George "excelled all his contemporaries in initiative, courage, and the active desire for reform." Mr. Hammond, an editor of the Guardian today, was intimately associated with Scott for thirteen years. His biography contains all the facts and makes interesting reading. One chapter, "C.P.S. in the Office," is by W. P. Crozier. There are ten illustrations and an index.

BLISS. PEACEMAKER. *The Life and Letters of General Tasker Howard Bliss.*

By Frederick Palmer. Dodd, Mead & Company
\$4.00 6 3/8 x 9 1/2; 477 pp. New York

Bliss was another one of those generals who loved peace and hated war. Mr. Palmer even considers him a great peacemaker, largely because of his work as United States representative on the Supreme War Council and as delegate to the Versailles Peace Conference. The truth is that Bliss was only sensible enough to see that the statesmen of Versailles had concluded no permanent peace. He himself worked hard at the Conference, but his contributions were negligible. Except for a sincere love of the Latin and Greek classics, which he read constantly, he resembled countless other American military men. Mr. Palmer's work may be considered an official biography, and was made possible through funds furnished by the Carnegie Foundation.

HER MAJESTY ELIZABETH.

By Larisch von Wallersee-Wittelsbach.

Doubleday, Doran & Company
\$3 6 1/4 x 9 1/4; 308 pp. Garden City

One of the most colorful royal figures of the pre-war years on the Continent was the beautiful and amorous Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Her niece, confidante, and lady-in-waiting was Marie-

*Continued in back advertising
section, page xii*

THE WORLD'S GREATEST

ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL PRIVATELY PRINTED
BOOKS IN ENGLISH, ON THE

● SEX and LOVE ● RELATIONS of MANKIND AMAZINGLY ILLUSTRATED

BY THE GREATEST SEXUAL ANTHROPOLOGISTS OF
THE ORIENT AND THE OCCIDENT

Some of the Recent FALSTAFF Private Publications For Adults
Only are

1. THE EROTIKON The most amazingly illustrated
in America portraying the strangest phases of the erotic life of
savage and civilized races.

The '1001' Strangest Sexual and Amatory Curiosa in the
Erotic Life of Men and Women across the ages.
with 550 Curious Racial—Erotic Photographs and illustrations—500 in color!!! After authentic originals from
Anthropological Expeditions—Field Studies—Museum-Archives.
Doctor Augustin Cabanes—France's greatest Sexual Anthropologist;
Author of 60 Previous Rare esoteric manuscripts, all of whose detailed
Sex Researches are summed up in the Chef D'Oeuvre.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIES IN THE

2. Strange Sexual Practices of All Races in All
Ages, Primitive and
Civilized, by Dr. Iwan Bloch—Germany's foremost Sex Anthro-
pologist and Physician.

DR. IWAN BLOCH'S ETHNOLOGICAL AND CULTURAL
STUDIES in the

3. Sex Life in England Illustrated as re-
vealed in its Erotic and Curiosa Literature and Art through our own day
with Joyce's Ulysses; Lawrence's Lady Chatterley's Lover, etc.,
with 109 Rare Erotic Illustrations in Color by England's Greatest
Masters of Erotic Art: Hogarth, Beardsley, Rowlandson, etc.
Fraxi's Million Dollar Private Collection was used by Dr. Bloch.

4. Magica Sexualis Illustrated Exotically
Esoteric Sex Sciences and Immemorial Arts of Love of All Lards,
by the World-Famous French Savants—Dr. Emile Laurent and
Prof. Nagour.

INCOMPARABLY—THE GREATEST WORK IN ANY LAN-
GUAGE ON THIS SUBJECT—SCIENTIFIC AND ANTHRO-
POLOGICAL STUDIES IN

5. Illustrated Japanese Sex Relations
2 vols. de Luxe. Thousands of staggering unfoldments not found
in any other work. Hidden sources in life and letters have been
ransacked by the foremost native and European authorities and
eye-witnesses of the incredible practises in Japan.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIES ON THE

6. Sexual Relations of Mankind Including
Occidental and Savage Arts, Rites, Customs of Love, bewildering
discoveries and disclosures derived from his vast travels and
practise in strange lands, and his ingenious life-long researches,
by Prof. Paolo Mantegazza—Great Anthropologist—Founder of
Italian Museum of Anthropology.

Prof. Paolo Mantegazza's CULTURAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIES
IN THE

7. Savage Arts of Love Illustrated with hun-
dreds of
authentic photographs of the love life of all Savage Races.

If you are a serious adult and want free illustrated literature
fully describing the above and other erotic masterpieces

— PLEASE MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE —
or use your own stationery, giving your age, and mention Dept. 173
FALSTAFF PRESS, Inc., 230 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Please send me marked "Personal", and in a sealed envelope
your FREE Illustrated Literature on Books on the Sex and Love
Relations by Authorities of World Repute.

Name

Address

City.....State.....Age....

Note: Falstaff Literature will be sent to mature people only. If
you are not a serious adult do not send in coupon.

New Fiction

An instantaneous hit!

THE CURTAIN FALLS

by Joseph Verner Reed

Backstage with a producer: an intimate account of personalities, problems and plays of the modern theatre.

Harry Hansen, N. Y. World Telegram:

"One of the liveliest, brightest, most exhilarating yarns about the theatre that have come in years. . . . I don't know when I've had such a good time."

Percy Hammond, N. Y. Herald Tribune:

"As wisely amusing a book as was ever written about the New York stage."

John Mason Brown, N. Y. Post:

"The most fascinating stage yarn that has been written about the modern theatre."

Illustrated with photographs, \$2.75

By the author of "Fireweed"

MILDRED WALKER'S

LIGHT FROM ARCTURUS

Recalling the early novels of Willa Cather in characterization and theme, this is the story of a woman's self-realization, set against the changing background of a different Middle West from that which existed for Sinclair Lewis to satirize. Illustrated, \$2.50

By the author of "Appointment in Samarra"

JOHN O'HARA'S

THE DOCTOR'S SON

A book of stories that includes a novelette never before published. "As straight a reporter of U. S. dialect as the late great Ring Lardner and straighter than Hemingway, he writes without bitterness, without pity."—*Time* '2nd printing, \$2.50

By the author of "Morning Tide"

NEIL M. GUNN'S

HIGHLAND NIGHT

"A novelist of unusual potentiality."—*Horace Gregory, N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "No reader is likely to forget Mr. Gunn's book. If he is near to any one writer, it is to Hardy."—*N. Y. Times*.

Illustrated by Freda Bone. \$2.50

A Book
Which
Will
Become a
Standard
in the
Literature
of the
Southwest

MABEL DODGE LUHAN'S WINTER IN TAOS

A country book about one of America's most beautiful places, Mrs. Luhan's narrative begins and ends with the quiet winter in Taos. In a special sense, she has taken Voltaire's advice about cultivating one's own backyard, for, in this musing record of the progress of the four seasons, of storm and drought, of ancient ways, of people who live in Taos and tourists who come there, the reader shares entirely the delights and tempests and moods of a new and friendly house. 16 pages of extraordinary photographs. March 28, \$3.00

Harcourt Brace and Company, 383 Madison Avenue, New York

The American MERCURY

April 1935

JUSTICE GOES TABLOID

BY NEWMAN LEVY

THE dispassionate historian will now concede that the trial of Richard Bruno Hauptmann was not the most important historical event of the last thousand years. It will generally be admitted that the invention of printing, the discovery of America, and the World War have had greater earth-shaking consequences. Even certain contemporary occurrences may come to be regarded as having more vitally affected the lives and happiness of mankind.

It is well to bear this in mind. For with the clamor and ballyhoo of the exhibition at Flemington still echoing in our ears, with the bewildering journalistic orgy still fresh in our minds, with a recent recollection of the absurdities and vulgarities of the case, it is difficult to realize that what we have been witnessing was a demonstration of American criminal justice in action. Not a typical demonstration, perhaps, but one that contained in spite of its many unusual features a highly magnified synthesis of all the elements that make up the administration of criminal law. Just as a picture thrown upon a screen enlarges the blemishes and distortions not visible to the naked eye, so the unprecedented mob

hysteria engendered by the Hauptmann trial has emphasized much that demands the serious attention of the journalist, the psychologist and the lawyer.

It is not disputed, of course, that this was intrinsically a great case. It had all the ingredients that a master of detective fiction would think of in his most inspired moments. The principal victim was one of the most famous characters in the world; the crime was surrounded by baffling mystery, shot through with cross currents of romance, intrigue and suicide; the detective work, implemented by the most advanced discoveries of modern science, surpassed in brilliancy the greatest achievements of Sherlock Holmes. Even the world economic crisis, which resulted in the United States going off the gold standard, conspired to track down the murderer. And finally, that supreme element in all great mysteries, a lingering doubt that still persists in the minds of many as to the extent of the convicted defendant's actual complicity.

It was indisputably a great case. And so, for nearly two months the world went mad, and the center of the universe shifted to the sleepy town of Flemington, New

Jersey. Across the ocean momentous things were happening, ships were lost at sea, populations were being destroyed by fire and earthquake, the Supreme Court deliberated in peaceful seclusion upon the Gold Clause Case, but the attention of an eager world was concentrated upon just one thing—the fate of an obscure German carpenter in a little rural courthouse in New Jersey.

From a specially constructed airport fast planes sped to remote sections of the country bearing photographs of the trial to an anxious public that could not brook delay. Direct wires to London and to Australia carried the verbatim testimony, lest some remote part of the globe miss a word. Hourly the radios blared forth the latest developments fresh from the scene of combat. All the agencies of noise, news, propaganda and exploitation, our priceless heritage of the ages, found a focus in the trial of Hauptmann.

Small wonder, then, that in the midst of this delirium all sense of proportion and much of decency was lost. More newspaper space was devoted to the Hauptmann trial than to any other similar event in the history of journalism. Three hundred reporters covered the trial. More than 10,000,000 words were filed from Flemington; the daily average of the telegraph companies was well over 400,000. At least 71,000 words were sent to Europe by radio and cable, and 300,000 more by mail. The sedate *New York Times*, the most high-hatted and frock-coated of contemporary journals, led all the local newspapers in number of pages devoted to the case. Its rivals trailed along, more because of lack of space than lack of inclination. The tabloids and yellow sheets atoned for their column shortage by a display of blatancy unequalled in their lurid careers.

As for the radio, the following excerpt

from a typical day's program during the trial needs no comment:

12:25 WEA —Resume, Hauptmann Trial
 12:45 WABC —Resume, Hauptmann Trial
 1:15 WOR —Resume, Hauptmann Trial
 1:30 WJZ —Resume, Hauptmann Trial
 4:30 WEA —Resume, Hauptmann Trial
 4:45 WABC —Resume, Hauptmann Trial
 5:30 WNEW—Hauptmann Trial
 6:30 WOR —Resume, Hauptmann Trial
 7:00 WHN —Samuel Liebowitz, Hauptmann Trial

These, of course, were special programs and do not include the regular news commentators who devoted considerable time to the trial. Nor do they include the station that presented a dramatized version of the trial in which actors, playing the parts of the principal participants, re-enacted the important testimony of the day. Nor do they include some of those directly connected with the case, notably Mr. Reilly, chief counsel for the defense, who supplemented his arduous courtroom activities by occasional broadcasts.

II

Meanwhile, in the little courtroom, there was a trial going on. Twelve men and women, good and true, burghers and housewives of the vicinage, sat semi-somnolent in the jury box listening to the interminable array of witnesses whose testimony was to determine the fate of Bruno Hauptmann. Outside, the little town teeming with raucous throngs, gave the curious impression of a combined circus and military invasion. Motorcycles shot through the streets bearing news and pictures, airplanes droned overhead carrying news and pictures, newsreel cameras and sound-reel wagons crowded up to the side of the courthouse. The local soda fountains featured such tasteful items as Lindbergh Sundaes, Hauptmann Pudding

and Wilentz Baked Beans, and street vendors sold miniature replicas of the famous kidnap ladder for wear in the buttonhole.

But inside, the jury, seemingly insulated from the din and hysteria of the outside world, sat and listened to the testimony. True, they might have noticed the newsreel cameras and the lighting units stacked along the courtroom walls. They might have been conscious of the throngs of newspaper writers crowding the space outside the chancel rail. Possibly, too, they were aware, if their attention wavered momentarily from the absorbing testimony, of the celebrities of the screen and stage, of the mink-coated ladies of Park Avenue, and perhaps some of them might even have noticed the irrepressible Walter Winchell, privileged inside the enclosure, writing notes and offering suggestions to the prosecution.

In this highly charged atmosphere the orderly processes of law were expected to function. With the exception, possibly, of the Lindberghs, the cast of characters was made up of persons lifted from actual or comparative obscurity to take part in a judicial drama that was second in importance only, in the minds of many, to the Last Judgment. It was to be expected that the actors would be slightly stage-struck, slightly intoxicated with the importance of their respective roles, and that they would be clamorously eager to enjoy their brief moments in the sun—or in the klieg lights. But it was outside the courtroom, in the columns of the daily press that they found themselves enjoying the thrills of unaccustomed fame. In the scramble to reach the center of the spotlight the attorneys for both sides were not among the last.

The use of propaganda as an adjunct to advocacy is not unknown to the bar.

The phrase "trying a case in the newspapers" implies a technique that has at least acquired the sanction of usage. Canon 20 of the Canons of Professional Ethics is as follows:

20. Newspaper Discussion of Pending Litigation.

Newspaper publications by a lawyer as to pending or anticipated litigation may interfere with a fair trial in the Courts and otherwise prejudice the due administration of justice. Generally they are to be condemned. If the extreme circumstances of a particular case justify a statement to the public, it is unprofessional to make it anonymously. An *ex parte* reference to facts should not go beyond quotation from the records and papers on file in the court; but even in extreme cases it is better to avoid any *ex parte* statement.

This rule is, of course, more honored in the breach than in the observance. However, the publicity emanating from the rival camps in the Hauptmann trial established an all time high for volume and for unrestrained candor. Hardly a day passed without newspaper interviews and statements by counsel on both sides in which the evidence was discussed, the opposing witnesses criticized, and "off the record" matter that might or might not be admissible in evidence given out to the press. One striking example was the statement made by the prosecutor of Hunterdon County, while the trial was in progress, that he intended to prosecute for perjury certain defense witnesses whom he named, as soon as the trial was concluded. The newspaper readers and radio listeners were far better acquainted with the by-paths of the case than the jury sitting in judgment.

Perhaps the most unusual occurrence was the taking of sound movies of the trial. For weeks it was a matter of common rumor that newsreel cameras were con-

cealed in the courtroom, and that sound films were being taken with the connivance of local officials. The explosion came when, about two weeks before the close of the trial, the pictures were suddenly released in newsreel theatres all over the country. Attorney General Wilentz, in a burst of professional indignation, besought the motion picture people in the name of justice and fair play to suppress the pictures which he charged were obtained by trickery.

Gradually the story leaked out. The cameras and sound apparatus, it appeared, had been installed in the courtroom at night. One camera had been rigged up with the mechanism of the wall clock so that it would operate until the clock ran down. Another was mounted in the balcony at the far end of the courtroom and focussed upon the witness chair and the adjacent vicinity. The microphone was mounted behind the jury box, not, as Walter Winchell confided to his readers, beneath the judge's chair. And it may interest many to know that the oppressive heat of the courtroom, which caused some of the spectators to faint, was caused in no small measure by the high-powered electric bulbs which had been surreptitiously substituted for the regular ones, to aid the photography.

And there, beneath the heat of the cameramen's bulbs, the trial went on. The eight men and four women of Hunterdon County sat stolidly and patiently while Attorney General Wilentz, beneath the relentless fire of the cameras, battled valiantly for law, order, and the fair name of the State of New Jersey, and Mr. Reilly who, either through ignorance of what was going on or because of innate diffidence, was unfortunately out of range, fought with equal ardor for the life of his client.

III

Perhaps it is an unwarranted metaphor to speak of a court as a Temple of Justice. But there is an unquestionable social utility in forms and ceremony, and in all that is embraced in the word dignity. The efficacy of a legal system depends not only upon its authority to enforce its mandates, but upon the popular respect and confidence it commands. And the popular impression that our American courts have not progressed far from our primitive backwoods tribunals is derived in no small measure from descriptions, such as the following, of the court at Flemington while the jury was deliberating upon its verdict. From *The New York Herald-Tribune*:

From the time the jury retired until it returned with the death sentence the scene in the courtroom was a cross between a carnival and a basket picnic. With Justice Trenchard off the bench and reading in his chambers, all decorum was cast aside. Attorney General Wilentz sat in the jury box and his adversary, Mr. Reilly, graced the witness chair. . . . The floor was littered with papers, cigarette stubs and remnants of soggy sandwiches. People with paper bags in their hands were munching sandwiches and cakes and drinking coffee, milk, beer and applejack.

Games of checkers and tic-tac-toe were in progress in the open courtroom. In the judge's library, unknown to Justice Trenchard, a dice game was rolling along. Reporters, radio men, Broadway characters, court stenographers and lawyers tried their luck with the dice. The stakes ran high, one man winning \$200 on two passes. . . . One of the defense counsel collected \$75 and remarked, "That's more than I earned during the whole trial."

To the dismay of the gamblers, Justice Trenchard left his chambers and cut across the courtroom in quest of a law book from the library. Word of his coming preceded him, and the players hid their money and grabbed law books for themselves. When the dignified old justice entered his own

library he saw an unusually studious group of law students.

As soon as he departed, a quizzical smile on his face, the law students dropped their books, put the money back on the floor and resumed the casting of the dice. They kept at it until word came that the prosecutors thought they had better stop.

Mr. Wilentz sat in the jury box and wisecracked to reporters: "This is where I should have been in the first place."

Mr. Reilly sat in the witness chair and burlesqued the testimony of state's witnesses. Mr. Reilly shot questions at himself, then pretended to be too deaf to hear them. Cupping a hand to his ear, he said, "What was that? What? Repeat the question." Mr. Reilly liked the witness chair so well he stayed there to read his paper and smoke his cigar. Everyone else was smoking and the room was filled with a thick bluish haze.

At this point Mr. Reilly burst into song. He and a lady reporter lined up in the front of the judge's bench and blended their voices. They sang: "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

The New York *World-Telegram*, on the day after the jury had brought in its verdict condemning the defendant to die in the electric chair, reported as follows:

Flemington, Feb. 14.—There were many pitchers of beer, a chorus of song, and relief, with something of hysteria in it for the jurors.

Long past 3 o'clock this morning the songs went on, the lights burned in the rooms of the Union Hotel to which the jurors had fled after they had discharged, all but wincing, their duty of declaring Bruno Richard Hauptmann guilty of murder . . . Somewhere, passing from the courthouse to the shelter of the hotel room they had acquired copies of a song, a parody that has been sung in Flemington bars by attorneys, newspaper men and townspeople:—

"Ist das nicht ein ransom note?
Ja, das ist ein ransom note.
Ist das nicht ein Nellie boad?
Ja, das ist ein Nellie boad."

The strange, twisted song rang out, the parody born of the trial.

Possibly Bruno Richard Hauptmann, quivering upon his iron cell cot, could hear strains of the songs and laughter coming from the Union Hotel. A later bulletin from Flemington reported that the jury was seriously considering an offer to go into vaudeville.

IV

Theoretically the men and women in the jury box were insulated against the pervasive influences that left untouched no other spot upon the civilized globe. From the beginning of the trial they were kept under careful surveillance and shut off from all contact with the world outside the courtroom. Yet it would be strange if some of the excitement did not permeate through, if some echoes of the clamor failed to reach them.

The jury is the hub of our judicial system. All elements of a trial converge toward it: the testimony, the speeches, the courtroom histrionics are all, in the final analysis, for its exclusive benefit. It is a matter of grave importance, therefore, to our system of administering justice to keep the jury immune from influences extraneous to the trial. Whether the isolation of the Hauptmann jury was completely successful cannot, of course, be demonstrated. Augustus Thomas in his play "The Witching Hour" wrote about the psychic effect upon a jury of thousands of people, all thinking the same thing at the same time.

Whether this flight of the dramatist's fancy has any scientific validity is of no immediate consequence. The importance of the Hauptmann trial lies in the fact that it presents a pattern of American criminal justice, a pattern that includes not only the official agencies but the volun-

teer auxiliaries, the press, the radio and the newsreel. Whether the exaggerations and vulgarities of the Hauptmann case and the unprecedented extra-legal interference with the orderly processes of law are to be accepted without question, to be re-enacted upon a smaller scale in cases of less importance, is a matter that calls for serious consideration.

Everyone knows that this was a newspaper-made case. We hear much smug talk of journalistic ethics; but it is well to remember that newspapers are primarily vendors of merchandise; that they are in business to sell newspapers. And so, when confronted with a news story that must have seemed like an editor's dream of Paradise, it is hardly surprising that all canons of ethics went overboard and that ordinary standards of decency were scrapped. During the seven weeks of the trial the average circulation of the New York papers was said to have increased by more than thirty thousand. There was a mad scramble for exclusive stories, exclusive pictures, exclusive gossip, exclusive scandal. There was a widespread rumor, generally believed, that the expenses of certain witnesses were defrayed by one high-minded journal that daily assailed the defendant in its columns. And it is a known fact that another paper offered Hauptmann seventy-five thousand dollars in cash for an exclusive confession, and that this bid was later raised by a competitor to ninety thousand.

These are more than mere matters of bad taste. They constitute an actual threat to the administration of law. The prevailing opinion of journalistic integrity is reflected in a story, naïvely printed in all the newspapers, that a thorough search had been made of the room in which the jury was to deliberate, to ascertain whether any dictographs had been concealed there.

Virtually every newspaper overstepped the bounds of fair comment. A conspicuous example, and a surprising one, was The New York *Law Journal*, the official law periodical of the First Judicial Department, which discussed the evidence editorially, and commented upon the incredibility of certain testimony in the trial.

But whenever it is suggested that a limit be placed upon newspaper reports of trials there is an immediate cry that the freedom of the press is threatened. We are told that if Walter Winchell had been restrained from printing the back stairs gossip of Flemington, if Mr. Hearst's daily supply of exclusive photographs had been curtailed, if The New York *Times* had been limited to, say, three pages a day about the case, instead of eight, then our sacred liberties would have tottered and despotism would have stalked through the land.

It is unquestionably of paramount importance that we have an independent press, but if newspapers transcend the bounds of propriety and interfere improperly with the orderly administration of law, if they are more concerned with circulation building than with their obligations to the public, and cannot be trusted to behave with reasonable restraint, the law itself should take the situation in hand.

There are numerous cases which hold that improper comment while a trial is in progress, and particularly publication of facts not admissible in evidence, constitutes a contempt of court. Under these cases nearly every newspaper in the metropolitan district was guilty.

V

At this point it might be well to ask, what harm was done? Assuming that the isolation of the Hauptmann jury was

complete, the effect upon the verdict may have been relatively slight. But the vulgarizing effect upon the community and the processes of law was far from negligible. The administration of criminal justice in America has fallen low in popular esteem. Not the least of the contributing factors is the debasement of journalistic and legal standards that can convert a judicial trial into a three-ringed circus.

Judge Trenchard was, perhaps, too busy with his exacting duties at the trial to take cognizance of the ballyhoo and uproar outside his courtroom. But now that the trial is over and the tumult has subsided it would be an interesting aftermath, and of far greater social importance than the trial itself, if an inquiry were made into certain collateral aspects of the case.

It would be interesting to learn, for instance, how the newsreel cameras were planted in the courtroom. Whether or not sound pictures should be taken of an important trial is a matter that need not be discussed here. But the question that should concern the bench and bar is whether the occurrences at Flemington were not an affront to the dignity of the court that tended to bring the administration of law into further disrepute. Another fruitful inquiry might be made into the issuance of subpoenas to society ladies and theatrical celebrities to admit them to the trial. This flagrant abuse of legal process contributed in no small measure toward converting a judicial hearing into a modern gladiatorial combat.

Then when the last reverberations of the battle have died out and the country has been restored to its normal condition of comparative sanity, let us hope that the editors and lawyers will study the lessons of the Hauptmann case for the purpose of charting more decent standards of professional behavior.

Possibly there is not much that can be done with the newspapers. So long as journalism remains a competitive enterprise the impulse toward public service will be subordinate to the desire for profit. There will, of course, always be reputable papers that will continue to function within the limits of decency and good taste. But there will also be the sensational scavengers of news that will cater to all that is low and cheap so long as it remains profitable.

But the case of the legal profession is different. There, at least, it is possible to impose rules of conduct, and to enforce them by authority. The bar has gone a long way from its ancient tradition of dignity. Something may have been gained, but much has been lost by sacrificing the rituals and trappings of medievalism. Certainly the spectacle of counsel for the defense engraving upon his letterheads a picture of the kidnapping ladder is something more than a breach of good taste that concerns him alone. It is a warning to the bar that the legal profession has reached its farthest south, and that the time has come to restore the law to its former position of prestige.

VI

The ultimate effects of the Hauptmann case are difficult to appraise. Some, of course, are good. The public, including potential offenders, has received a dramatic demonstration of the relentlessness of criminal justice. Amid all the muddle and confusion the law has somehow functioned and a result has been achieved. In this respect it differs from many notable cases that have emphasized the futility of legal machinery. However, many will wonder whether the price paid was not too great; whether the publicizing of the crime did

not carry with it, inevitably, a glorification of the criminal. Crime, as all criminologists know, is often imitative. A condemned murderer, however atrocious his offense, automatically becomes an object of maudlin sympathy, and the exploitation of Hauptmann, who for months was the most talked of man in the world, may have tragic effects upon the impressionable.

Some of the results of the Hauptmann trial were good, but the same good might have been accomplished without such a lamentable exhibition of vulgarity and its inevitable degradation of popular standards. Whether the newspapers succumbed to a popular demand for sensationalism, or whether the public was the victim of newspaper commercialism cannot easily be determined. Certainly, the press has a social responsibility that transcends the mere obligation of giving the public what it wants—if it does want it.

A few years ago the right of English newspapers to publish unrestricted accounts of divorce trials was limited, by statute, to the publication of a bare transcript of the judicial proceedings, and it has never been claimed that British liberties were thereby jeopardized. We may be driven, by exhibitions like the Hauptmann trial, to enact similar legislation.

So far as the responsibility of the judge is concerned, it is not demanding too much

to expect him to look beyond his courtroom and consider the social implications of what goes on before him. For he, more than anyone else in the picture, has the duty and the power to control the proceedings in his courtroom. He could limit attendance at the trial to those who properly belong there; he could, and should discipline any lawyer appearing before him who so far forgot his professional responsibilities as to broadcast his comments upon a trial in progress, or who made statements to the press of matter not in evidence; he could, without in any way infringing upon the freedom of the press, demand that the stories emanating from his court be limited to faithful, honest reports of what had occurred; and he should insist that the general atmosphere of the trial be one of dignity, a result difficult of accomplishment in a courtroom cluttered up with motion picture cameras, lighting units and other accessories of publicity.

The Hauptmann case presented a sorry picture of contemporary civilization. The human race being what it is, it may be captious to have expected anything different. Yet it may not be vain to hope that those who are jealous of our national self-respect may take the lessons of this fantastic affair to heart, and profit from them so that there may not be a repetition in the future.

THERE IS NO COMMUNISM IN RUSSIA

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

COMMUNISM is now on everybody's lips. Some talk of it with the exaggerated enthusiasm of a new convert, others fear and condemn it as a social menace. But I venture to say that neither its admirers—the great majority of them—nor those who denounce it have a very clear idea of what Bolshevik Communism really is.

Speaking generally, Communism is the ideal of human equality and brotherhood. It considers the exploitation of man by man as the source of all slavery and oppression. It holds that economic inequality leads to social injustice and is the enemy of moral and intellectual progress. Communism aims at a society where classes have been abolished as a result of common ownership of the means of production and distribution. It teaches that only in a classless, solidaric commonwealth can man enjoy liberty, peace and well-being.

My purpose is to compare Communism with its application in Soviet Russia but, on closer examination I find it an impossible task. As a matter of fact, there is no Communism in the U.S.S.R. Not a single Communist principle, not a single item of its teaching is being applied by the Communist party there.

To some this statement may appear as entirely false; others may think it vastly exaggerated. Yet I feel sure that an objective examination of conditions in present-day Russia will convince the unprejudiced reader that I speak with entire truth.

It is necessary to consider here, first of all, the fundamental idea underlying the alleged Communism of the Bolsheviks. It is admittedly of a centralized, authoritarian kind. That is, it is based almost exclusively on governmental coercion, on violence. It is not the Communism of voluntary association. It is compulsory State Communism. This must be kept in mind in order to understand the method applied by the Soviet state to carry out such of its plans as may seem to be Communistic.

The first requirement of Communism is the socialization of the land and of the machinery of production and distribution. Socialized land and machinery belong to the people, to be settled upon and used by individuals or groups according to their needs. In Russia land and machinery are not socialized but *nationalized*. The term is a misnomer, of course. In fact, it is entirely devoid of content. In reality there is no such thing as national wealth. A nation is too abstract a term to "own" anything. Ownership may be by an individual, or by a group of individuals; in any case by some quantitatively defined reality. When a certain thing does not belong to an individual or group, it is either nationalized or socialized. If it is nationalized, it belongs to the state; that is, the government has control of it and may dispose of it according to its wishes and views. But when a thing is socialized, every individual has free access to it and may use it without interference from anyone.

In Russia there is no socialization either of land or of production and distribution. Everything is nationalized; it belongs to the government, exactly as does the post-office in America or the railroad in Germany and other European countries. There is nothing of Communism about it.

No more Communistic than the land and means of production is any other phase of the Soviet economic structure. All sources of existence are owned by the central government; foreign trade is its absolute monopoly; the printing presses belong to the state, and every book and paper issued is a government publication. In short, the entire country and everything in it is the property of the state, as in ancient days it used to be the property of the crown. The few things not yet nationalized, as some old ramshackle houses in Moscow, for instance, or some dingy little stores with a pitiful stock of cosmetics, exist on sufferance only, with the government having the undisputed right to confiscate them at any moment by simple decree.

Such a condition of affairs may be called state capitalism, but it would be fantastic to consider it in any sense Communistic.

II

Let us now turn to production and consumption, the levers of all existence. Maybe in them we shall find a degree of Communism that will justify us in calling life in Russia Communistic, to some extent at least.

I have already pointed out that the land and the machinery of production are owned by the state. The methods of production and the amounts to be manufactured by every industry in each and every mill, shop and factory, are determined by the state, by the central government—by Moscow—through its various organs.

Now, Russia is a country of vast extent, covering about one sixth of the earth's surface. It is peopled by a mixed population of 165,000,000. It consists of a number of large republics, of various races and nationalities, each region having its own particular interests and needs. No doubt, industrial and economic planning is vitally necessary for the well-being of a community. True Communism—economic equality as between man and man and between communities—requires the best and most efficient planning by each community, based upon its local requirements and possibilities. The basis of such planning must be the complete freedom of each community to produce according to its needs and to dispose of its products according to its judgment: to exchange its surplus with other similarly independent communities without let or hindrance by any external authority.

That is the essential politico-economic nature of Communism. It is neither workable nor possible on any other basis. It is necessarily libertarian, Anarchistic.

There is no trace of such Communism—that is to say, of any Communism—in Soviet Russia. In fact, the mere suggestion of such a system is considered criminal there, and any attempt to carry it out is punished by death.

Industrial planning and all the processes of production and distribution are in the hands of the central government. Its Supreme Economic Council is subject only to the authority of the Communist party. It is entirely independent of the will or wishes of the people comprising the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. Its work is directed by the policies and decisions of the Kremlin. This explains why Soviet Russia exported vast amounts of wheat and other grain while wide regions in the south and southeast of Russia were stricken with

famine, so that more than two million of its people died of starvation (1932-1933).

There were "reasons of state" for it. The 'euphonious has from time immemorial masked tyranny, exploitation and the determination of every ruler to prolong and perpetuate his rule. Incidentally, I may mention that—in spite of country-wide hunger and lack of the most elemental necessities of life in Russia—the entire First Five-Year Plan aimed at developing that branch of heavy industry which serves, or can be made to serve, *military* purposes.

As with production, so with distribution and every other form of activity. Not only individual cities and towns, but the constituent parts of the Soviet Union are entirely deprived of independent existence. Politically mere vassals of Moscow, their whole economic, social and cultural activity is planned, cut out for them and ruthlessly controlled by the "proletarian dictatorship" in Moscow. More: the life of every locality, of every individual even, in the so-called "Socialist" republics is managed in the very last detail by the "general line" laid down by the "center." In other words, by the Central Committee and Politbureau of the Party, both of them controlled absolutely by one man, Stalin. To call such a dictatorship, this personal autocracy more powerful and absolute than any Czar's, by the name of Communism seems to me the acme of imbecility.

III

Let us see now how Bolshevik "Communism" affects the lives of the masses and of the individual.

There are naïve people who believe that at least some features of Communism have been introduced into the lives of the Russian people. I wish it were true, for that would be a hopeful sign, a promise of

potential development along that line. But the truth is that in no phase of Soviet life, no more in the social than in individual relations, has there ever been any attempt to apply Communist principles in any shape or form. As I have pointed out before, the very suggestion of free, voluntary Communism is taboo in Russia and is regarded as counter-revolutionary and high treason against the infallible Stalin and the holy "Communist" Party.

And here I do not speak of the libertarian, Anarchist Communism. What I assert is that there is not the least sign in Soviet Russia even of authoritarian, State Communism. Let us glance at the actual facts of everyday life there.

The essence of Communism, even of the coercive kind, is the absence of social classes. The introduction of economic equality is its first step. This has been the basis of all Communist philosophies, however they may have differed in other respects. The purpose common to all of them was to secure social justice; and all of them agreed that it was not possible without establishing economic equality. Even Plato, in spite of the intellectual and moral strata in his Republic, provided for absolute economic equality, since the ruling classes were not to enjoy greater rights or privileges than the lowest social unit.

Even at the risk of condemnation for telling the whole truth, I must state unequivocally and unconditionally that the very opposite is the case in Soviet Russia. Bolshevism has not abolished the classes in Russia: it has merely reversed their former relationship. As a matter of fact, it has multiplied the social divisions which existed before the Revolution.

When I arrived in Soviet Russia in January, 1920, I found innumerable economic categories, based on the food rations received from the government. The

sailor was getting the best ration, superior in quality, quantity and variety to the food issued to the rest of the population. He was the aristocrat of the Revolution: economically and socially he was universally considered to belong to the new privileged classes. After him came the soldier, the Red Army man, who received a much smaller ration, even less bread. Below the soldier in the scale was the worker in the military industries; then came other workers, subdivided into the skilled, the artisan, the laborer, etc. Each category received a little less bread, fats, sugar, tobacco, and other products (whenever they were to be had at all). Members of the former bourgeoisie, officially abolished as a class and expropriated, were in the last economic category and received practically nothing. Most of them could secure neither work nor lodgings, and it was no one's business how they were to exist, to keep from stealing or from joining the counter-revolutionary armies and robber bands.

The possession of a red card, proving membership in the Communist party, placed one above all these categories. It entitled its owner to a special ration, enabled him to eat in the Party *stolovaya* (mess-room) and produced, particularly if supported by recommendations from party members higher up, warm underwear, leather boots, a fur coat, or other valuable articles. Prominent party men had their own dining-rooms, to which the ordinary members had no access. In the Smolny, for instance, then the headquarters of the Petrograd government, there were two different dining-rooms, one for Communists in high position, the other for the lesser lights. Zinoviev, then chairman of the Petrograd Soviet and virtual autocrat of the Northern District, and other government heads, took their meals at home in the Astoria, formerly the best hotel in the city,

turned into the first Soviet House, where they lived with their families.

Later on I found the same situation in Moscow, Kharkov, Kiev, Odessa—everywhere in Soviet Russia.

It was the Bolshevik system of "Communism." What dire effects it had in causing dissatisfaction, resentment and antagonism throughout the country, resulting in industrial and agrarian sabotage, in strikes and revolts—of this further on. It is said that man does not live by bread alone. True, but he cannot live at all without it. To the average man, to the masses in Russia, the different rations established in the country for the liberation of which they had bled, was the symbol of the new régime. It signified to them the great lie of Bolshevism, the broken promises of freedom, for freedom meant to them social justice, economic equality. The instinct of the masses seldom goes wrong; in this case it proved prophetic. What wonder, then, that the universal enthusiasm over the Revolution soon turned into disillusionment and bitterness, to opposition and hatred. How often Russian workers complained to me: "We don't mind working hard and going hungry. It's the injustice which we mind. If the country is poor, if there is little bread, then let us all share that little, but let us share equally. As things are now, it's the same as it used to be; some get more, others less, and some get nothing at all."

The Bolshevik system of privilege and inequality was not long in producing its inevitable results. It created and fostered social antagonisms; it alienated the masses from the Revolution, paralysed their interest in it and their energies, and thus defeated all the purposes of the Revolution.

The same system of privilege and inequality, strengthened and perfected, is in force today.

The Russian Revolution was in the deepest sense a social upheaval: its fundamental tendency was libertarian, its essential aim economic and social equality. Long before the October-November days (1917) the city proletariat began taking possession of the mills, shops and factories, while the peasants expropriated the big estates and turned the land to communal use. The continued development of the Revolution in its Communist direction depended on the unity of the revolutionary forces and the direct, creative initiative of the laboring masses. The people were enthusiastic in the great object before them; they eagerly applied their energies to the work of social reconstruction. Only they who had for centuries borne the heaviest burdens could, through free and systematic effort, find the road to a new, regenerated society.

But Bolshevik dogmas and "Communist" statism proved a fatal handicap on the creative activities of the people. The fundamental characteristic of Bolshevik psychology is distrust of the masses. Their Marxist theories, centering all power in the exclusive hands of their party, quickly resulted in the destruction of revolutionary coöperation, in the arbitrary and ruthless suppression of all other political parties and movements. Bolshevik tactics encompassed the systematic eradication of every sign of dissatisfaction, stifled all criticism and crushed independent opinion, popular initiative and effort. Communist dictatorship, with its extreme mechanical centralization, frustrated the economic and industrial activities of the country. The great masses were deprived of the opportunity to shape the policies of the Revolution or to take part in the administration of their own affairs. The labor unions were governmentalized and turned into mere transmitters of the orders of the state. The people's coöperatives—that vital

nerve of active solidarity and mutual help between city and country—were liquidated. The Soviets of peasants and workers were castrated and transformed into obedient committees. The government monopolized every phase of life. A bureaucratic machine was created, appalling in its inefficiency, corruption, brutality. The Revolution was divorced from the people and thus doomed to perish; and over all hung the dreaded sword of Bolshevik terrorism.

That was the "Communism" of the Bolsheviks in the first stages of the Revolution. Everyone knows that it brought the complete paralysis of industry, agriculture and transport. It was the period of "military Communism," of agrarian and industrial conscription, of the razing of peasant villages by Bolshevik artillery—those "constructive" social and economic policies of Bolshevik Communism which resulted in the fearful famine in 1921.

IV

And today? Has that "Communism" changed its nature? Is it actually different from the "Communism" of 1921? To my regret I must state that, in spite of all widely advertised changes and new economic policies, Bolshevik "Communism" is essentially the same as it was in 1921.

Today the peasantry in Soviet Russia is entirely dispossessed of the land. The *sovkhosi* are government farms on which the peasant works as a hired man, just as the man in the factory. This is known as "industrialization" of agriculture, "transforming the peasant into a proletarian." In the *kolkhoz* the land only nominally belongs to the village. Actually it is owned by the government. The latter can at any moment—and often does—commandeer the *kolkhoz* members for work in other parts of the country or exile whole villages

for disobedience. The *kolkhozi* are worked collectively, but the government control of them amounts to expropriation. It taxes them at its own will; it sets whatever price it chooses to pay for grain and other products, and neither the individual peasant nor the village Soviet has any say in the matter. Under the mask of numerous levies and compulsory government loans, it appropriates the products of the *kolkhozi*, and for some actual or pretended offenses punishes them by taking away all their grain.

The fearful famine of 1921 was admittedly due chiefly to the *razverstka*, the ruthless expropriation practiced at the time. It was because of it, and of the rebellion that resulted, that Lenin decided to introduce the NEP—the New Economic Policy which limited state expropriation and enabled the peasant to dispose of some of his surplus for his own benefit. The NEP immediately improved economic conditions throughout the land. The famine of 1932-1933 was due to similar “Communist” methods of the Bolsheviki: to enforced collectivization.

The same result as in 1921 followed. It compelled Stalin to revise his policy somewhat. He realised that the welfare of a country, particularly of one predominantly agricultural as Russia is, depends primarily on the peasantry. The motto was proclaimed: the peasant must be given opportunity to greater “well-being.” This “new” policy is admittedly only a breathing spell for the peasant. It has no more of Communism in it than the previous agrarian policies. From the beginning of Bolshevik rule to this day, it has been nothing but expropriation in one form or another, now and then differing in degree but always the same in kind—a continuous process of state robbery of the peasantry, of prohibitions, violence, chicanery and

reprisals, exactly as in the worst days of Czarism and the World War. The present policy is but a variation of the “military Communism” of 1920-1921, with more of the military and less of the Communist element in it. Its “equality” is that of a penitentiary; its “freedom” that of a chain gang. No wonder the Bolsheviki declare that liberty is a bourgeois prejudice.

Soviet apologists insist that the old “military Communism” was justified in the initial period of the Revolution in the days of the blockade and military fronts. But more than sixteen years have passed since. There are no more blockades, no more fighting fronts, no more counter-revolution. Soviet Russia has secured the recognition of all the great governments of the world. It emphasizes its good will toward the bourgeois states, solicits their coöperation and is doing a large business with them. In fact, the Soviet government is on terms of friendship even with Mussolini and Hitler, those famous champions of liberty. It is helping capitalism to weather its economic storms by buying millions of dollars’ worth of products and opening new markets to it.

This is, in the main, what Soviet Russia has accomplished during seventeen years since the Revolution. But as to Communism—that is another matter. In this regard, the Bolshevik government has followed exactly the same course as before, and worse. It has made some superficial changes politically and economically, but fundamentally it has remained exactly the same state, based on the same principle of violence and coercion and using the same methods of terror and compulsion as in the period of 1920-1921.

There are more classes in Soviet Russia today than in 1917, more than in most other countries in the world. The Bolsheviki have created a vast Soviet bureaucracy, enjoy-

ing special privileges and almost unlimited authority over the masses, industrial and agricultural. Above that bureaucracy is the still more privileged class of "responsible comrades," the new Soviet aristocracy. The industrial class is divided and subdivided into numerous gradations. There are the *udarniki*, the shock troops of labor, entitled to various privileges; the "specialists," the artisans, the ordinary workers and laborers. There are the factory "cells," the shop committees, the pioneers, the *komsomoltsi*, the party members, all enjoying material advantages and authority. There is the large class of *lishentsi*, persons deprived of civil rights, the greater number of them also of a chance to work, of the right to live in certain places, practically cut off from all means of existence. The notorious "pale" of the Czarist times, which forbade Jews to live in certain parts of the country, has been revived for the entire population by the introduction of the new Soviet passport system. Over and above all these classes is the dreaded G.P.U., secret, powerful and arbitrary, a government within the government. The G.P.U., in its turn, has its own class divisions. It has its own armed forces, its own commercial and industrial establishments, its own laws and regulations, and a vast slave army of convict labor. Aye, even in the Soviet prisons and concentration camps there are various classes with special privileges.

In the field of industry the same kind of "Communism" prevails as in agriculture. A sovietized Taylor system is in vogue throughout Russia, combining a minimum standard of production and piece work—the highest degree of exploitation and human degradation, involving also endless differences in wages and salaries. Payment is made in money, in rations, in reduced charges for rent, lighting, etc., not to speak

of the special rewards and premiums for *udarniki*. In short, it is the *wage system* which is in operation in Russia.

Need I emphasize that an economic arrangement based on the wage system cannot be considered as in any way related to Communism? It is its antithesis.

V

All these features are to be found in the present Soviet system. It is unpardonable naïveté, or still more unpardonable hypocrisy, to pretend—as the Bolshevik apologists do—that the compulsory labor service in Russia is "the self-organization of the masses for purposes of production."

Strange to say, I have met seemingly intelligent persons who claim that by such methods the Bolsheviks "are building Communism." Apparently they believe that building consists in ruthless destruction, physically and morally, of the best values of mankind. There are others who pretend to think that the road to freedom and coöperation leads through labor slavery and intellectual suppression. According to them, to instill the poison of hatred and envy, of universal espionage and terror, is the best preparation for manhood and the fraternal spirit of Communism.

I do not think so. I think that there is nothing more pernicious than to degrade a human being into a cog of a soulless machine, turn him into a serf, into a spy or the victim of a spy. There is nothing more corrupting than slavery and despotism.

There is a psychology of political absolutism and dictatorship, common to all forms: the means and methods used to achieve a certain end in the course of time themselves become the end. The ideal of Communism, of Socialism, has long ago

ceased to inspire the Bolshevik leaders as a class. Power and the strengthening of power has become their sole object. But abject subjection, exploitation and degradation are developing a new psychology in the great mass of the people also.

The young generation in Russia is the product of Bolshevik principles and methods. It is the result of sixteen years of official opinions, the only opinions permitted in the land. Having grown up under the deadly monopoly of ideas and values, the youth in the U.S.S.R. knows hardly anything about Russia itself. Much less does it know of the world outside. It consists of blind fanatics, narrow and intolerant, it lacks all ethical perception, it is devoid of the sense of justice and fairness. To this element is added a class of climbers and careerists, of self-seekers reared on the Bolshevik dogma: "The end justifies the means." Yet it were wrong to deny the exceptions in the ranks of Russia's youth. There are a goodly number who are deeply sincere, heroic, idealistic. They see and feel the force of the loudly professed party ideals. They realize the betrayal of the masses. They suffer deeply under the cynicism and callousness towards every human emotion. The presence of *komsomolszi* in the Soviet political prisons, concentration camps and exile, and the escapes under most harrowing difficulties prove that the young generation does not consist entirely of cringing adherents. No, not all of Russia's youth has been turned into puppets, obsessed bigots, or worshippers at Stalin's shrine and Lenin's tomb.

Already the dictatorship has become an absolute necessity for the continuation of the régime. For where there are classes and social inequality, there the state must resort to force and suppression. The ruthlessness of such a situation is always in

proportion to the bitterness and resentment imbuing the masses. That is why there is more governmental terrorism in Soviet Russia than anywhere else in the civilized world today, for Stalin has to conquer and enslave a stubborn peasantry of a hundred millions. It is popular hatred of the régime which explains the stupendous industrial sabotage in Russia, the disorganization of the transport after sixteen years of virtual military management; the terrific famine in the South and Southeast, notwithstanding favorable natural conditions and in spite of the severest measures to compel the peasants to sow and reap, in spite even of wholesale extermination and of the deportation of more than a million peasants to forced labor camps.

Bolshevik dictatorship is an absolutism which must constantly be made more relentless in order to survive, calling for the complete suppression of independent opinion and criticism within the party, within even its highest and most exclusive circles. It is a significant feature of this situation that official Bolshevism and its paid and unpaid agents are constantly assuring the world that "all is well in Soviet Russia and getting better." It is of the same quality as Hitler's constant emphasis of how greatly he loves peace while he is feverishly increasing his military strength.

Far from getting better the dictatorship is daily growing more relentless. The latest decree against so-called counter-revolutionists, or traitors to the Soviet state, should convince even some of the most ardent apologists of the wonders performed in Russia. The decree adds strength to the already existing laws against everyone who cannot or will not reverence the infallibility of the holy trinity, Marx, Lenin and Stalin. And it is

more drastic and cruel in its effect upon every one deemed a culprit. To be sure, hostages are nothing new in the U.S.S.R. They were already part of the terror when I came to Russia. Peter Kropotkin and Vera Figner had protested in vain against this black spot on the escutcheon of the Russian Revolution. Now, after seventeen years of Bolshevik rule, a new decree was thought necessary. It not only revives the taking of hostages; it even aims at cruel punishment for every adult member of the real or imaginary offender's family. The new decree defines treason to the state as

any acts committed by citizens of the U.S.S.R. detrimental to the military forces of the U.S.S.R., its independence or the inviolability of its territory, such as espionage, betrayal of military or state secrets, going over to the side of the enemy, fleeing to a foreign country or flight [this time the word used means airplane flight] to a foreign country.

Traitors have, of course, always been shot. What makes the new decree more terrifying is the remorseless punishment it demands for everyone living with or

supporting the hapless victim, whether he knows of the crime or not. He may be imprisoned, or exiled, or even shot. He may lose his civil rights, and he may forfeit everything he owns. In other words, the new decree sets a premium on informers who, to save their own skins, will ingratiate themselves with the G.P.U., will readily turn over the unfortunate kin of the offenders to the Soviet henchmen.

This new decree must forever put to rest any remaining doubts as to the existence of true Communism in Russia. It departs from even the pretense of internationalism and proletarian class interest. The old tune is now changed to a pæan song of the Fatherland, with the ever servile Soviet press loudest in the chorus:

Defense of the Fatherland is the supreme law of life, and he who raises his hand against the Fatherland, who betrays it, must be destroyed.

Soviet Russia, it must now be obvious, is an absolute despotism politically and the crassest form of state capitalism economically.

HANDS OFF THE ARTS

BY FORD MADOX FORD

WE ARE about to consider the eternal—and eternally vexed—question of propaganda by means of the Arts, whether literary, plastic, polyphonic or applied. For myself I hold so profoundly the view that the moment an artist introduces propaganda of whatever kind into his works of art he ceases to be an artist; and I have so many reasons for holding that belief that I do not propose to waste time on doing any more than make the assertion. It is the merest common sense.

No sane member of the U.S.S.R. would ask of the blacksmith that he should make all his ploughshares look like sickles or bid the baker form all his loaves in the shape of hammers; neither would any sane supporter of MM. Hitler or Mussolini insist that the wheelwright should build all his wheels untrue to the greater glory of fascist government. The baker, the blacksmith, the wheelwright would be told to reserve their political activities for the market place, the rostrum or the ballot box. And a propagandist work of art is as dangerous a vehicle as one that should have all its wheels untrue. It will exaggerate, and the reaction from exaggeration is nausea; it will over-stimulate, and the reaction from over-stimulation is indifference. The result of all the artists in Anglo-Saxondom from Mr. Kipling downward thundering or cat-calling for the late World War has been a resultant and complete indifference to the aims of that war or even a rapprochement with the late

Enemy Countries. The wise leader of states or of political movements is he who leaves his propaganda in the hands of pamphleteers, political journalists, caricaturists, military song-writers—and the more temperate, documented and moderate he can persuade them to make their statements, the more lasting will be the effects that they will produce. That again is the merest common sense.

It is unfortunately a common sense that is shared in only by the very few.

The imaginative artist like every other proper man owes a twofold duty—to his art, his craft, his vocation, and then to his State. His duty to himself and to his art is the distillation of emotions from his own time, whether he deal in words, in instrumental or vocal music or in plastic materials. Whilst he is in his workroom, his study or his studio he has no other duty.

Outside his workshop he may be a citizen like the blacksmith, the baker or the wheelwright; he may vote, persuade others to vote in his sense; he may enlist in the armies of his state; he may sail the seas or what he will. But whilst he is at work his mind must be set solely on the production of pretty pictures, enthralling narratives, music that shall move you to tears, armchairs whose very lines suggest repose of the mind, gardens that shall make the day seem brighter, horse-trappings that shall on the highroads delight the eye. His work must first please himself; then

it must arouse emotions in his fellow-citizens. He may there rest his case. . . . Obviously, like other men, he must sell his products so as to live.

But how should the Republic regard these, its citizens? How shall it most benefit from their labours?

The body politic needs proper men. They used to say—as I am never tired of recording—that the proper man was one who had built a house, planted a tree, written a book and begotten a child. Figuratively that is good enough. That proper man has written a book, so he is literate; he has built a house, so he is a man of action; he has planted a tree, contributing thus to lessening the cost of living; he has begotten a child and to that extent has contributed to the perpetuation of his State without causing over-population. You could obviously change his activities. He might have painted a house, written a fugue, laid down a tennis court or advanced the study of birth-control. But as long as he is well educated, to some extent instructed and physically efficient he is good stuff out of which to build up a state. For in statecraft three things abide—Education, Instruction and Physical Efficiency.

The greatest of these is education since only the educated man is capable of so developing the other attributes that he shall not be a danger to the State. Without education the instructed colossus is a mere blond beast. His sole social or cultural expedients will consist in the burning of books and standing up against a wall all who mock at him or diminish his profits.

Your only educators are the Arts. The biologist, the technocrat, the encyclopaedist, the mathematician, the philatelist—all these may instruct; priests and moralists may inculcate their varying and conflicting codes; the statistician may indoc-trinate you with the economic theory that

is for the moment the mode. But whereas instruction is a pumping in of records of facts, education consists in the opening of men's minds to the perception of fitnesses. That can only come from the consumption, from subjection to the influences, of the arts. The humaner letters are so called because gradually their assimilation differentiates man from the beast that perishes and causes to perish.

A man may be a very proper man, a good citizen, neighbour, father or small producer and may yet know nothing of any science whatever or have had only the most rudimentary mechanico-technical instruction. But without contacts with one or the other of the arts his ideals will be those of the savage who dines off the thigh-bones of those he has preallably set up against walls and decorates with trophies of their skulls his public galleries or ancestral tombs. Of such you can build no lasting bodies politic.

The function of the arts in the Republic is then educational and they have there no other functions.

II

I am aware that I am sending forth on behalf of the artist a manifesto that will, as to every word of it, be contested by auto- and technocrats, by the priest, the business man, the American—not the Russian—communist and by the immense majority of the painters, sculptors, architects, writers, composers, painter-etchers, executant musicians and fine printers of Anglo-Saxondom. The autocrat considers that the musician is born to compose and execute marches that shall quicken the step of his troops; the business man, if he considers the arts at all, considers that the function of writer, designer and—over the radio—of the musician, is to aid him in putting

over his goods. The priest calls on all three to do nothing but celebrate the glories of his merchandise by promoting the spread of his particular form of bogey-worship: the American communist who is before all things sacerdotal, thinks like the priest. The technocrat proclaims that the artist, along with all the other small producers whom he finds detrimental, shall be set up against walls, five deep and blown out of the world by his latest explosives. And of their bones and flesh he shall manufacture further high explosives that shall finally lead to the world-empire of the twenty to thirty technocrats who alone shall be permitted to survive that Armageddon.

We come then to the hardest knot of all. It is that of the Anglo-Saxon artist himself. That poor fellow can never be brought to see that the mere practice of his art will make him be regarded as anything but a social *castrato*. In the English branch he mishandles his work forever in order to be acknowledged a country gentleman, a member of the Fabian Society, a philanthropist, a Tory member of parliament, a reformer, or in the last resort a vestryman or member of a parish council. He will profess to be what you will so only he may be relieved of the names of inkslinger, dauber or catgut tormentor.

The American artist, on the other hand, tended till lately to aspire to the state of the he-man baring his breast to the Arctic tempest. He would hitchhike, break clinkers, shoot mountain lions, fight bulls, live with Indians. . . . There would be no end to his semi-public, male exacerbations or derivatives and if you should whisper to him *ne sutor ultra crepidam* he would strike you to the ground with the jawbone of a bull moose.

It is hard for the Anglo-Saxon artist to

stick to his mahlstick or his portable typewriter. The climate is against it. And, of late the social revolution has seemed to give him the chance of male-ly opening his lungs and advocating the setting against walls and massacring of innumerable fellow-citizens. To do that renders you all one, at least, with army officers. You may command troops to shed blood. Uniforms and decorations and the adoration accorded to heroes shall follow. The American Communist Party on the other hand, for whom the American artist is almost too willing to propagandize, distrusts the workings of the imaginative parts of artists. At any moment they may go off the handle and lead the party into the arms of the small producer. So you have the spectacle of practitioners of the arts standing on party platforms, spouting propaganda and afterwards constrained publicly to confess that they are not members of the party because the party will not let them be.

I am no politician—or I am a member of a party that never was on land or sea but that may rule the world when Arthur shall come again. And, if I were dictator of the world tomorrow I do not think that I should decree that all gubernatorial and administrative posts must be filled by artists. The artist is needed for other things. Nevertheless the spectacle of the artist thus blinking timidly on the platforms of the ingrate is one to make the blood boil and to cause the ironic cachinnations of the gods to shake the welkin. . . . There was never a time when humanity so needed the inculcation of the gift of sympathetic insight; yet, Rome being already a-burning, the artist is to become the platform protagonist of any bloodthirsty party in the State.

France before all others is the country of the small producer and the artist, he

being the only member of the human comity who cannot mass-produce and France was the first amongst the nations to declare that her books were her best ambassadors. And we have just been confronted with the spectacle of France being represented at the White House by the most elegantly distinguished of her poets whilst this country was represented at the Quai d'Orsay by the most elegantly distinguished of her department store proprietors. This country nevertheless is represented at the Kremlin by a novelist—and between Franklin, Hawthorne and Mr. Bullitt as many American writers have diplomatically represented this country abroad as has been the case with France. And these artist-ambassadors have been as successful as the career-diplomatists of other countries. . . . And even England, in the person of Bulwer Lytton once had a novelist for ambassador—without fatal results, though the work of Lytton made a queer appearance at the turning point of the history of the modern world.

That turning point when the blond-beast tradition of applied sciences and mechanics registered its first immense victory over the Latin tradition of the humaner letters occurred at the battle of Sedan. And, on the night after that battle, when he had surrendered his person, but had not yet formally abdicated his power into the hands of the Prussians, Napoleon III passed his sleepless hours reading "The Last of the Barons" by Bulwer Lytton. . . . You may read allegories into that—the Latin tradition, culture and civilization failing in the dawnlight of the slaughterhouse-materialism that today reigns almost unchallenged in the chancelleries of nearly all the nations the world over.

An allegory indeed—the spectacle of that poor champion of an old faith—for that

was how Napoleon saw himself and no doubt was—lying, racked with the pains of gallstones and the despair of his lost cause, on the ground of a hut on the battlefield whilst outside tramped the footsteps of his Prussian gaolers. And he reading one of the worst novels that even official Britain ever produced from the pen-end of a British novelist-diplomat.

The moral is perhaps that if you wish to retain your Empire you should not read bad novels. But that is not the main deduction that I wish here to make. Artist-diplomatists make no worse representatives of their countries than trained diplomats—and no better. That being the case it is useless to waste them on jobs that anyone can perform and it is better to concentrate on the educative function of the artist in the Republic and to accentuate the fact that the educative function has in it nothing of the instructional.

Instruction consists in the introduction of always more facts into the memory of a man and facts are of no educative value. That the new Ecuador stamp is magenta in colour and, when it is of the face value of twenty pesetas shows a streamlined wing as a device; that, according to Dr. Whitney, electricity may be called a flow of electrons; that from the pheno-phenyl ring an infinite number of synthetic products may be obtained . . . all these statements and an infinite number of others gathered from the biologist and the rest are of no educative value. They have of course an applied usefulness as often destructive as constructional, but the human imagination got on very well without them for millions of years and will one day have to get on without them again.

But education provides not for the stuffing but for the enlarging of the human perception. It acts on the mind of man as the light of the sun on the petals of an

unclosing water-lily and, since the arts of our day can refresh their traditions from the arts of empires that fell in ruins thousands of years ago, the stream of the arts is for ever broadening. And, most urgent of all, whereas instruction sets barriers between the races of mankind, education alone conduces to their union. Your nation of ideally instructed human beings would be one whose chief executive could exterminate all the other races of the globe by the touching of a button so that all those races of the globe should become the helots of that ideal race—for fear the button should be touched. . . . But as against that your ideally educated world would be one in which a ubiquitously heard and perfect performance of the Matthew Passion would carry humanity a little further towards mutual benevolence, comprehension and union. . . . Those are the alternatives.

The ideally educated citizen of an ideal Republic is one whose emotions have been sufficiently often stirred to let him control them in face of outbursts of public passion—and merely passing your time amongst the manifestations of the arts by so much puts off the approach of Armageddon. That is what education is and that its purpose. A day devoted to the reading of the Greek Anthology in the shadow of the wings of the Victory of Samothrace will be a day saved from the promptings to bloodshed that are the most distinctive feature of the psychology of today. That at least is time gained. On the other hand, if you spend, as I did lately, a whole day listening to the sadist objurgations of a technocrat leader who desired to see the massacre of all Belgians, the sterilization of all Frenchwomen, the razing from the earth of all such Italian buildings as contained works of ancient art—who called for the expulsion from the

United States, or the standing up against a wall of all Jews, Catholics, Communists, Slavs, Wallachs, Mongols and Englishmen—if you pass a day listening to such doctrine you may be the mildest of men but the odds are that, as you retire to bed, you will be wondering what throats you yourself might order to be cut . . . to show your manhood! And it is today difficult to go anywhere in the world—I do not mean merely in these United States—without hearing similarly frenetic outpourings of hate . . . for hate's sake.

In face of that are you really going to advocate the enlistment of the imaginative arts which can forge weapons terrible enough for incitement to short madresses . . . are you really going to advocate their enlistment in this struggle of sadist maniacs?

III

Let us recapitulate. . . . The duty of the artist towards himself is once more, to produce pretty pictures, lovely music, thrilling stories, golden spires, horse-trappings that, on roads, shall delight the eye. The duty of the State is so to utilize such products of the arts of escape that its citizens may not have before them forever promptings to gain by butchery.

Education by the arts proceeds in this way. They do not instruct: they sensitize. Let your mind dwell for a moment on the recollection of the passage in literature that most permanently has impressed itself on your personality; go to see the picture you esteem the most beautiful in the world or the building that seems to you the most tranquil of mighty things and spend some time in front of them. Or merely examine for a long time a curious and beautiful piece of craftsmanship. You will ensure in yourself a certain change.

You will ensure for yourself a moment of silence and in that your perceptions of human values will become more clear in your subconsciousness. For the immediate effect of the contemplation of matchless things is a marking time of the spirit, a deep oblivion of the material passions of the world surrounding you. Read Lear; come suddenly upon the Winged Victory on the top of her staircase on the Louvre; upon the Maison Carrée amongst the turmoil of the streets at Nîmes; on the Déjeuner Sur L'Herbe of Manet. . . . And there is nothing to say. There is no comment. The leaven of education is at work; the mind is unclosing a little. Liszt records that after he had one day made what he considered to be a matchless rendering of the Appassionata, for two minutes there was not a movement in all his audience, till they went away in silence; and when King René of Provence first threw back the wings of Fromentin's triptych of the Adoration of the Shepherds no man of his court spoke for a long time.

It makes no odds to what school your masterpiece belongs. The lines of verse that most search my own person are these:

Less than a God they said there could not
dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well . . .

and the four lines of Catullus that begin *Te spectem suprema mihi quum venerit hora*. The single clause of prose that to me has been most surprising and most educative is from the passage about the hat of Charles Bovary . . . *une de ces pauvres choses dont la laideur muette a des profondeurs d'expression comme le visage d'un imbécile*. Or if I want to remember a magic verbal projection of the concrete there is the picture of the boy Alyusha and the rushes and the horses

in the firelight of Turgenev's Byelshin Prairie which, in its entirety seems and has always seemed to me to be the most marvellous poem in the world. Or for simplicity of direct statement there is Conrad's "It has set at last," said Nina", or James' "We were alone with the quiet day and his little heart, dispossessed, had stopped", or poor Steeple's: "The waves were barbarous and abrupt." . . . oh, and the Coronation of the Virgin in Heaven of Enguerrand Quarton at Villeneuve les Avignon and the Baigneur of Cézanne. And I hope that when I am dying someone may be playing the second movement of the Concerto for Two Violins. . . .

But it makes no odds what it is. You may—and some very good people do—prefer the livelier first part of the Bach piece; or the paintings of Correggio; or Ullalume; or passages of Stendhal or Dostoevsky, or the projection of the river at night from the Mississippi Pilot or Cavalry Crossing a Ford or Simone Martini's Annunciation or something written yesterday or composed four years ago. It is all one. You will know the magic of such remembrances and they will have opened, to the measure of the light vouchsafed, your feelings of perception of the harmonies of the universe. There is hardly a human being so low as has not experienced that change. I met one day a man who was one of the business autocrats of this country. He said that, he being one night a guest on a dahabeah on the Nile, his host who was going ashore had given him one of his matchless cigars and one of my novels. He said he had never known such pleasure as in that smoking and that reading. He said he had never read a novel before or since but he distinctly remembered that it had made him feel a better man.

I could not explain why a phrase about Charles Bovary's hat should so profoundly

move me—though the phrase is very famous and has similarly moved many thousands of people, mostly writers. And neither could you explain what it is that moves you in the pictures or symphonies that your subconsciousness chooses shall remain for ever in your memory. It has nothing to do with context, subject, ethics. It has nothing to do with reason or the idea of immortality. It is the rake-off that Providence vouchsafes to mankind in order that, in a world that is a maze of murderous walls, he may maintain within his heart a faint glimmer of sanity.

The preservation of that Promethean spark is, it must be evident, more precious to man than the prevalence of any one creed, of any single party, of any disputed economic doctrine. And it is equally evident that if mankind is to be preserved, the note of sadist slaughter that underlies the doctrines of all the parties of all the states of today must be qualified by the spirit that has inspired the humaner letters and the finer arts.

It would be a good thing therefore if the leaders of temporal parties would adopt the doctrine: Hands off the Arts.

HEAT WAVE

A Story

BY PEARL S. BUCK

IT WAS going to be another hot day. He opened the shop door, stared down the street and gave a gust of a sigh. There was a thick grey haze over the city. It was hot already and it was only five o'clock. He wished he had not got up so early. But he was so hot—he had been hot and restless all night. When he woke up he had felt his skin tickling. The sweat was running down his neck, over his ribs, in small slow streams. He had heard Mattie's loud breathing by his side and was wide awake. Still if he had turned over and shut his eyes and waited a minute he might have dropped off again.

But it had been hot so long he was all on edge—nine days and nine nights. Mattie slept through anything. Hot or not she slept. If he could have felt her threshing around beside him and heard her groan out, "Ain't it awful, Hansiel!" he could have borne it better. But she slept no matter what, lying stiff and still as a small dead woman except for her heavy regular breathing, blowing in and out, in and out, all night long between her full, puffing lips. She was hot enough, too. This morning when he couldn't stand it he had leaned over and stared at her. She lay on her back, her mouth open, her little stubby hands with their bright red nails crossed tightly on her rounding stomach. Her cotton nightgown was wet over her small breasts and clung damply to her legs. She was hot but she could sleep.

He had grunted petulantly then and got up quickly, young and impatient. "Ain't no more sleep in me, and I might as well work," he said aloud, looking at Mattie. "The way some folks can sleep," he muttered. But she did not hear him. She was puffing in and out, in and out. "Like sleepin' with a railway ingin," he said.

Then he looked gloomily toward the open door of the bathroom. "If I wash now—I don't know—" he thought. He might go and clean up the shop and then wash before breakfast. If he washed now it would be waste. Standing there in his blue pajama trousers, his short thick upper body bare and ruddy under his sweat he was suddenly tired of the day before it was begun. Usually he jumped out of bed like a shot out of a gun and was in and out of the bathroom before Mattie had opened more than one eye. He would dance in wet and dripping to shout at her, "Hey, you lazy block-a-wood, I'm ready for breakfast!"

That always waked her and she would smile sleepily and begin to stir, stretching her arms above her head and yawning loudly and cheerfully. Then she'd bustle—oh, they got on well enough—until it got so hot. They quarreled a good deal one way and another now.

And it was hotter than ever today. He was tired of it—tired of everything, tired of washing and shaving and dressing, of eating and working and sleeping. He

wouldn't wash—he'd let himself sweat. "I'd be wet through by breakfast, anyway," he thought.

He pulled a cotton undervest over his head and put on his old blue trousers, taking no pains to be quiet. But Mattie did not waken. Well, let her sleep. He didn't care if he ate or not on a morning like this. He wouldn't be able to eat even pork chops and buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, not if they were set before him. He walked heavily into the hall and down two stairs. Then he halted and listened. She was still sleeping, breathing in and out loudly as ever. Well, he couldn't stand any more of that—not after a night of it. He'd be able to hear her 'way down in the shop. He stomped back and shut the door firmly. He had a glimpse of her between the door and frame. She was lying there exactly as she had lain all night, small and square and stiff. He was tied to her, as surely as a ship is tied to a dock.

But then everything in his life had him by the nose. This shop he'd bought—he opened the door. The close smell of spiced meats, of warm foods shut into a small room, wrapped about him. Everything would be spoiling on him if this heat went on. He couldn't put everything on ice. That fruit cake delivered yesterday—he bent over the counter. Yes, it was molding already, a faint powdery frost upon its black rich surface. He took the cake up and blew over it, and then ran his finger over its crust. Why, even sausages couldn't hold up these days. This was life, to go and put everything he had into a delicatessen and make it look nice and paint it all up and then along comes this heat the very first summer.

He wasn't sure he had ever really wanted a delicatessen anyway. When Mama died and left him his five thousand he didn't know as—but Mattie was all for

the delicatessen. Her grandpa had a delicatessen and she couldn't get over what a nice kind of business it was, refined and nice, and sure, because people had to eat, didn't they? Well, he had wanted a good bar where you could sell beer and soft drinks too, but she said, "I couldn't serve in a bar, Hansie—it would look so— But a delicatessen—well now, I wouldn't mind. Nice people come to a delicatessen, and I could help out real well."

Yes, and how much had she helped out? She hadn't hardly come into the shop since the heat began. He couldn't even get to a stadium concert once a month. There the stadium was, only five blocks away, and he read in the paper every day about the concerts and what they were going to have. He always spelled carefully through the long names. He didn't really know one piece of music from another, not by the names, but he liked to sit out under the stars in the dark, and maybe watch the moon come up as big as a yellow pumpkin over the high houses, and listen and think about something else than sliced ham and potato salad. He thought about a lot of things, things he read in the paper, politics and fights and sometimes a little piece of poetry that was nice, and new things like the Germans and the reds. Not that he had any use for reds. At the only concert he had got to this summer the mayor gave a speech and there was a lot of noise in the crowd and people said it was reds yelping again. They kept it up even when the music began and spoiled the night for him. He'd had a regular fight with Mat about his going in the first place. She hadn't wanted to keep shop for three whole hours. "I've had my day's work, too," she pouted. "If you'd seen the wash today—and beside I ain't so good this summer with the baby coming and all this heat—"

Well, he was nearly tired of the baby before it was even born. She made it an excuse for everything she didn't want to do. God knows his own mama had had babies every summer and nobody thought anything of it, and neither did she. But then Mattie was a sort of superior girl—black hair all fuzz and eyes big and black but the eyelashes not real. It was the first time he had even known girls could have eyelashes not real. After they were married he told her to cut 'em out.

Well, they had a sort of row about it, but he needn't have bothered. She soon wouldn't have taken the trouble anyway. They had only been married six months and look at her now. She was like all the other married women—didn't care how she looked now that she had got him. She'd say, "It's the baby, Hansie—" Well, he'd—he pulled himself up abruptly and scrubbed hard at a counter. He couldn't curse his own child, he guessed, not before it was even born.

II

So he had gone to the door and opened it and looked down the street. But no coolness came in. The air from the street was heavy and full of the heat of the day before and the day before that and many days. There were no winds in the night to blow the streets clean.

He drew up an empty box and sat down outside the door. Right and left of him stood garbage cans. In front of him was his own he had filled last night. Soon the truck would come. . . . But first he saw a small shambling bent figure come creeping by, the trousers too long and covering the torn shoes. This figure pushed a ruined baby carriage. In one hand it held a stick and it began to turn over the garbage in the cans slowly and silently.

Above him a woman's frowzy blonde head thrust itself from a window. She screeched down into the street, "I'll thank you not to mess everything over the sidewalk! There's nothing in my can you can eat. I don't throw good food away—"

The figure moved speechless away and drew near. Five minutes before Hans had felt something bristling in him. This wasn't quite thieving, he had been thinking, but next thing to it. But then the woman screamed—he knew that gabbling woman Mattie was always running with—

"Hey you—" he shouted at the small grey thing, "There's a loaf of stale bread in my can—I don't care—"

He watched gloomily while the creature fished desperately to find the loaf. This, he supposed, was what the reds were always talking about. Well, would they call him, Hans Reder, a capitalist maybe, letting this fellow get his food out of his garbage—still, God knows, he was no capitalist—he was a worker—couldn't even get to a people's concert.

If Mattie had not come down at this moment he would not have known what he was. But she came in. He could hear her heels dragging in those silly bedroom slippers she bought at a sale—mules, she called 'em—and the heels clattering till he couldn't stand it. Then she was there beside him in the open door, wrapped in her faded green kimono. She leaned against him. She hadn't washed. He could smell her sour with sweat. Then she saw the thing at the garbage can and before he could speak she screamed out as bad as that hag, "Get out of my garbage, you! Why don't you go and get something decent to do 'stead of living on other people's leavin's?"

In that moment he was a red. He growled at her, "Have a heart, can't you,

Mat? A fella can't go out and get a job anywhere these days—and you don't want the garbage, do you?"

"Yeah?" she sneered, turning to look down on him, one hand on her hip. "Well, say, it don't matter about my wantin' the garbage or not. It makes me sick to see a human bein' snooping around like a alley cat."

"Yeah?" he bawled. "Well, you make me sick, see? Selfish! Women are all selfish—crabbin'—don't want a thing themselves and then won't let anybody else have it—"

Mattie drew herself up and put both hands on her thin hips. Her kimono hung open and her nightgown was drawn tight over her knobby stomach.

"Yeah—sez you—"

The grey ghost at the garbage can, hearing their loud voices, peered at them from under the brim of a torn felt hat, put the lid on the garbage can softly and crept away pushing the wrecked baby carriage.

"Now—look what you done, Mat!" said Hans gloomily. "There was a loaf a stale bread in there he might as well a had—"

"Let him go," said Mat loudly.

He looked at her. She was hideous, he thought suddenly. Her hair was a snarl, her lips pale and her black eyes cold. God, how a fellow got let down after marriage! He used to say her mouth was like a red rose—it made him sick when he remembered what he used to say. She didn't care how she looked. He shouted at her, "Pull your clothes over yourself, can't you?" She shouted back at him, "Who made me look like this, I'd like to know?"

He got up. He wasn't going to have her start talking about the baby out here. Let her show herself—he didn't care—he'd get to work. But he lingered to stare remorsefully after the grey ghost, now five houses

away. He said gloomily, "It's enough to—they're right, them reds. Things ought to be fixed so nobody needs to starve like that. Let the rich give it up,—there ought to be some way so—"

"Yeah," Mat interrupted loudly, "and if we had reds they'd come and take everything in your shop."

"Yeah, and if they was starvin' I'd let 'em," he threw at her.

"Nice lookout for your family," she answered. "Nice thing for a woman to hear when she's about to—"

"Aw, go on and get some clothes on you, will you? The truckmen are coming and you look like hell—"

"Yeah? And whose fault—"

A wave of heat swept over him. He had forgotten for a moment about being hot. Now the rumble of the truck drew near. Cars began to rush by. With the noise the heat rose, stifling, thick, roaring, about him. He slapped his sturdy leg. He wouldn't speak to her—he'd get to work. But as he passed he looked at her and he could not bear her. All the heat and sickness in him rose and burst out of him. He shouted at her over and over, "Shut up—shut up—shut up—" He could not leave off, his teeth set, his eyes glaring into hers, the sweat starting out over his whole body, "shut up—shut up—shut up—"

Her soft full face changed in surprise. She stared at him as though he were gone insane. Then breaking into a wild howl of tears she rushed away.

III

He did not follow her. He was tired of following her. He knew what he would have to do if he did. He'd have to tell her he was sorry and coddle her and lie down beside her on the bed and coax—well, he

wouldn't—not today—not in all this heat. He wouldn't hold her against him on this hot day on that messy bed.

"Every way the reds is right," he muttered to himself wilfully. He took out his dusting cloth and began wiping the counters off again. This business of a man's tying himself to a woman when he was young—the reds had it right—easy divorce and no questions asked. And the women had to work too in Russia. Gee, he'd like to see Mat work for once, a real day's work! She said she used to work in a ten cent store but he didn't believe it. She wasn't working when they met—just living with her married sister and taking care of the kids when she felt like it. He moved a pie, wrapped in cellophane, and wiped under it. If it wasn't sold today it would be no good tomorrow. Beer, now, in bottles, you could keep forever—what had possessed him!

The morning wore on. The sun streamed in at the door, an oblong patch of solid white heat upon the floor. He'd have to buy an awning or he couldn't keep anything in the window.

The door opened. He saw Mat's sullen face. "Breakfast," she said coldly. She hadn't brushed her hair—probably hadn't washed. "Don't want any," he said, "it's too hot to eat." The door slammed—nice way to start the day!

It didn't get any better, either. Two women came in during the morning, one to buy six eggs, the other a quarter of a pound of butter. That was all. He was shut up in the idle shop. "No use goin' back upstairs," he thought, and let the hours wear on.

Toward noon the sun went under but it was no cooler. The sky pressed down—thick, dark, hot as a woolen blanket. The shop was a pocket, full of smells. The sausages reeked, the cheese stank. He went

to the door and leaned against the frame and stared down the street. He'd sell the shop. He'd—he might do anything. It was a rotten city. He might go off somewhere—no chance for a young man here, not in these days. He watched the cars rolling by and chose one to hate especially. It was a large black and silver car. The traffic light changed, and it paused near where the garbage can had stood in the early morning. Some difference! He stared at a chauffeur, at a handsome cool white-haired woman. Well, she didn't worry about anything—going out to her country place with her bags, he guessed, and he couldn't even get to a concert five blocks away. Yeah, the reds were right, all right.

The door opened behind him and Mat came in and passed him. She was all dressed up in her green dress and hat and white fixings. The dress was getting too tight for her but he wouldn't say anything or she'd yell for something new.

"I'm going to Roselle's," she said shortly. "Your dinner's on the table."

"All right," he said as briefly. Her mouth was painted very red now, and her black hair was carefully waved where it showed under one side of her green hat.

"Hope it doesn't rain before I get back," she said anxiously, not looking at him. "This dress won't stand it. Well, g'bye!"

She stepped jauntily down the street and he stared after her against his will. From the back you wouldn't know anything was wrong. He used to think she had style when she was all dressed up—he used to like it. But today it made him tired. He felt a drop of rain on his face. It was going to rain. But there was no wind, no coolness in it, even in the clouds. The very rain came down warm, a meager tepid shower.

Anyway, he would eat. And if it was going to rain all afternoon and Mat was

away he'd sleep. Nobody would come to the shop in the rain, and Mat would be late—she and her sister would probably go to a movie. He was tired clear through. The wet heat made him dizzy. He'd eat only a little something and then get into a tub of cool water and throw himself on the bed. When he woke he'd think some more about selling the shop. He couldn't stand this—he couldn't stand another day.

IV

But when he woke he had slept so heavily he scarcely knew where he was. Where was he? What time was it? Not night, for the pale twilight streamed gently in at the window. But something had happened to him. His body felt light and relieved, his very bones rested, his skin dry. He drew a great breath. Why!—he was cool! The bed was cool, the room was cool. There must have been a storm somewhere and now it was over— Well, he could hardly believe he was cool!

He stretched himself and smiled. He was as hungry as hell. He didn't believe he had eaten anything after all—went and took a cold bath and threw himself on the bed to sleep a few minutes before he ate and then hadn't waked again. Now here he was cool—he'd forgotten how it felt to be cool.

The door opened softly a little way and Mat stuck her head through, smiling, mischievous. "Great big lazy!" she cried. "I've been back ages—the shop's been full and I've been getting supper, too. Honey, you haven't eaten anything this whole day! I've got a grand supper for you—something you love—beefsteak, honey boy, and fried potatoes and sweet corn! And I made a dessert—and it's turned so cool you can eat and eat!"

He leaped up and roared at her, "Gee,

I'm hungry enough to eat you up, Mat—you look swell to me!"

She gave a little squeal of pretended fear and was gone. Never mind—he'd catch her and give her a good hug yet—he hadn't kissed her in an age—several days maybe—since it had been so hot. Anyway, he was starved. He began to put on his clothes. Well, just for once, since it was so cool, he'd wear a tie, Mat's favorite red one, and a clean blue shirt. She liked blue to go with his eyes, and red to go with his hair, she said. Gee, he wasn't a bad looking fellow—he rushed down, ravenous, shouting, "Don't let me get into the shop till after supper, will you, hon? I'd eat everything I saw!"

That night after a run of business he sat out in the dark cool street with Mat. The sky was black and full of stars. He sat on the milk box, but he brought out the canvas folding chair for Mat. She'd been swell to him. She hadn't gone to the movies at all. She'd come back in the rain, God knows why, and found him asleep and seen that he hadn't eaten his dinner and she'd stayed in the shop the rest of the afternoon and sold a lot. The pie was gone, too. Now she half lay in the canvas chair and hummed a little. Under the dim street lights she looked pretty, her hair all curly about her face and her lips red and full—like a big rose, her mouth was. He bent over and gave her a kiss. Well, he was glad about the kid, too. And she'd look as good as ever after it was over.

"You're swell," he whispered suddenly. "I'm just as crazy about you as I ever was."

"So'm I about you," she laughed and slapped him playfully on the cheek.

So they sat there in the coolness, watching the people go by. He strained his ears in a brief moment of quiet between traf-

fic. Did he hear faint music? No, not quite—not quite— Still, he knew it was there at the concert. The music was going on. It would be there every night, every summer. In his life time he'd get to hear a good deal.

When they rose at last to go to bed and were straightening the shop out for the night Mat asked him suddenly, looking at him very straight out of her black eyes, "Say, Hansie, I've been wantin' to ask you something all day. You didn't really mean all that stuff you talked about reds, did you? You scared me."

Reds? He stared at her. Oh, that—

"Forget it," he said shortly. "I was so hot this morning I guess I was crazy." He lifted the garbage can and set it out on the street.

But when she was gone upstairs he waited a moment. He looked thoughtfully at the loaf of cake on the counter. It had molded the night before. It wouldn't keep much longer. Still, it was so cool tonight—and he might sell it tomorrow yet. Then suddenly he picked it up and wrapped a piece of paper about it.

"Oh, well—" he said aloud and stalked across the sidewalk and dropped it in his garbage can.

THE BOOTLEG COAL INDUSTRY

BY JOSEPH AGOR

DOWN from the bleak hill country in eastern Pennsylvania there flows a constant stream of "bootleg" anthracite, mined on the vast coal tracts of the big producing companies by independent miners and destined for market in New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland. This traffic in illegitimately mined anthracite has reached such gigantic proportions and has gained such terrific momentum that all efforts of coal companies, railroad companies and big city dealers to check it have been fruitless. It is unlike any other illegal enterprise to which the term "bootleg" has been applied inasmuch as the men engaged in it now operate in the open in defiance of land owners and police. Hundreds, of course, have been arrested and jailed but the rest go right ahead with a dogged persistence that has brought their total daily production to 25,000 tons, mined, prepared and sold for cash. Conservative observers estimate that at least 20,000 men are engaged in the business and that the sales value of their product now runs to approximately \$40,000,000 annually. These figures indicate that about 100,000 persons are obtaining sustenance directly from the traffic.

The unlawful taking of coal from company-owned lands in the anthracite regions is not new by any means; but it was not until thousands of miners were thrown into permanent idleness through the abandonment of regular mine operations that

it became a business. Years ago when labor disturbances or reduced demand for coal in summer months caused unemployment in the coal fields, miners here and there dug small shafts on company-owned land and mined sufficient coal for their own needs. Seldom was any of it sold, and when company police discovered these miniature mines they rarely went beyond ordering the trespassers from company property with a warning not to return.

With the spread of the depression, however, the shrinkage of the anthracite business was aggravated to the point where many collieries were permanently closed by operators. Huge central preparation plants replaced the old-fashioned breakers located at each mine. Improved mining methods reduced the number of men required underground and the product of modernized mines was sent to the central breakers for cleaning and sizing. As the anthracite markets diminished under the onslaughts of competitive fuels, such as oil and coke, and the general falling off in all business called for further curtailment, employment in the anthracite fields dropped at an alarming rate. In 1928 the industry employed more than 160,000 men, but by 1931 this number had shrunk to 139,000, and by 1932 to 121,000. Since there are few important industries in the anthracite fields besides coal, most of the men eliminated from the industry were without hope of securing jobs.

It was in 1932 that the bootleg coal in-

dustry blossomed forth as a fullblown commercial enterprise. Miners long unemployed learned that anthracite could be sold direct to consumers in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Wilmington and other eastern cities if the price were lower than that charged by city dealers. Here and there throughout the anthracite producing counties groups of miners found isolated locations for small shafts, where the outcrop of the veins extended up close to the surface. Second-hand trucks in all stages of disintegration clattered through the night to distant points where relatives and friends were the first customers. The product of these first mine holes was a mixture of dirt and coal of all sizes; but the price was low and thrifty city householders bought it in ever increasing quantities.

Soon the picture changed. In mine union meetings, in saloons and on street corners the bootleggers told other unemployed miners of the new venture that was bringing them badly needed dollars. By the end of 1933 hundreds of miniature mines were in operation, chiefly in Northumberland and Schuylkill counties. During 1934 so great did the demand become for bootleg coal (selling from \$2 to \$4 a ton cheaper than colliery prepared anthracite) that a natural division of work developed. Small breakers sprang up by hundreds, and thousands of young men without jobs entered the long-distance hauling business. This division of labor has now become definite; miners devote all their time to mining, the breaker men clean and size the coal and the truckers sell and deliver it.

The coal region public, generally, is in hearty sympathy with the bootleggers. Many professional and business men in the coal fields buy no other fuel for their homes and office buildings. Workers in

other lines patronize bootleg dealers exclusively. The operator of a large colliery in the Northumberland county area reported recently that 90 per cent of the men employed in and about his mine were using bootleg coal and that the very church to which he is a leading contributor has been using coal mined illegally on his own company's property.

II

The average bootleg mine is a masterpiece of rule-of-thumb engineering. Usually it is a shaft about 3 feet square, sunk straight down through the top layers of earth to the coal vein. The walls of the shaft are timbered in varying degrees of thoroughness according to the recklessness or caution of the miners who work it. These perpendicular shafts are ordinarily from 40 to 60 feet deep. Hoisting equipment in vogue at bootleg mines is primitive to a degree. Shaft towers which support the sheave wheels over which hoisting ropes pass, and landing stages for the cast-off oil casks which serve as buckets, are built of untrimmed timber cut from company land. These towers, built to a height of 20 to 30 feet, quiver and shake when hoisting is in progress, but by some miracle stand the strain.

Although hand windlasses are used at many of the miniature mines for hoisting coal, water and men, the better ones use old automobiles, many of which are bought from junk yards at low prices. When a car is so used the rear end is blocked up until the wheels clear the ground. One of the wheels is removed and a homemade drum slipped on in its place. Steel cable or hemp rope, according to the financial circumstances of the operator, is attached to the drum and passed over the sheave wheel at the top of the tower. On the end of the cable or rope is suspended an old oil cask

from which one head has been removed. This improvised bucket is lowered empty or raised full by the simple process of running the car motor in forward or reverse gear. Many of the operators of this simplified hoisting machinery are adept from long practice; accidents during hoisting are rare.

Underground the bootleg miner cuts coal in much the same manner it is cut in regular company-owned mines, but on a much smaller scale. Blasting is at a minimum because the coal companies have shut off most of the sources through which the men might purchase explosives. The work is slavish in the extreme, being done as a rule in cramped space, almost entirely by hand. Timbering is skimpy and haphazard because the labor involved in cutting and setting timber takes precious time away from the more important business of cutting coal.

Death lurks constantly at the side of the bootleg miner because of his haste to get coal out in paying quantities. Scores have been crushed to death or suffocated; hundreds have been maimed by cave-ins and other mishaps. There is scarcely a time when, somewhere in the region, rescue crews are not digging frantically to reach men entombed and helpless in one of these death traps. But in no time at all the rescued men are back at work.

In the Northumberland county section there is one bootleg field where no less than 1,000 men are at work in miniature mines. The tract these men have taken over is virgin coal land and has been held for many years as a reserve by a great corporation. The land is badly wanted by a large independent coal company operating near it, and the corporation officials have agreed to a royalty lease. But the miners refuse to vacate the land. Recently when a power excavator was sent into the field

to destroy the mine holes in preparation for large scale mining by the independent operator, the men dynamited the machine and issued a warning that all attempts to oust them would be met with determined resistance. In desperation the operator appealed to civic organizations and the county's leading newspaper for aid in driving the men out. Refused support, the operator appealed to the county sheriff, asking that a company of national guardsmen be sent in. Turned down again, the company asked the courts for an injunction to restrain the men from trespassing and stealing coal. At this writing the court has still not acted on the petition. In this particular field the men are solidly organized for mutual protection. One of their number, a veteran miner, makes regular inspections of all workings on the tract. He is paid from the organization treasury as are watchmen who guard the mines at night. A well stocked commissary supplies everything from mining tools to coffee and cigarets at moderate prices.

III

The miniature breakers, most of which were built during the past year, are marvels of mechanical ingenuity. Some are quite elaborate, their construction having been financed by truckers wishing to be assured of an uninterrupted supply of coal for market. The average breaker, however, plainly shows its relationship to the rickety shaft tower at the mine hole; it, too, gets its motive power from an old automobile. The chief item of equipment in the breaker is a set of graduated screens, driven back and forth in a jerky motion by an eccentric arrangement attached to a pulley. The pulley is driven by a belt which passes around the home-made drum attached to the rear axle of the automobile.

The freshly-mined coal, delivered to the breakers by independent truckers who charge by the load, is shovelled into a chute leading to the moving screens or shakers. As it slides slowly down the chute, the larger lumps are broken up with hand hammers. The coal then passes through various sized screens to bins built beneath the shaker, and from the bins is loaded by hand onto the trucks of long-distance haulers. Large galvanized tubs are used for measuring; twenty of these tubs making up a fair ton. Each trucker carries one or more tubs as standard equipment and uses them when measuring out ton lots to consumers.

The breakers are to be found everywhere, many of them within the borders of large mining communities. How many there are no one knows. They have taken the place of the family car in many a garage; some are built right on company-owned land close to the mines. Where the odds and ends of machinery, screening, iron and wood came from to build them is a mystery except to the ingenious miners who constructed them with painstaking care. As in the case of the shaft towers, the mechanism rattles and threatens to collapse, but manages somehow to turn out a fair grade of coal. At intervals throughout the region are found large plants owned by individuals or groups in a position to buy machinery. These breakers are usually operated by men other than miners who saw the opportunity for a steady income. They take the output of several bootleg mines and sell through their own representatives to the larger buyers of anthracite in eastern cities.

The truckers constitute the aristocracy of the bootleg coal industry. It was the trucker who developed the traffic to its present enormous proportions, and knowing this, the young men who transport

the coal to market and sell it take advantage of their position. Miners and breaker men depend on the truckers to move their coal, and woe betide the mine or breaker blacklisted by the powerful truckers' organizations. These all closely follow the pattern of labor unions, and in the mining city of Shamokin one group has almost 1,000 members. This organization has lawyers in Shamokin, Philadelphia and Baltimore, retained by the year to aid members who fall afoul of law officers for alleged short-weight selling or other forms of interference by police and city coal dealers.

Trucks which carry the bootleg coal to city markets are no longer broken-down wrecks but fast-travelling, modern machines with carrying capacities of from five to ten tons. Practically all are bought through finance companies. The drivers are reckless to the point of foolhardiness. Scores have been killed on the highways and others have been badly injured, for they drive like mad to make up for time lost in travelling back to the mines empty after they have delivered their cargoes. The earnings of the truckers are higher, on the average, than those of either miners or breaker men. Drivers owning their own machines make from \$25 to \$75 a week, depending on their energy and sales connections. Miners on their own earn from \$2 to \$5 a day; breaker men who own their plants earn \$4 to \$7 a day. Helpers in mines, breakers and on trucks receive \$2 a day.

At the mines coal is sold to the breaker men at approximately \$3 a ton. The breaker operators charge the truckers from \$5 to \$6 a ton in 5-ton lots. The trucker receives from \$9 to \$12 a ton when he makes delivery. All transactions are strictly cash. Credit in the traffic is entirely taboo.

IV

To all appeals that they abandon this illegal enterprise and give the legitimate anthracite industry an opportunity to recover, the bootleggers reply: "Open closed mines and give us jobs. If we can mine and sell thousands of tons of coal daily, over and above what regular active operations are turning out, so can the coal companies."

With few exceptions the men engaged in bootlegging declare they prefer the comparative security of regular mine jobs to the dangerous, poorly paid work they are engaged in. Few persons understand the psychology of the miner in his willingness to work in a dangerous mine hole for pay so much smaller than that guaranteed him by the working agreement between the United Mine Workers of America and the Anthracite Operators' Association. The truth of the matter is, the miners consider their present employment in the coal holes not only a means of earning a skimpy living but also as a part of their struggle to force closed collieries back into operation by cutting in on their former employers' markets.

That the miners have been able to make serious inroads on the business of mine owners, in the face of all obstacles, stands as one of the most amazing factors in labor history in this country. In many eastern cities large coal dealers have been compelled to cut retail prices on anthracite from \$2 to \$4 a ton and coal carrying railroads are worried because of business lost to the truckers. In some sections, mushroom organizations of railroad workers and officials financed by the rail corporations, are fighting the truckers tooth and nail. Present estimates place the number of coal trucks carrying bootleg coal to market at 5,000.

Business men throughout the anthracite fields are almost unanimous in their belief that the bootleg industry has saved whole communities from ruin. In some of these coal centers collieries which formerly employed thousands of men are not only closed but practically abandoned by their owners. Much of the bootleg coal is mined on these abandoned tracts. While Gifford Pinchot was governor of Pennsylvania he repeatedly ignored appeals from coal companies for aid in breaking up bootlegging. Governor George Earle, who recently took office, is expected to take the same hands-off attitude. The present lieutenant-governor is Thomas Kennedy, international secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America; the state secretary of mines is Michael Hartneady, president of District 7 in the same organization. The United Mine Workers have thus far remained silent, officially, on the bootleg question, but pressure is being brought to bear on high officers of the union, on the grounds that thousands of mine union members are working under the union scale in bootleg mines.

It is difficult to predict what the eventual outcome of the present situation will be. Every day the bootleggers become more firmly entrenched in their amazing business. Law officers are increasingly reluctant to take action, and many magistrates will not handle cases against miners and truckers when they are arrested. State troopers have been ordered to follow truckers out of the coal region and arrest them for receiving stolen goods in sections where magistrates are not influenced by the opinion of the coal region public. But the troopers are not numerous and they are too busy to give the matter much attention. Most of them secretly sympathize with the men they are told to arrest.

Close observers declare, however, that a

showdown must come soon. In the coal regions it is hoped that companies located in hotbeds of bootlegging will solve the problem by reopening closed mines and giving the men legitimate employment. The miners doggedly insist that only on this basis will they abandon their miniature mines and breakers. Equalization of working time at the mines—the sharing of time to be worked by all miners in the field—has also frequently been advanced as a corrective for the vast amount of unemployment among anthracite workers. This system, it is urged, would compel corporations owning many collieries to cut working days per month at mines now active and distribute the work necessary for production among all their collieries. This would automatically bring about the reopening of mines now closed, even though all mines involved worked only a few days a month. Years ago this equalized system of operation to meet market demands was general in the anthracite fields.

The stock answer of the operators to this proposal now is that most of the closed mines are high-cost operations and to put them on the active list for part-time operation would increase the cost of production

considerably. It was not only diminishing markets but exorbitant cost of operation, say the owners, that caused them to be closed. Equalization is consistently urged by the United Mine Workers and various independent groups seeking reopening of closed mines.

Mary Von Kleek, who conducted a 14-year investigation of mining in both this country and abroad, declared in a recent report for the Russell Sage Foundation that nationalization of the mines is the only solution of the anthracite muddle. And the special commission appointed last year by Secretary of Labor Perkins recommended strict government regulation to curb the power of life or death that big coal companies hold over mining communities.

The more articulate of the bootleggers argue that coal is a natural resource and that since the coal companies contend they cannot mine it profitably in some areas they should not object to the miners doing so themselves.

Answering the argument of coal companies that they pay taxes on their lands and are entitled to protection, the bootleggers reply: "We're staying until we get jobs; put us out if you can."

JAPAN'S WAR MACHINE

BY OLAND D. RUSSELL

JAPAN'S navy has recently captured the headlines, and in any conflict with a major power it may well be counted upon to play a decisive role; but no military critic gauging the strength of Hirohito's empire today overlooks that standing army of 265,000 with its potential strength of 4,000,000. The popular conception of a naval war in which two powerful fleets move out into mid-ocean and squarely draw the issue to conclusion is elementally inaccurate. Even in a so-called "naval war" between two more or less evenly matched fleets, it is occupation or threat of occupation by land troops that is the major determinant of strategy.

In the Supreme War Council of Japan—answerable only to the Emperor—the influence and opinions of the army always have prevailed on questions of vital national defense. On the offense, tactical problems of co-operation have been worked out in the finest detail for an invading army and its supporting fleet. Landings on a supposed hostile coast have been practiced year after year as a regular feature of Japanese army maneuvers and all necessary equipment—boats, special type barges, pontoons and portable jetties—long have been in readiness at military depots. As early as 1895 in her war with China, and again ten years later, Japan showed extraordinary skill in throwing large bodies of troops ashore with speed and safety. The two major wars of her history were won with the army.

In a Japanese euphemism, the army—and not the navy—is "the eldest son of the new Japan." The paradox of an insular and maritime power thus looking upon its land troops and not its sea forces has a significance that is in no wise lost on those western observers who have come to know the Japanese soldier and all that has gone into his making. The soldier himself—squat, bullet-headed, flat-nosed and barrel-chested—is unique among the professional fighting men of the world. Japan's army is the only considerable force of zealots under arms today.

Who is Private Suzuki—the composite soldier of Japan—where does he originate, how is he trained, what does he wear and what does he think?

II

Private Suzuki, passed first-class conscript, 20 years old, of peasant stock, reports to the Azabu Third infantry regiment for active service. Though he may have been the sole support of aged parents he need not worry, for his country, particularly the army, has looked after that. A reservists' organization is available to see that the elder Suzukis suffer no hardship. So, heartened by a convivial farewell party of family and intimates, Private Suzuki proceeds to a concentration point, in his pocket a manual which he has been given to memorize. Here are two translated passages from that manual:

Living, to be overwhelmed with the innumerable and immeasurable blessings of Imperial Goodness; dead, to become one of the guarding Deities of the country and as such to receive unique honors in the temple.

Personal cowardice is the most despicable of vices.

Then, entering the regimental barracks room with his picked fellows, he may look up to find on a gold screen, in beautiful decorative script, this further treasured word to the army from the great Emperor Meiji: "Remember that death is lighter than a feather but duty is heavier than a mountain."

From the first moment the army has placed its finger on Private Suzuki, his path is filled with such semi-religious abstractions. Belief in the sacredness of the Emperor, already inculcated from earliest childhood, is immediately a strong and powerful lever for Suzuki's officers. To him the officer is but the mouthpiece of the Sacred Emperor. There is no such parallel in any other standing army today. None other so invokes the divine relation in the routine of soldiering.

So enters Private Suzuki—a plastic figure in the hands of efficient conditioners. He gets his seasonal khaki-colored uniform with its red shoulder straps, a belted tunic with buttoned-up collar, calf-skin knapsack (never changing in design, because it was once carried by an Emperor), wrap puttees and heavy marching shoes. After special ceremonies in which the commanding officers acclaim the new recruits, Private Suzuki turns out with his comrades for the first inspection.

His head is shaved. He's not very tall, probably around five feet. A year ago Japan decided to modify the height requirements for conscripts in order to increase the number of recruits by 17,000. The standard had been slightly more than five feet;

some three inches were lopped off this. But Private Suzuki is sturdy for his size. He has the high cheek bones and slightly bulging eyes of the peasant, is alert, reverent and stoical. Knowing the elements of troop commands, he stands at severe attention and answers "Hai" to roll-call by his sergeant. Dismissed after a few patriotic speeches, he formally enters an almost monastic life, for now he can scarcely call his soul his own. Every minute of his life is restricted to an unusual degree.

Probably his first concern is to learn to wear shoes. Suzuki has never before donned a pair of western shoes, for he still wears wooden clogs or *geta* beneath a cotton sock cleft once for the big toe. The new footwear is immediately torturous and it will take him months to become accustomed to strong leather laced around his ankles. At every opportunity he will revert to his customary sandals for indoor wear.

The next problem of his new soldiering life is to learn to sleep in a bed, for at home he simply curls up on the floor. To mount for the first time an army cot two feet off the ground brings the same terror to the Japanese peasant that a westerner might experience if he should be called upon to start sleeping on an unenclosed shelf eight feet high.

But, if tormented by shoes and bed, Private Suzuki does find surcease at meal-times for he is not deprived of his chopsticks. He is not subjected to the intricacies of knife and fork; for that he is duly grateful. And his fare is familiar, perhaps a little more and somewhat better rounded out, but not vastly different from what he is used to at home. The staple food is rice, mixed with barley to guard against beriberi. There are vegetables and occasionally a bit of fish, all washed down with hot green tea. And since the beginning of her

Manchurian operations, Japan has found it expedient to add a small beef portion for field armies undergoing the rigors of Manchurian low temperatures. Twelve ounces of meat a week for each man in barracks and eighty-four ounces in the field are prescribed.

But, even before meat portions were introduced, Japan's army diet produced amazing results. A former British military attache is authority for the statement that the rice-and-fish-fed Japanese can march from 48 to 52 miles, with ten-minute rest periods, under full packs over rough terrain in twenty-four hours and be fresh at the end. These were probably seasoned troops, other officers have pointed out, but it must be borne in mind that in a country where human traction is largely employed, the Japanese recruit joins up already equipped to great advantage; for peasant life trains a man to carry heavy loads extraordinary distances.

In the field, Japan is particularly careful of its water for the troops. Rolling regimental boilers move with the men and water bottles which can be filled only from the boilers are part of the regulation field equipment.

Private Suzuki spends most of his day drilling. In the evening he cleans equipment or listens to lectures. In the few minutes he has for himself he is forbidden to read any papers not approved by his regimental commander. Frequently the daily paper which may reach his hands is censored. Political articles are, as a rule, removed. Once an American officer noticed a regimental censor removing the picture of Yukio Ozaki, a Liberal Diet member, from a daily paper before it was issued to the men. The censor explained that a year previously Ozaki had made a speech in the Diet urging the army be reduced by five divisions.

Pictures must be approved, and books. One daily paper, the *Tsuwa Mono*, and a magazine, *Gunjin*, is issued by the War Ministry for the army. The fondness of Japanese soldiers for foreign movie queens has been remarked by officers kept busy confiscating such invitations to straying thoughts.

No food, money, clothes or sweets can be sent from home to the soldiers. Letters of instruction on the proper conduct of parents toward a recruit in service are sent out and any violations bring humiliating reprimands.

Nor is Private Suzuki supposed to have more than three cigarets and one match on his person at one time—this is a precaution against fire.

For all this, the soldier gets three yen a month, about \$1 at the present rate of exchange, and he must not spend more than half of this on personal amusements. At any time he may be called upon to show receipts as to his expenditures.

Disobedience is almost unknown. Horseplay in barracks is infrequent and out-of-bounds escapades rare, the latter because it is difficult to leave the regimental area except on holidays. Some regiments will go from six months to a year without having a man in the guard house. One American officer who has spent six years in Japan is highly impressed with the fact that he has never seen a Japanese soldier in the guardhouse of any of the numerous regiments he has visited.

Commanding officers well realize that soldiers confined for such long periods in barracks frequently visit houses of prostitution when liberty does come and they have taken some practical steps to meet the problem. Every town and city in Japan has one or more licensed districts and although no particular attempt is made to locate them near regimental posts they are gen-

erally quite accessible to the soldiers. Moreover, through arrangements made with the "vice trust" which controls the well-organized prostitution system of Japan, soldiers in uniform are given the lowest rates of any class of patrons. No effort is made to designate certain houses for soldiers but the men themselves, for various reasons, commonly patronize one or two houses of each district which establish a reputation for catering to the military.

Regimental canteens dispense prophylactics at the remarkably low price of a cent or so per application. But in spite of this, together with occasional lectures and the fact that Japan's houses of prostitution are the cleanest of any in the world, the rate of venereal disease in Japan's army runs within a fraction as high as the venereal rate in the American army. Our officers are at a loss to account for this, unless it be that the penalties for contracting a disease are much less severe in Japan than in the American army so that all infections are reported.

III

And who are Private Suzuki's officers? All candidates for commissioned rank carry out a two-year preparatory course at the Officers' School (Shikwan Gakko). They are then attached to a military unit for six months. Afterward they return to school for a further course of a year and ten months during which they may specialize in the particular arm to which they have been allotted. Then follow two months as probationary officers in the unit to which they formerly were attached. After that period the officers are gazetted second lieutenants.

A larger number of educational establishments are available to the new second lieutenant. Every year a certain number

of hand-picked junior officers are spotted by the General Staff; their careers are then fixed for life. They are frequently sent abroad and are far better trained and equipped than the line officers passed up by the Staff.

The average Japanese officer lives no such life as do our army officers. The pay of a second lieutenant is about 75 yen a month, approximately \$20. A first lieutenant in the American army gets the equivalent of a Japanese colonel's salary.

These officers have few outside interests and practically no social life until they reach the highest ranks. Their educational background is comparable to that of a high school junior in America and they are anything but well rounded out. For the most part, they live at home and, except when the regiments are in the field, there is no officers' mess or bachelor quarters. In regimental headquarters instead of a mess there is a common meeting room for tea and the mid-day meal. The routine of an officer's life is approximately this:

After breakfast at home, he goes by trolley or on foot to his post, arriving at 8 a.m. In the common room he is served hot tea by an orderly. At 8:30 he moves to the parade ground where his command awaits supervised training. At 10 he takes time out and returns for more tea and talk. Then more training until noon.

For the mid-day meal the young officers reassemble in the mess room, standing at attention until the Colonel comes in and picks up his chopsticks. Like all other Japanese at meal-time, they eat quickly and quietly, the usual fare being not much better than the lowest private's. About four or five times a week the Colonel will interrupt toward the end of the meal and call on one of the younger officers to relate what he has learned during the week about machine guns, co-operation of air-

craft or some such subject. The officer must rise promptly and give a twenty or thirty minute impromptu lecture—and make it good, for his is a critical audience. Usually it's a parrot-like repetition out of some manual, but the junior is rarely caught unable to respond.

During the afternoon, the officer supervises training again with perhaps one tea interval and then at 4 o'clock leaves for home. At dinner he eats alone, his wife serving him—not more than two or three officers in a regiment are unmarried. Afterward he reads his military books and goes to bed early.

The officers' only sport is fencing with two-handed bamboo swords, for which they wear heavy iron masks and thick protective padding. More recently rugger has been taken up as an additional sport and has reached some measure of popularity.

Officer training is carried out on generally orthodox and pre-war German lines. Clausewitz's tactics, the military bible of German war colleges, occupies a high place in the Japanese curriculum; but no higher than the texts written by their own great tacticians, Shingen, Kenshin and Yamaga Soko. In general, the training school courses try to present the officer with every situation he is likely to meet in the field.

Certain critics who have examined the Japanese training system contend that the officers too frequently memorize the solution of military problems and then, when annual maneuvers are on, try to work out problems by recalling where they have come across the situations before. This tendency is declared to be productive of automatons. The Russo-Japanese war rather than the World War, incidentally, is preferred as a source of study material. Little that occurred in the World War served to change the Japanese opinion

of exemplary conduct in the war of 1904-05. The fighting at Shanghai in 1937 and later in Manchuria has brought more changes in the system than anything that occurred on the Western Front.

Japanese tactics are based upon the assumption that the army is the infantry and that the infantryman with his bayonet is superior as an individual fighting man to any other in the world. Why so much emphasis on the bayonet? Any query to that effect usually meets with prolonged abstractions and involved explanations; but one candid General probably hit the nail on the head when he said:

Our men have never been used to the rifle before entering service. It is consequently difficult to get them to rely upon the rifle as a weapon depending mainly upon its fire power. In moments of emergency when individual behavior falls back upon instinct, they might be inclined to forget the usefulness of the rifle as a rifle. We therefore teach them the bayonet along lines naturally suggestive to a man wielding a sharp-pointed stick. That way they never forget they have a weapon in their hands.

Very little attention is given to jiu-jitsu, contrary to popular western conception. Jiu-jitsu means literally "to conquer by yielding," that is, to use the weight and strength of the opponent to his own undoing. Most regiments impart a brief preliminary training in jiu-jitsu, more because the physical training necessary to produce expertness is valued rather than its use on the military field.

Jiu-jitsu has always been an art of the aristocrats in Japan and its principles, like those of so many Japanese arts, formerly were handed down as an esoteric secret from teacher to teacher. Any degree of proficiency requires not only a thorough knowledge of anatomy but long sessions of training which the army cannot spare. Japanese police are taught the art to a high

degree and civilians of the higher middle class and upward practice it to some extent but it is by no means a common heritage of the Japanese masses. For all practical purposes, our military officers agree, the Japanese infantryman who has lost his bayoneted rifle is *hors de combat*.

IV

All able-bodied males between 17 and 40 in Japan can be called up to the colors without a moment's notice and without any special act of parliament. Under the conscription system instituted in 1873 and revised in 1927, conscripts are not called in peace time until they reach the age of 20. Annually about 600,000 reach that age. They are immediately given a careful medical examination and are put in one of three classes. About one-sixth, or 100,000, fall into the Grade A class and practically all of these are mustered into active service. If there are more than enough in Grade A than is needed for the color quota, a ballot is used and the fortunate ones, in the eyes of most Japanese youths, are the ones allotted for service. The remainder similarly are divided by ballot into three classes of reserves.

It is prescribed that those who go immediately into the *gen-eki* (active service) serve normally twenty-two months and ten days. Those who go into the first reserve are retained for five years and four months while the second reserve men serve ten years, after which they are drafted into the first levy of the "national army" and do no more training. Soldiers of the first reserve are used immediately to fill up gaps in the active army upon mobilization while the second reserve is used to form reserve units on the outbreak of war.

As in other countries, the army chiefs of Japan are constantly on the look-out

for means of spreading military training and they usually have free rein. In 1925 a system of pre-conscription training was instituted. In every middle school (corresponding to American high schools) and above, military training courses under regular army officers began. The course is 800 hours in four years, half of this time being devoted to actual training and the other 400 hours to citizenship, ethics and the "imperial spirit" as taught by the 1,200 officers specially selected for this purpose.

Then from the schools, the pre-conscript training branches out into factories, villages and young men's clubs. This system is designed principally to catch those who leave school at the end of the primary course, but it is open to those of various reserve classes who feel they are not getting enough in their respective classes. The reward for the pre-conscript training—just in case some might be needed—is six months' remission of active service when called to the colors, provided the conscript can show certificates of good standing, citizenship and "imperial spirit."

More recently army officers have been assigned to girls' schools where instruction is given in machine-gun, rifle and pistol firing, gas mask drills and first aid. There is hardly the presumption that women's units will be formed in event of war, but Japan has not forgotten that in previous wars her women have exhibited a spirit and fortitude beside which the Spartan mothers seemed mere exhibitionists.

Wander past the bare, dusty schoolyards of Japanese towns and cities and at almost any hour of the day you see well-formed ranks of schoolboys carrying service rifles and drilling under the guttural commands of uniformed officers. These officers, incidentally, do not delegate their authority and tasks to sergeant drill masters as do the R.O.T.C. instructors

in America; they are constantly on hand to see that the courses are carried out fully. Wander a little farther and you may see at the noon hour, or after work, some forty or fifty mill hands drilling about factory yards. Rarely, though, do you find these men with service rifles. Wooden guns will do for them, for a wise General Staff has given a thought to the possible anti-social temptations of a workers' army with real rifles at its disposal.

A British officer who spent six months with troops in the field in Japan made a special study of army training of youths a few years ago and reported his considered opinion that Japanese lads from 15 to 20, the normal pre-conscript age, compare very favorably with any unit of officers' training corps in England.

The system does produce some remarkable results. In youths of an impressionable age it implants a strong soldier instinct and in Japan the soldiering instinct connotes a different meaning than it does in other countries. It does not mean rowdy, swashbuckling soldiers-of-fortune. Japan's system emphatically has never produced a soldier of fortune as we know the type. To the Japanese the soldiering instinct hearkens back to the beloved samurai or warrior caste abolished in 1876. The old samurai had a name for it, "bushido" or the Way of Knights. The samurai "renounced desire, not that he might enter Nirvana, but that he might acquire the contempt of life which would make him a perfect warrior."

In fine, Japan has come to look upon her army and its remarkable network as a national school of utmost value in instilling civic duties and a religious-like loyalty in every subject of the Emperor. "It is not that Japan wants such a big army to fight her neighbors," pontificates a warrior of the Empire, "but simply re-

gards her army as one of the strongest bulwarks obtainable against social unrest and disorder."

V

While the Japanese are quite up to modern standards in the departments of automatic weapons, artillery and aircraft, some old-line strategists, who are samurai-born, retain their contempt for mechanical superiority in the belief that training in that direction subordinates the qualities of the individual fighting man.

In close order drills the army moves by companies in columns of squads. Other formations and commands are quite similar to our own, but no foreign terms have been adapted as has been done in so many civilian enterprises in Japan. *Kiwo* is "attention!", *Susume* is "forward march", *Migi Yarae* is "give way to the right", *Chutai* is "company" and so on.

Except in the Imperial Bodyguard there is no dress uniform for the enlisted man. On State occasions officers wear a colorful dress featuring black tunics, gold braid, white pompons on the forepeaks of their caps, broad colored stripes on their collars and breeches denoting their service branch, and full decorations. Of these latter there are the Golden Kite, the Rising Sun and the Sacred Treasure. Each has eight classes and the Emperor, in the uniform of field marshal, always wears the highest and the lowest; the lowest so as to be on a par with the most insignificant private who has won the most common ribbon of merit.

A few years ago the officers discarded the dress sword similar to those worn in western armies as being a cheap "tailor's sword", and adopted a really lethal weapon of tempered steel along the lines of the famous two-handed swords of the samurai.

This sword is probably the finest cutting weapon ever made, surpassing, in the opinion of experts, the best products of Toledo and Damascus. During the fighting in Shanghai, a Japanese lieutenant using one of these swords cut through the water-jacket and barrel of a Chinese machine gun with a single stroke. The new army design for officers has a conspicuous hilt, khaki-colored leather; a knot suspended from the pommel indicates rank.

Rank in the Japanese army is simply expressed on the shoulder straps. The private wears plain red shoulder straps about an inch wide and three long. Corporals wear one gold star in addition, sergeants two. Commissioned officers have the same red straps; but the first three grades, second lieutenant, first lieutenant and captain, are identified by a piping of gold around the edges and the same stars in order of rank. The next three grades, major, lieutenant colonel and colonel have wider piping of gold with stars: the next three, brigadier general, major general and lieutenant general, have piping almost entirely of gold. Branch of service is always indicated by colors on tunic collars.

Aside from the Imperial Bodyguard Regiment, regularly assigned to the Imperial palace in Tokyo, there are no crack regiments in Japan as there are in England. The Guards are in no wise distinguished by uniform except for an inconspicuous cherry-branch surmounting a slightly different star on their caps. For the most part they are of slightly larger stature than the men of other regiments. They occupy posts of honor in imperial processions and rites, but are less likely to go to the front in times of war unless the Emperor himself takes the field.

Prince Chichibu, eldest brother of the Emperor, is an officer in the Azabu Third Infantry regiment whose headquarters are in Tokyo. Other imperial princes holding high rank in various Tokyo regiments are accorded only the rights of their rank.

All in all, Japan's army strength is described most succinctly and most accurately by Captain T. J. Betts, an American officer who watched the 1931 and 1932 maneuvers in Manchuria. He says: "The Japanese infantryman is one of the world's deadliest fighting machines."

THE PRICE OF COMFORT

BY ROBERT LITTELL

How pleasant to lean one's medulla oblongata back against the green plush of a Pullman chair and meditate on human progress, and contrast the ease and safety of this journey with hardships of travel in the days when our ancestors prayed the Lord to spare them from sickness, highwaymen, wolves and Indians every time they ventured more than thirty miles from home. It fills one with pride in our race to ring for the porter, and, while waiting for him to bring something cool in a tall glass, to consider how recently mankind was the constant prey of danger and discomfort. How little time it has taken us, in view of the countless centuries still ahead, to replace the jolting agony of oxcarts with the soothing motion of this train.

Rather a jiggling motion at the moment, but let that pass. Even if the motion hints at imperfect ballasting, it stimulates detached thought. How could our ancestors have done any detached thinking in their oxcarts? They were probably worried or uncomfortable a large portion of their lives. Besides the Indians and the wolves, there was usually a religious war going on, or a plague. But if we of the twentieth century could tune in on the long line of our ancestors, wouldn't we find their chief complaint to be not so much of the perils of their existence, but of its annoyances? Would they tell us how near they always were to being eaten, or hanged for heresy, or imprisoned for debt?

No, I think they would be more likely to stress their life's discomforts and inconveniences, its smells and itches; they would tell us how the stone arrow-heads always kept coming off the arrows to which they were so clumsily tied, how the meat was always burned on one side and raw on the other, how the cave, or the tent, was always full of smoke which got in their eyes, how they were always being rained on, or stung by insects, or scratched by brambles, or waked up in the middle of the night by the sniffing of wild beasts.

One could write rather a profound piece on the rise of human thought in relation to the decline in human scratching. Something to be called, perhaps, *The Flea and the Philosopher*, or *Itch Determinism*, a history of the slow liberation of man's spirit from the chains of discomfort. It is a tempting subject, and I could make some notes for it right here and now, were it not for the motion of the train, which is definitely jiggling, like a bad electric massage vibrator. The few words I try to write crawl in different directions like spiders; the concentration necessary to abstract thought is repeatedly shattered.

No philosophy was ever hatched on a train. Indeed (such is this engineer's lack of skill with the airbrakes), it is borne in on me that the train may well have replaced the flea as a deterrent to thought. What is more, the lights (never very good on trains, come to think of it) are winking, and when they cease wink-

ing they become so dim that it is impossible to read what it was equally impossible to write. And besides, there is a cold draught from somewhere which the porter cannot locate. Not to speak of a great whiff of coal smoke which sets up an epidemic of coughing and is caused by (a) a door suddenly opened on to the platform and (b) the less curable failure of American railroads to electrify themselves—which I am told is impossible on account of the huge expense involved.

My mind, which only a moment ago was soaring in the empyrean of historical generalizations, is snatched back to the sordid consideration of mere railroad trains. Well, something ought to be written about them too. And so, coldly, objectively, in no hyper-sensitive or fuss-budgetty frame of mind, let us examine the railroads, comparing them, not always favorably, with the oxcart. The air was pure in the oxcart, and of uniform temperature. On this train, when I go to the diner, which is far too hot, I pass through short stormy sections of severe winter, and bang into a lot of iron as we go round a curve. The doors are almost impossible to open. On my way down the Pullman aisles I lurch, and have to steady myself by putting my hand into the faces of dozing passengers.

All this never happened in the oxcart. Nor did the oxcart have windows. Why, I once asked a railroad man, is it impossible for common man to open train windows? Because, he answered, if they were so loose that they could be opened at will, they would rattle. It is depressing to find the age of Ford and Edison baffled by the problem of train windows.

Then there are also train platform steps, designed, apparently, with the aim of repelling boarders; and day-coach seats, admirably contrived to prevent sleep in any

position, also so contrived as to bring to the company a steady junkman's income of objects irretrievably lost beneath them.

I pass quickly over the whole subject of Pullman night life, as one not to be written of without blood or tears.

In general, the railroads are a modern equivalent of the dinosaur, who was too bulky, and whose brain too small, to adapt himself to the changes of life about him. A year or two ago, to be sure, the railroad dinosaur began to show signs of stirring in his ironclad sleep, and by startling though isolated stunts with stainless streamline trains has caused automobile men to congratulate him on bringing out his first new model within fifty years.

II

Decidedly, the railroads should have a whole wing to themselves in any museum of twentieth century discomfort. It is going to be a large museum, the more I think of it. For we are not nearly as comfortable as we have a right to expect, considering the dazzling onward march of science, pure and applied, which will be our times' greatest claim to the gratitude of posterity. Not only have many daily human chores and activities been neglected, but—and this is really disheartening—new discomforts quite unknown to our ancestors have been produced. While science has spotted the malaria germ, and learned to destroy the mosquito, it has also hatched broods of mosquitoes all its own and set us slapping at intangible but none the less real vermin, and forced us to protect our peace of mind with yards of mental netting.

Of course, science is not altogether to blame for the use we have made of her discoveries. Many inventions, excellent in small doses, produce discomfort only because they breed too rapidly. We shall

come to the social, economic and cumulative causes of discomfort in a moment. First let us glance at a number of specific items. For instance that stepchild of the railroads, the automobile.

Many of the original intrinsic discomforts of the automobile have disappeared. Or had done so, a few years ago. Since then many new ones have cropped up. The competitive mania for streamlined rakishness has produced lower headroom, lower visibility, and a general impression, when riding in one of the swankier cars, of peering out at the world over the edge of a very deep bathtub. Emergency brakes are shunted into corners, where they can be reached only after losing the skin off one's fingers. The divided windows ventilate nicely, to be sure, but if one puts out one's hand suddenly to signal a turn, one strikes against a glass or chromium partition like a bird against a lighthouse.

I'll admit that cars break down much less than they used to, but through improvements as well as through our increasing unfamiliarity with them, roadside repairs are now too esoteric for the average man—that same man who once knew how to take care of a model T Ford as well as his father took care of a horse. The days of the non-demountable rim were hell. After them the demountable rim and the spare wheel seemed heaven. Lately, however, tire-trouble tools, jacks and axles seem to have been designed by garage men and one might just as well wait for a tow as ruin one's trousers or be crushed by the fall of the car.

The conception of an iceless icebox was, I admit, heroic, and one of the undeniable milestones on man's valiant path to salvation. But it was some years after salesmen had caused millions of us to succumb, that the howls of the ultimate consumer squeezed, from engineers who

apparently had never used ice in any form themselves, a rubber tray which enabled one to get the cubes out after they had been frozen in, and even now the tray itself has an obstinate habit of refusing to come out of its niche just as five friends have dropped in for a drink. If on the whole, with these minor crotchets, the frosty household pet behaves pretty well, its general health is delicate. It has moments when it seems to be having nightmares of the World War, and erupts, and fills the kitchen with a gas attack of ammonia fumes. At other times it pretends it is competing with the ice age. Later, it whirs mysteriously and stops altogether. Eventually a service man arrives, finds the problem is too much for him, and calls in the second assistant engineer specializing in number 31-b magneto brushes, all resulting in a bill for forty or fifty dollars.

In the good old primitive days, when we needed ice we went out and bought some.

The vacuum cleaner is another ingenious and wonderful beast. Its gluttonous hunger for dust and dirt, however, must not lead us to suppose that it is omnivorous. It is really very easily upset, and should be kept on a diet of what is known as soft goods, as anyone (or rather every child) sooner or later will find out by spreading before it a meal of thumbtacks—resulting in yet another bill, yet another floral offering on the grave of the lowly but invulnerable broom.

As an ex-furnace man of many years' standing, I approach the miracle of the oil heater with admiration, with regret for the thousands of golden hours lost shoveling coal, but also with scepticism. There is the cost, for one thing. And the oil heater, like the vacuum cleaner and the electric refrigerator, is both delicate and insufficiently domesticated. The first dogs

our ancestors tamed and trained must have been a good deal like oil heaters, with sudden atavisms and reversions to the state of wolf. Oil heaters have a tendency toward outbreaks of arson. And they, too, need a graduate of an institute of technology to put them right when they are wrong.

Wasteful as our discarded friends were, and dreary though the daily ministering to them was, at any rate, when we fed oats to the horse he went, when we put ice in the ice chest it got cold, when we poured kerosene into the lamp it gave light, and when we put logs on the fire the fire burned.

III

All our lovely gadgets which depend upon electricity for their inspiration are very pleasant when they are working, and very annoying when the umbilical cord which connects them with their great Eugene O'Neill Mother Dynamo ninety miles away is accidentally severed. Summer storms knock the kelvidaire out, curdle the milk and rot the food. Winter snow snaps power lines, snuffs the oil heater, and the family goes about the house applying matches to frozen pipes, burning furniture to keep the children alive, until an old farmer arrives with an armful of prehistoric wood. This centralization, this hook-up with the electrical blood stream, produces some comfort, no doubt, but a comfort that can instantly change into disaster. Disaster in the face of which the average citizen stands paralyzed.

In the old days, even the most mechanically incompetent citizen could find a handy man within earshot. Before the robots of our electrical age the handy man himself is helpless. There will soon be no handy men left any more, only experts.

Just as the general practitioner is retreating before the battalions of roentgenologists, dietitians, myocarditologists, immunologists and specialists in disorders of the Adam's apple.

I do not want to be thought a Republican, but I often feel the need of some great leader who will shepherd us back to the splendid isolationist individualism of the icehouse, the wood pile, the kerosene can and the broom.

This is a lonely and an unpopular position to take, for most of my fellow men prize novelty above comfort. Nevertheless, I rise to complain (warding off the while a shower of burned out vacuum tubes) that the radio, aside from its programs, is a ninety-five per cent loss as far as I am concerned because of the extraneous and parasitic noises that accompany it and feed upon it like fleas on a dog. I realize that static—pure static, as distinguished from the noises that are due to bad workmanship—is a bombardment of particles from outer space and therefore probably beyond our control—unless we turn the radio off altogether. An escape which the citizenry is embracing more frequently every day, I understand.

As to the telephone, I am probably on the side of the majority in saying that, for so well-established an invention, it is operated on altogether too handsome a margin of error.

Being in a critical mood (owing somewhat to the unscientifically thin partition between me and the hoarse phonograph so beloved by the people next door) it occurs to me that this machine age, this wonderful time of harvest of conveniences and comforts for the masses, is in many ways probably less convenient and less comfortable than the age of the oxcart. I worship science almost blindly, but she is capricious, and neglects acres of my

everyday life because she is so much more interested in bounding ahead through space (which is curved), and time (which is the same thing as space), and the atom (which is not what it was supposed to be yesterday), and the spiral nebulae (the light now shed but which will only be seen by a generation so infinitely far in the future as to have either found out how to make a decent razor blade or learned to nip morning stubble in the bud). Yes, I worship science, but I also have some regard for man, and at times I think a moratorium on new discoveries should be declared until some of the old ones have been applied. I would like to see the gentlemen of science, for a year or two anyway, give to the razor blade some of that passionate thoroughness and accuracy of thought which they lavish on the spiral nebulae.

Anyone who resents the homely discomforts that survive in this age of dazzling progress could draw up a rather nasty indictment of science. It would run somewhat like this:

Dr. V. M. Slipher, of the Lowell Observatory, has detected the presence of deadly gases on Jupiter and Saturn, but no one has ever scientifically attacked the smell that cabbage, cauliflower and broccoli spread through the house while they are being cooked.

Dr. W. C. Bennett, learned in pre-Inca civilization, went all the way to Lake Titicaca to find a sliding door, but no one wants to find you or me a door that does not stick to the jamb in wet weather.

Dr. Ture Arne has discovered a 5,000-year-old town in the Elburz Mountains which he believes may throw light on the origin of the Indo-European race, but no one has discovered a really sensible method of throwing light on the city streets of their descendants.

Drs. W. S. Adams and A. H. Joy have been reading the spectogram of new color lines in the exploding star Ophiuchi, but no one has attempted to construct a bed in which it is possible to read without eventually an acute weariness at the base of the spine.

With the aid of Guggenheim Foundation funds, Prof. R. H. Goddard sent up rockets to obtain data on the ozone forty miles above the earth, but no professor or foundation has ever ozoned that cloistered air which makes all public libraries so mephitic, noxious and destructive to original thought.

Mrs. Horst von der Goltz told the American Museum of Natural History that fish have the ability to learn from experience and teach that experience to others, but the anonymous scientist who invented a genuinely non-leakable fountain pen was evidently unable to pass his priceless knowledge on.

Dr. K. K. Chen and associates have announced that a combination of amyl nitrite and sodium thiosulphate is five times as effective as methylene blue as an antidote for cyanide of potassium, but the world still waits for an antidote for a hangover.

Prof. M. H. Swenk of the University of Nebraska has proved that the whooping crane is not only not extinct but actually increasing in numbers, yet matches that break, pajama cords that get lost in their tunnels, typewriter ribbons that cannot be changed without soiling the fingers, cork-screws that will not extract corks, shoes that cannot be worn when new, shirts that cannot be worn when washed, to say nothing of smoking fireplaces, painful theatre seats, cardboard automobile jacks, ball and float W.C.'s, and pounding steam radiators not only are not extinct but multiply and replenish the earth.

IV

These are technical matters. There remains something to be said about the discomforts that arise from things that are not inconvenient in themselves, but have become nuisances because of their widespread and overlapping use. Which suggests a formula for modern life: comfort to the n th degree equals discomfort. The automobile is too clear a case of this to dwell on at any length. If you are lucky enough to find one the windows of which are large enough to see through, all you see are the bumpers of other cars, with occasional glimpses of the hot-dog stands, barbecues, overnight cabins and toadstool-colored gas-filling stations which have destroyed comfort by trying to serve it. And some law of nature, like the law which dictates that when too many animals of a certain species are born they starve to death, some spiteful reassertion of the ancient principle of compensation, has decreed that automobile convenience shall starve because of its own plenty, as anyone who has tried to get back into a great city by car on Sunday night well knows. Measured in human yawns, rasped nerves, lost hours and tired bodies, there is no single greater source of discomfort in America than the traffic jams we get into because of our deplorably simultaneous attempts to taste the joys of motoring.

The same is true of the radio, though Americans have developed an incredible degree of anesthesia to it, so that many of them do not even notice it until it is turned off. Then they feel lonely. If, however, a neighbor turns on his radio, or if, as often happens, nine neighbors turn on nine radios tuned in on nine different

stations, the anesthesia is often replaced by homicidal mania. Which may be, in the long run, a great constructive force.

It could also be justifiably argued that the savings in time and distance made by the telephone are in large part eaten up by the hours consumed in talk which would be impossible without it, and the easy access it gives to insurance solicitors, photographic studios, salesmen of vaults in mausoleums, not to speak of friends and relatives who merely want to hear the sound of our voice. "Damn that telephone" has become practically a national battle cry.

It is a matter of cold scientific fact that mechanical inventions and contrivances, which should result in making life simpler, have in the main only complicated it. While we let machinery do a lot of things our ancestors did painfully, slowly, with their hands, machinery has also brought into our lives a lot of things which our ancestors never felt the need of having or doing. It is that principle of compensation again—as if there were a fixed quantity of sweat and discomfort allotted to us, so that if we try to cheat life by getting ahead of it on the subway, life kicks back at us in the form of a subway jam; if we manage to save time by turning a switch where our ancestors chopped wood, life sneaks up on us stealthily from the rear and suddenly we find all that saved time lost in waiting for the traffic lights to turn green.

Indeed, the machinery built for himself by that ingenious, squirrel-like animal, man, is by this time so infernally complicated that he isn't sure whether it's a labor-saving device or a cage—and if it's a cage, whether he's inside of it or out.

THE SLANT ON POLITICS

A Story

BY SAUL LEVITT

BURGIN, walking on a wide and shabby avenue in the South Bronx, began to think of Washington. In his mind was the familiar setting of spires and domes and Japanese cherry blossoms which appear on postcards and in the rotogravure sections of the newspapers. Also, there was the enlightening news that Representative Oscar Keller brought back to New York, on trips home from the capital. "Why," Keller had said, "you take this hick from Texas, Keenan. He's got a mania for poker. . . ." It occurred to Burgin, as he walked, that he must speak to McGrady about Washington today.

Coming up to the club, he spied the old political lady, Mrs. H. Cohen. The widow was sitting on the stoop, on this October afternoon, chewing gum and watching the crowds. Unmoving, except for her jaw, weak October sunlight on her face, she had become drowsy.

Burgin tapped her on the shoulder, and she opened her eyes. "God, Henny," said Burgin. "Snoozing again!"

"I was just resting," said the old political lady. "I've gotta have some more Stein buttons. You got any more of those Stein buttons?"

"I haven't got enough of 'em myself," he said, considering the widow's bust through half-closed eyes.

Henny held her hands up, near her eyes, examining crimson fingernails. "Louie is in there, raising a stink again."

Burgin nodded coldly, watching her

play with gum, holding it in her teeth and stretching it out in a long cord.

He went in, saying to himself: "Does the old horse expect to get anywhere, sitting on her rump and chewing gum? That's all she does around here. She chews gum and she chews the rag."

He came into a large room, with brown-painted walls and white wainscoting. High up on a wall was a picture, OUR President, with a draped flag in the shape of a semicircle beneath it.

Louis Bongiovanni, the garage-man's son, was talking to a crowd of six men at one of the tables, his hat pushed back on his head like a salesman's. The Italian had a passionate, melodramatic face, and the men listened, nodding affirmatively and smoking. Bongiovanni was doing all the talking, and he did it by asking questions and answering them himself. He stopped talking for a moment, when he saw Burgin. "Hello, Jake," he said, with a wide, glowing smile, and then he went on talking loudly, watching Burgin walk toward McGrady's office.

"I've got five thousand names on a list," he said. "Five thousand! I've got a following around here."

Burgin rapped on the door of McGrady's office, a partitioned-off piece out of the one large room, rapped twice and walked in.

"That wop's talking his head off," he said to McGrady as he sat down.

McGrady had a grand head, a monu-

mental-looking head, with a carved-out face, blue-veined nose and sweet, smiling blue eyes. He stood up and stretched himself, and when he sat down again, he opened a drawer in his desk, took out a bottle. The two men drank. Burgin carried half a dozen cigars in a vest pocket. He and McGrady smoked and talked.

"I don't mind Louie talking, Jake," said McGrady blandly. "He's a nice boy, a nice Italian boy. . . . He just passed the bar."

In the tight little office, the blue cigar smoke climbed and lay thickly near the ceiling. McGrady coughed once but did not open the door.

II

Someone knocked. Burgin went to the door and opened it, and a young fellow came in. The young fellow was neatly but poorly dressed, his blue serge suit shining. He looked from McGrady to Burgin, an uncertain, nervous smile on his face.

"Mr. McGrady," said Burgin loudly. "I want to introduce you to Mr. Samuel Hockstein."

Young Mr. Hockstein sat down at the desk. Burgin stood behind them, a hand on each of their chairs.

"He's a good boy, Mac," said Burgin feelingly. "He just got out of college this June. He's got a B. S. Ain't that it, Sam? A B. S.?"

"Well, there is a general Bachelor of Science degree," said young Mr. Hockstein modestly, "but I have a B. S. degree in Architecture."

"His old man," explained Burgin, "died a couple of weeks ago, and he's got three brothers and his mother. . . . His old man always voted with the Party."

"Your old man always voted with the Party," said McGrady, beaming. "That's very nice. . . . I'm always glad to hear

about people exercising their judgment. . . ." He coughed.

"Mr. McGrady," said young Hockstein eagerly, "I'm on the Architectural Draftsman list, Grade III . . . and I was wondering——"

"You leave your name and address here," said McGrady, "and if there are any appointments from that Architectural Draftsman list——"

He slapped young Hockstein over the shoulder. Hockstein wrote his name and address on a slip of paper and then got up, his face smiling and grateful, shook hands with McGrady and Burgin and went out.

For a moment Burgin stared at the door, and then he shrugged his shoulders and sat down. "That list's dead, ain't it?" he asked, his face impassive.

McGrady nodded affirmatively. "About Bongiovanni," he said slowly.

"Well, he's been gettin' signatures for himself. He says Stein's all washed up." Burgin's face colored up in an honest rage.

"Why, that's all right," said McGrady softly. "That's the law. He can get signatures if he wants to. . . . Call Louie in here."

Burgin went to the door, and called to Bongiovanni, and the Italian came in, looking suspiciously at the two men. Then he smiled a wide, glowing Latin smile and McGrady smiled too, in an honest, candid way.

"Sit down, Louie," said McGrady agreeably.

Bongiovanni sat down.

"You're a lawyer, ain't you?" said McGrady.

Bongiovanni nodded, and McGrady declared feelingly: "I wish I was a lawyer."

He got up and moved around the room. "I came to this country in 1902, and I had to work like hell, but I wish I'd've had the chances that a lot of young fellows get

today. . . . You passed the bar this year. . . ."

Louis Bongiovanni, the young lawyer, smiled self-assuredly.

"Well," said McGrady modestly, "maybe I ain't a lawyer, but I know something about the law. . . ." He coughed. "I know something about the zoning law, for instance."

"I haven't bothered much with the City Zoning Law," said Bongiovanni.

McGrady's face was impassive, as he said: "Did you ever know, Louie, that your old man's garage violates the Zoning Law?"

The young Italian raged silently but with an expressive face. Then he stood up, and he began to smile. He went to the door, turned around to say heartily: "So long, Jake; so long, Mac!"

The two men in the little room now looked at each other, and they smiled and then roared. Burgin was a small man, but very broad, with a strong-looking chest. He was bald, with a clean-shaven, blue face, and distrustful eyes, but now he laughed, his face crinkling, and all of him shaking.

Then he stopped laughing, sitting silently, puffing away at his cigar, thinking of Washington again. He stood up, went to the window, to look out on the gray world of the South Bronx, the monotonous flat roofs under a melancholy autumn sky. Was he to be stuck here forever, in this corner of the world? Washington! thought McGrady's right-hand man to himself. Washington!

He turned around, facing the Irishman at the desk. "Listen, Mac," he said, in a gusty, passionate way. "I want to go to Washington!"

"I know," said McGrady soothingly. "I know."

"I want to get out of here," said the

small, stocky man coldly. "I've worked like a horse around here, haven't I?"

"Sure you have," declared McGrady.

"Sure I have," echoed Burgin, sneering, his distrustful eyes staring at the other man. "Christ, Mac, I'm not that kid, Hockstein. . . ."

McGrady stirred uncomfortably. "What in hell do you want to go to Washington for?"

"I just want to. That's all," said Burgin, swinging back and forth on his legs.

"Well, I'm going downtown this afternoon. . . ."

He watched the Irishman put on his hat and coat and go out. Then Burgin went to the window and looked out again on the wide, shabby avenue. All his life he had lived in this gray corner of the world; he had grown up, with a vague, sullen contempt for its poverty and its whining, hopeless ways.

But now people whom he had never known in his youth came to the worn, wind-beaten brownstone house on the shabby avenue in the South Bronx. These people were well-dressed, they spoke in a precise, careful way, and the stocky man would listen to them talk. . . .

It occurred to him, as he stood there at the window, that a race-horse jockey had become a Vice-President of the United States.

A wind was blowing on the avenue, raising dust, and people walked, holding their hands to their eyes. There were some trees along the curb, memorial trees to the boys of the South Bronx who had died in the World War. Their thin trunks and branches were curved protestingly, leaves chasing and scurrying through the air.

He shivered for a moment, thinking of hard days.

"God damn it," he thought, "I've got to get somewhere in the world."

III

The Reverend Samuel Newman knocked on the door and opened it. He came in, to sit down and talk, first, about the weather.

"It's chilly today," he said, rubbing his hands and smiling.

The reverend was an extremely personable young man, with a large, clean-shaven, humorous face. Burgin remembered Sammy Newman as a boy, busy at his books and smart at school. When Newman spoke there was not a trace of the slipshod, South Bronx accent in his voice.

"It's chilly all right," he said, watching Newman carefully.

"How are things around here?" asked the young reverend.

"Why, everything's fine," said Burgin. "If you mean the election, everything is running smooth—so far."

The two men proceeded no further along this tack, sitting silently for minutes, until Burgin spoke again.

"I've been hearing," he said slowly, "that you and Heller's kid are gonna get married . . ."

Newman nodded. "Heller," he said, "will give me twelve thousand dollars—dowry."

Burgin whistled, shifting in his chair. "Twelve thousand bucks," he said. "Twelve thousand. . . . That butcher must have dough."

He leaned back, looking at Newman with admiring eyes. "I've got to hand it to you, Sam," he said, in honest tones.

Newman flushed a little. Burgin was heaping praise on him, but the reverend had the uncomfortable thought that he was being praised by a political hack as a brother craftsman.

His face assumed a cold, impersonal look. Burgin now bent forward and said abruptly: "You know this is a State job."

Newman nodded. "The return on it is comparatively small."

Burgin smiled and returned shrewdly: "Maybe so, but there happen to be several hundred of you guys who want it."

"I'll admit," said the young reverend slowly, "that it carries a certain amount of prestige with it. . . ."

"You get lots of chances to speak before women's clubs," declared Burgin, watching Newman's face redden slightly.

"What are you going to do with Weinberg," asked Newman uncomfortably.

"That," said Burgin, "is our business. . . . Weinberg's been making too many radical speeches."

Newman, looking at Burgin, saw honest indignation in the little man's face. It occurred to him that Burgin hated radicalism. And it was not only Burgin, he thought, but men all over the country, engaged in large- and small-scale manipulation of money and of laws, who honestly hated radicals. They hated radicals in exactly the same way a crooked priest might hate a man who did not believe in God. . . .

He looked curiously at the little man with distrustful eyes, saying casually: "You hate radicals, Burgin. Don't you?"

"Those bastards," said Burgin coldly.

The reverend laughed, but his laugh was a little sad for himself. Because he, on the other hand, would have to be a godly man. A dumb and serviceable chaplain. And he would make appropriate speeches on high holidays.

"I guess we can push it through," said Burgin. "They don't bother much with stuff like this up at the capital . . . McGrady said you told him . . . two thousand dollars."

"I said nothing of the kind," declared Newman indignantly, getting to his feet. "I told him fifteen hundred dollars."

The young reverend moved around the room, his face working. "This business is as dirty as hell," he said violently.

"Is it?" said Burgin coolly.

Newman sat down, his face flushed. "I'll pay two thousand," he said quietly. "But when I come across, I want it in writing."

"There can't be any writing," declared Burgin flatly.

"I am then to trust you?" There was the slightest sneer in the reverend's voice.

"That's about the size of it," the other man stated calmly.

Newman got up, walked to the door.

"One other thing," said Burgin slowly. "You know about those speeches in the election campaign. . . . You speak once at the Palace for Stein. . . . Two times in the city-wide campaign as a member of the joint Clergymen's Committee for Progressive Government."

Newman nodded and started to go out. But Burgin had something to say, his face tense, a queer smile playing around his mouth.

"Just a moment, Sam."

The reverend turned around inquiringly.

"You think this is a dirty business," Burgin said, "but you don't mind coming around to get what you want. . . . Then you go off and wash your hands."

He was standing now, at the desk, his hands in his pockets. "Some ordinary guy'll come in and pay for what he wants, and nothing highfalutin about him. . . . But it's guys like you . . . maybe a high-school principal looking for a district superintendent's job, who comes up to this place as if he was doing someone a favor. . . .

"That's all—reverend," said Burgin mockingly. "I just wanted to let you know that you ain't fooling anybody."

Newman stood for moments at the door,

a flush spreading over his face, looking at the man who stood behind the desk. Then he turned swiftly and went out, closing the door silently behind him.

IV

Henrietta Cohen, the old political lady, came in to ask complainingly about the Stein buttons. "There'll be a few gross for you tomorrow," he said.

After a while he went into the large room. There was a big crowd tonight, divided into familiar groups. The war veterans talked interminably and bitterly among themselves. The small entrepreneurs of clothing and haberdashery establishments on the avenue played poker and talked politics in loud, assertive voices. The eyes of some of the entrepreneurs would sometimes stray in the direction of the Winnebago Club's three political ladies, all blonde, middle-aged, with loud, assertive voices.

An old man with a frosty crop of hair sat in one corner, near a large cuspidor. This was Albert Rodman, called Horse-face by swaggering young men who drove cabs and came up, evenings, to join the entrepreneurs at the poker game. Rodman was a Civil War veteran, the Winnebago Club's relic, its single connection with the slower-moving tides of Nineteenth-Century America. The old man liked to speak of the South Bronx as it had once been, a small farm region like Jersey. Sometimes his voice boomed out in typical old man denunciations. It broke into the alien intonations of men whose fathers had been Italians, Polish Jews, Irishmen, and Germans. When that happened there was always a momentary faltering of voices, a vague embarrassment. For a moment the old man in the corner, doughty and sour, dominated the room. At dusk, a tall, thin

woman with an aloof air came into the Winnebago Club and took him home.

The woman looked to be about fifty. She spoke to no one at the club, but it was known that she was Rodman's daughter, and that they lived in an old wooden house near the Hub. Around the house were apartment buildings. This was all that was known of the old man and his daughter.

The small entrepreneurs were playing poker at a table. Burgin joined the game. He took off his coat, playing in shirt-sleeves and vest. Sometimes the phone would ring and he would hop along into the little office, and then come back to the game.

Someone nudged him while he shuffled cards, and turning around he saw a woman at the door of the office. It was old Rodman's daughter. He got up, went toward the office, his eyes curious.

"Is Mr. McGrady in?" she asked in a precise, careful voice.

"No," said the stocky man, running his eyes quickly over her. He saw slightly worn, old-fashioned clothing, high shoes, a cool tight face. He wanted to laugh. "I'm in charge when McGrady ain't around."

He opened the door, letting her in before him. She sat down and he faced her.

"I'm Mr. Rodman's daughter," she said. He waited.

"Mr. Burgin," she said, "I want a job for my son. . . ."

He stared at her. So the old man's daughter was married. And she wanted a job for her son. Just like that. Well, he thought, at least she had come to the point at once, not like a lot of them who came up. But there were no jobs.

"Lady," he said, shaking his head, "there are no jobs."

"This is a political club, isn't it?" she asked. And when he nodded, she went on

to say: "I understand that there are jobs to be had from political clubs. . . ."

Burgin, about to laugh, stared at the old, hard Yankee face. The stocky man with the blue face, the slightly turned nose, the air of coarse candor, stared at this tall, dry-looking woman as he might have stared at a woman from Mars. . . . He decided not to laugh, but inside he was a little bewildered. . . . He thought it was the funniest thing he had ever heard, the way she had just said, "I understand that there are jobs to be had from political clubs. . . ."

"Oh, I'm going to pay for it," she said coldly. "I understand what politics are."

She fumbled at a bag, put some money on the table. The small man looked at the money. His eyes were cold, turning away from her and looking away, out through the window at the flowing life of a city avenue.

"Lady," he said, "you're mistaken about politics. What we're here for, is to see that the right men get into office. . . . We don't buy anything or sell anything. . . ."

She looked at the small man now, with miserable eyes, and he avoided looking at her. "I'm sorry, lady," he said coolly, "but you have the wrong slant on politics. . . ."

She got up, sweeping the money into her bag, went out, and he went to the door, holding it slightly ajar, watching her. In the same aloof way in which, for many years, she had come to fetch the old man, she now went to him, took him under the arm, and they disappeared through the entrance.

He thought now, for no reason at all, of the Civil War veteran and his querulous voice . . . "This was some country," the veteran liked to shout, "once upon a time!" And the veteran's voice would roll out the "once upon a time" with a wheezing, little chuckle.

"A nutty old guy," he said to himself,

going toward his chair at the table in the large room. That money on the desk. She had put down a five dollar bill and five single bills, of the older large-size bills—and change. There had been three dimes, he remembered, a quarter and four pennies. Four pennies!

As he sat down, he heard the men around him talking politics. “Ah,” he said, “you guys have the wrong slant on politics!” He shuffled cards and dealt. “What’d the old dame want?” someone asked.

“I no speaka Ingliss,” he said.

Everybody laughed.

V

McGrady, coming in at eight o’clock, walked through the large room, his face smiling. Burgin, he knew, would ask him about Washington, and what would he say? He would say something about the spring.

He looked around the room as he moved toward the office. More and more Italian faces. The district was changing, he knew, and in a year or two it would be a predominantly Italian-American one. Then, naturally, he would need a right-hand man, an Italian-American with a dark face and dark eyes, a fellow like Bongiovanni perhaps. Bongiovanni was a nice young man, a clever young man with a flair for oratory. . . .

He opened the door, saw Burgin at the desk. Burgin had been dozing. The stocky man asked about the trip downtown.

“Well,” said McGrady guardedly, “maybe you can go to Washington in the spring. . . .”

Burgin looked at him cynically. He had known the Irishman for twelve years now. McGrady, he thought, was a slippery bugger, a liar with a sweet smile. He would go downtown himself tomorrow.

He went out, through for the day. The name, Winnebago Club, Eighteenth A. D., on a long black plate over the doorway, glittered in the yellow light of a lamp directly above it. It could not be missed by passers-by. He stopped on the street for a moment, to look back at the building in a proprietary way.

Walking south on the avenue, he fell into the home-going crowds. People came up out of the subway station on the corner, like mice popping out of the underground, to walk in slow lines toward apartment houses. Slim girls walked briskly, moving little hips, and legs in shiny stockings, chattering in shrill voices.

The small stocky man walked in the crowds on the shabby avenue in the South Bronx, with the feeling of a man who has done a day’s work and looks ahead to the evening. “What do I do tonight?” he asked himself; and he remembered. He knew he was not going home. In the years with McGrady he had learned things. He had learned things about people and about himself, too. He had become aware in those years, very slowly at first, but later with more assurance, of his own capacity for infidelity. . . .

It had become, as a certain fact to him, that fidelity and poverty of life had to go hand in hand. In this part of the world, lying to the north of Manhattan, he had grown up and he had seen life nag away at itself, eat itself up. Nowadays he had a tremendous contempt for this way of life. He looked upon it with the eyes of a man who has mingled with knowing men. He looked upon it as a city man looks upon a town. . . .

In his mind was the familiar setting of spires and domes and Japanese cherry blossoms which appear on postcards and in the rotogravure sections of the newspapers. Keller, the congressman, came

home to say that Washington was a wonderful place. . . . He walked briskly on the street, on a clear, fine night. His stocky, solid figure pushed its way aggressively, feeling good in the pressure, the cheer and the life of a crowd. At a corner he waited, moving impatiently, looking quickly at women passers-by.

A girl came down Westchester, waited on the other side of the street for the traffic lights to change, waving her hand to him.

Then she came running across the street. Burgin watched her run. She was young, smiling, and as she ran toward him, he thought suddenly of how hard life had been for him as a boy. . . . And why was it, he thought, that he was getting somewhere now? Because, he told himself, he'd learned that no one was to be trusted. Not a dog. He distrusted McGrady. Inside he was one big sneer. But people trusted.

They trusted, for instance, in the sign which said: "Stein for Assembly, Honest, True, Loyal." As for himself, he wouldn't trust Stein around the corner with five cents. He didn't even trust the girl running up to him now. . . .

She came up to him, and he put his arm under hers, against her breast. She said, giggling: "Oh, you Jake Burgin!"

"Well," he said, "how about taking in a night club downtown?"

"Oh, I'd love to see a movie tonight," she breathed. "There's a movie tonight at the Rialto, where a woman works up to be a big doctor but loses her own child."

"Why," said McGrady's right-hand man, "I guess I'd like a good movie myself."

They stood on the curb. She continued to talk and he listened to her irritably. "You talk too much," he said coldly.

He called a cab and they went downtown to Times Square.

WHY NOT USE PARACHUTES?

BY KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

THE scheduled airlines refuse to provide parachutes for passengers, pilots, and crews. The operators claim that parachutes are useless. They say:

1. That crashes on scheduled airlines invariably happen so suddenly that there would be no time to use parachutes if they were provided.

2. That even if the time were sufficient, the passengers would be afraid to jump and would refuse to do so.

3. That in the remote event that the passengers were willing to jump, some of them would be physically incapable of operating the present type manual 'chute.

4. That if the manual parachutes were replaced by automatic 'chute devices, operated by the pilot, people would refuse to ride in airplanes.

Taking those objections in order, we consider first the time element. "Scheduled airline flying," say the operators, "is different. Parachutes won't work. Look at the wreckage of any of our crashes. Why, man, they were right on the ground; anyone with half an eye can see that there was no time to use parachutes, even if they had them." Which is just about as sensible as to say that the ship did not sink until it went under the water, and completely ignores the fact that in the great majority of cases there was considerable warning.

There is, moreover, conclusive proof that this warning frequently comes far enough in advance of the crash to provide

ample time for all hands to bail out. This is offered by the history of the non-passenger carrying, parachute-equipped mail pilots on these same air routes. These men have repeatedly saved their lives by taking to their 'chutes; one famous pilot has a record of four such life-saving jumps, and two-time members of the "Caterpillar Club" are so common as to excite little comment.

Behind the scenes, in such cases, is one thing with which the public is not familiar, namely, that while the newspapers are applauding the new Caterpillar who has jumped for his life, his employer is probably sitting at his desk bemoaning the loss of a \$20,000 or more airplane, and wondering whether or not to fire the hero. There is the feeling—not always expressed—that the pilot may have exaggerated his danger; that had he stuck it out just a little while longer, he might have weathered the storm and saved his plane.

Such criticism is easy for a man in a nice warm office, and tough on the young man who is crashing through the blizzard at 180 miles an hour, blind as a bat. But rightly or wrongly, the pilot knows from long experience that if he jumps, he will have to justify himself for so doing. Knowing this, you can be sure that he has been thinking about the necessity of bailing out for quite a while—sometimes a half an hour or more—before he finally steps over the side.

The essential point is that he has suf-

ficient time to think the situation over thoroughly, and still has time to bail out. In a similar tight spot, the passenger pilot, without parachute equipment, is undoubtedly thinking how nice it would be to take a dive—in many cases the time would be sufficient to unload all passengers—but he has no choice other than to try to weather it out. When sometime later, a farmer finds the wreckage and dead bodies, the operators issue a statement: "It happened suddenly"; "It was unexpected"; "Nothing could have saved them; they were too low."

Under the particular circumstances of an individual crash, that last statement might be true. The pilot may have been flying so low as to hit a mountain or other obstruction without warning. The question then arises as to why he was flying that low, and whether it was not the lack of parachute equipment which prompted him to do so.

Airplanes in thick and stormy weather are like steamships; land is the danger point for both. Under such conditions, a ship steers for open water and an airplane pilot should seek altitude. The big difference is this: the ship can slow down, and if necessary, stop; the airplane can do no such thing, even when its limited supply of fuel is exhausted. As a result of this, many blind crashes have been the result of collisions with mountains or buildings, due solely to low flying by pilots in quest of a suitable landing place.

A non-parachute equipped pilot proceeding through bad weather, has a choice of only two methods of procedure. He can fly high and hope that before he runs out of gasoline he will find a hole in the soup through which he can descend. Or he can elect to hedge hop close to the ground so as to keep track of emergency landing places. Both methods are fraught

with danger, which parachutes would eliminate.

With 'chutes for all hands, the pilot would always take the high altitude course, secure in the knowledge that if he failed to find a clear area within his fuel radius, the plane might be wrecked but no one would be killed. And the very fact that the parachutes were present would of itself provide the requisite time for their use by thus allowing the pilot to fly at high altitudes.

Here is an actual example of conditions encountered by air transports. A Buffalo-Cleveland airliner was caught in a violent storm and driven off its course. The case is unusual only in that the pilot is alive to tell us about his experiences.

"Suddenly," he reported, "we were gripped in a blast that carried us from 4,000 to 14,000 feet. Then as suddenly, we were sucked downward. The wires screamed and I felt fabric let go. We were turning over and over, but it meant nothing because we didn't know if we were right side up. Maybe we prayed, and maybe we just hung on and hoped. Then I saw the ground."

Note the time element involved in that statement. During the ascent to 14,000 feet, and subsequent drop, there was ample time to unload everyone . . . unnecessarily, as it turned out. And that brings us again to the financial rub—which underlies every objection to parachutes advanced by the operators. While in the foregoing case, the dumping of all passengers would have been more than justified, it would have entailed the wrecking of an expensive plane. As it turned out, the plane was saved—by a miracle.

There is another type of accident in which experience has proved that there is often time to use parachutes: aerial collisions, which will inevitably increase in

number as the number of airplanes increases. Near San Diego, an Army pilot collided with an air transport well above 2000 feet. The Army man was caught in the wreckage of his small plane, but the passengers and pilot of the transport were not injured until the plane crashed to the ground, when they were killed. In the meantime, those people had to sit there and watch death rush to meet them; sit there long enough to use the slowest of parachutes—if they had had them.

The foregoing facts make it evident that the claims of the operators, that there is never time for passengers to use parachutes, are false. We might also note that they are of doubtful wisdom. The airlines should not expect intelligent people to have confidence in the safety of air travel so long as they are told that any accident means sure death.

II

To visualise the next claim of the operators—also the true reasons behind the claim—and its fallacies, let us look at a present type, manual parachute. It consists of a pack—containing the folded 'chute—which is used to cushion either the seat or back of the passenger's chair. This pack is attached to the passenger's body by means of a simple harness; its only control is a rip-cord ring located over the left breast of the wearer. To use the 'chute, the passenger must jump clear of the plane, and then pull the ring. And this, say the operators, the passengers would refuse to do.

Let us assume that these parachutes have been provided for the crew and passengers of a plane about to leave Newark. The passengers are now lined up beside the plane while the co-pilot explains the simple operation of the 'chutes . . . and the operators are having the jitters.

The truth of the matter is that they are convinced that the flight will never progress past this stage. They believe that this parachute drill will plant the idea that danger impends, in the passengers' minds; they foresee a precipitous departure of the air travelers in the direction of the office and a unanimous demand for refunds of the purchase price of tickets.

Considering the fact that many steamship lines require passengers to attend life boat drill attired in their life preservers, there seems to be no ground for this fear. Those steamship lines which have neglected this precaution have been roundly censured for so doing, and those which insist on life boat drills have profited by increased public confidence.

To follow the argument of the operators to its conclusion, let us assume that the passengers did not cancel their passages, and the airplane is now en route to Chicago. Over the mountains the weather closes in and the pilot realises that a crash is inevitable. He calls to the co-pilot and stewardess:

"Unload all passengers; all hands bail out!" And according to the operators, no one will obey. They claim that fear of the unknown will keep the passengers frozen to their seats; that they will face sure death in preference to the hazards of the jump. Which is undoubtedly an extreme point of view, for while some few might refuse, others would jump and thereby save their lives.

In the event that any passengers did refuse to bail out, the pilot would have to stick to his ship. But the remainder of the crew—as many as three—would certainly jump, which is a clear saving of three lives, and their example might prompt the timid passengers to change their minds and follow them down.

Let us concede the worst: one or more

obstinate passengers having refused to jump, the pilot is compelled to stay with his plane and take the long chance of making a safe landing. Two possibilities now arise: the first—and far more probable—is that the pilot and remaining passengers are killed. The other—and this is the operators' nightmare—is that the unexpected happens and the plane lands safely.

Unbelievable as it sounds, under certain circumstances the operators are more afraid of saving the lives of passengers than they are of killing them. We shall encounter this fantastic fear again and again; it is one of the real undercurrents motivating the various excuses advanced by the operators for their failure to provide parachutes for passengers. It is therefore necessary that we give it the fullest consideration.

The unloading of our airplane's passengers—ten in number—has been over the wilds of the Pennsylvania mountains. Two passengers have refused to make the jump, and the pilot is trying to save their lives—and his—by finding a landing place.

The ten jumpers have drifted to earth to find themselves twenty miles from the nearest habitation or transportation. Some were bruised and scratched in landing in trees. One man broke his leg; it was snowing and two women caught pneumonia before they were rescued, while another froze a foot. A business-man-passenger missed an appointment in Chicago and thereby lost a quarter of a million dollar contract; a son was unable to reach St. Louis in time for his mother's funeral; a surgeon rushing to perform an operation in Cleveland, did not arrive in time.

If the expected deaths of the pilot and non-jumping passengers ensued, all of these items would seem trivial. The survivors would spend the balance of their

days telling how lucky they were and singing the praises of parachutes.

"But," moan the operators—off the record—"suppose, just suppose, that the pilot *did* get a break, and *did* land safely. Then all those parachute jumpers would sing another tune entirely. They would swarm into court and sue us for every dime we ever had. They would claim that their injuries, exposure to the elements and delays, were unnecessary. Man, Oh! Man! The proof which they would wave under the noses of the jury, would be the fact that the pilot got through and landed safely. And you know American juries: for a death, they will only award a nominal sum, but for an injury, the sky is the limit."

For quotation, however, they attempt to strengthen their argument by a technicality. "If only one passenger lost his nerve," say the operators, "and he happened to sit close to the exit, that one passenger could block the doorway and bottle up all of those behind him."

There are several answers to that. The first is the one frequently used by ships' officers in cases of disaster when recalcitrants endanger the lives of others: brute force. It is nothing new for a student in some parachute school to lose his nerve and stand hesitating in the doorway when about to take his first jump. When this happens, some obliging friend usually gives him a sudden shove from behind to get it over with; shoves him into the air in much the same manner that you push a reluctant diver off a spring-board into a cold lake. And the parachute jumper suffers no worse effects than the swimmer.

There is, however, little use in arguing the desirability of such methods; a minor structural change would eliminate their necessity. There could easily be an emergency door beside each seat with a master

control to be released by the pilot when required.

"Air travelers," say the operators, advancing their third argument, "include aged invalids and babies in arms. These classes of passengers could not use a parachute; they could not pull the rip cords." Which statement puts one issue squarely in the foreground: the question of profits versus safety.

If the only object be to make money, of course anyone who has the price of a ticket will be carried. But if the primary object be to furnish air transportation only to those for whom it is reasonably safe, then passage can be refused to those who are unable to operate their safety equipment. Here also, there can be no point in arguing the question to a decision; the installation of automatic parachutes—which we shall discuss next—will eliminate it.

III

Such installations will require minor changes in air transports. In the meantime, if all classes of passengers—regardless of their ability to pull the rip-cords—are carried, the use of manual 'chutes will improve the chances of the great majority.

Two automatic parachute devices have been perfected, and while varying in detail, they involve the same general principle. In neither is the passenger required to do anything other than to sit in his chair. In both, the parachute is an integral part of that chair. In an emergency, the pilot unlocks a master control lever, and throws his passengers—chairs and all—entirely out of the plane; the parachutes open automatically. Under one system, this is done through panels in the side of the cabin; under the other, the passengers drop through trapdoors in the floor.

The passenger's safety belt is the only

fastening necessary, and even if he has been riding with it unfastened—which the stewardess or co-pilot would normally have checked-up and rectified—it is doubtful if he would fall out of the seat during his descent. The chairs leave the plane in a timed rotation—an instant of interval between them—and there is no possibility of one 'chute fouling another.

As long ago as 1929, the trapdoor method was successfully demonstrated by one of America's foremost parachute designers. Invitations to witness the tests were sent to the leading operators as well as manufacturers, and to military authorities. Although the military men attended in great numbers and expressed great confidence in the project, with only one exception, no operators or manufacturers attended or indicated any interest.

"There is no use looking at that," say the operators, advancing their final argument. "No one is going to ride in an airplane if he knows he can be tossed into space at another man's whim. Prospective passengers would be afraid that if the pilot happened to get out of the wrong side of his bed that morning, he would take his grouch out on them."

If there was any truth in that theory, no one would travel on steamships. A ship's officers could become angry and scuttle it in the dead of night if they so desired, but it is a far-fetched theory to think that they ever would.

Of course, the real reason for this avoidance of the automatic 'chute issue on the part of the operators, is the same as that behind their other arguments: for financial reasons they want nothing to do with parachutes for passengers; in their eyes the automatic 'chute is even a worse bugaboo than the manual—it could be used more frequently.

Manual parachute jumps from airplanes

in abnormal positions—the tailspin being the worst—are more difficult than in normal flight, but not impossible. There are authentically recorded cases of successful jumps from all positions. Moreover, the fact that a plane was spinning when it hit the ground, means little. The emergency often begins far in advance of that final, fatal spin.

The automatic trapdoor parachute, however, entirely eliminates the difficulties encountered in bailing out of a spinning plane; in fact, the spin becomes an asset. In tailspins, the centrifugal force is great. The passenger is glued to his seat much as water is held in an inverted bucket when rotated rapidly over your head. He finds it difficult to raise his feet from the floor, and he must exert considerable strength to force himself out of his chair.

These identical conditions form an ideal setting for the use of the trapdoor 'chute. The centrifugal force—downward and outward in a spinning plane—adds impetus to the drop when the trapdoor is sprung. Thus, the passenger is thrown completely clear of the course of the spinning plane, avoiding entirely the chance of later collision with it.

Using the trapdoor parachute, eight passengers can be unloaded from a high speed dive at altitudes as low as 800 feet. In level flight at speeds of 100 miles per hour or more, eight passengers can be safely dropped from 200 feet. With only four

passengers, these figures can be halved, and when multiple parachutes work successfully at 100 to 200 feet, there is little more we can ask. Their routine use would save most of the lives now lost in scheduled air transport crashes.

In spite of these facts, the air transport companies refuse to use them. In addition to the financial losses which they anticipate as the result of such usage, there is another reason for refusing: the current expense which parachutes would entail.

Parachutes are expensive, about \$250 apiece; they require constant servicing by experts who command substantial salaries; and the weight of the 'chutes themselves detracts from the pay-load which the plane can carry. The necessary changes to install automatic 'chutes will still further increase the cost.

Profits may be essential to the operation of commercial airlines, but in their present method of seeking them, the operators are distinctly off on the wrong foot. If they would forget money until after they have made flying comparatively safe, they would find that profits would come automatically. Hundreds of air transports could be flying the air lanes for every one now in use, but this will never happen as long as an accident means sure death. The day when some commercial air transport saves its passengers from sure death via the parachute will see the first real boom in air transport.

LITERARY BOSS OF THE MIDDLE WEST

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

I KNEW William Marion Reedy a number of years before 1914, when Spoon River Anthology was published serially in Reedy's *Mirror*. Our acquaintance began on an occasion when I had a libel suit to defend for one of the Chicago newspapers in Hannibal, Missouri. As I needed local counsel and didn't know of anyone, I went to see Reedy who knew about all the lawyers in St. Louis, as well as about everyone else of prominence in the town.

I found him in his editorial office in the midst of correspondence and manuscripts. There he sat at his desk a huge man, but huge with fat rather than frame. His face fairly glowed with effulgence and benignant smiles as he greeted me in a voice that rolled out with orotund volume. His very large head was crowned with a great wealth of dark hair into which no gray had come. He was then about 47 years old and in magnificent vitality.

The matter of an assisting lawyer was soon settled; and then the talk flowed in a thousand streams. Reedy was in correspondence with nearly all the notables of America at the time: literary men, actors, politicians, statesmen, editors, and with Theodore Roosevelt, then president, whom he had recently visited at the White House. He was also much sought out by visiting celebrities, Masfield and others; and there were all these things to talk about. In fact we adjourned the talk until the luncheon hour in order that he might finish his morning's work.

While we had exchanged some letters before this time, our correspondence now became voluminous and steady, running to two or more letters a week. The publication of Spoon River Anthology brought more letters which throw light from many angles upon the America of those years, upon the America of the Great War, the rising litterateurs of the time, prohibition, Bryan, Wilson, and the fanaticism that then was raging. Eventually they must be published, together with a life of Reedy, who was the chief citizen of St. Louis for nearly a quarter of a century, and as the editor of the *Mirror*, one of the most influential men in America.

Reedy won this eminence by a literary style that was as fluent as water, as transparent as light; by the facility with which he touched upon myriads of subjects, from the single tax to free verse, from searching discussion of notables and policies to the dramas, poems and novels that were coming along. He backgrounded all this with a very extensive scholarship in many fields, for he had read nearly every book of moment among the Greeks, the Romans, the Italians, Germans and English and French. Thus he was able to identify the derivation of new work; and his literary judgment was as keen as it was fresh and informative; it was often profound. He was the literary boss of the Middle West, and as such had something compelling to say about every part of the country. When he spoke the nation listened.

II

Reedy was born in 1863. His father was a police officer in St. Louis; but Reedy had adequate schooling at a Jesuit school where he learned Greek and Latin. It was his familiarity with the classics that gave quality and authority to his appraisals; that and his wide familiarity with many literatures. For these things he was known afar. His reputation in St. Louis was of a different kind. Once I crossed from Europe with a very rich St. Louisan, who showed surprise when I spoke admiringly of Reedy. He took pains to tell me that Reedy used the *Mirror* for extortionate ends and that he was a dubious character, a man of shaky principle. This was incredible to me, as I knew Reedy was publishing material week after week in which there was no compromise and no attempt to lay up habitations with the children of darkness. But the truth was that Reedy never tried to hide his early career. He often confessed it to me as inexcusable, saying that in the old days of gustatory delights, of wine and women, he did use the *Mirror* to extract money wherever he could do it. I came into his life after his riotous days as a man of gustatory delights; in fact he drank very little during the years that I knew him; owing to his health, which was beginning to decline, he took spirits only occasionally. But there were a few times when we tossed the pot for the greater part of the night. The Reedy that I knew was the man who had put his former self back of him through the inspiration of radical democracy, with which he tested men, politics and literature; and this he did from our first days of friendship to the end of his life.

But for all this he never lost his Rabelaisian character, just as he never lost his huge bulk, and just as his great eyes, as

luminous as if they had convex mirrors behind the iris, shone to the last in conversation over a meal, or at a table in the bar room. On one occasion we sat talking with no weariness until dawn. Reedy talked with incomparable richness and wit and humor, unhurried and at ease, for he knew nothing better in life than such meetings.

Ay, but men are forgotten! And in St. Louis Reedy is remembered principally by those who saw him and talked with him; and these are thinning away. There are few to remember the days when his appearance in New York was the occasion of excitement. He used to walk down Broadway with Elbert Hubbard or Thomas Mosher; he fellowed with Mitchell Kennerly, Michael Moynihan and James Huneker, with journalists, editors, poets, novelists, and actors. If he had written the book of his rich and varied life, particularly covering those stirring years between 1900 and 1920, and written it as he knew how to write, it would have been one of the great contributions to American annals, and he would not have been today a tradition growing fainter with time. But he was utterly without literary ambition. I often urged him to write about himself; but he always laughed uproariously at the suggestion. "Why write a book?" he would ask. "There are too many books. And I believe that already America has more than a million poets."

So he went on editing the *Mirror* and making it the most influential weekly in America though it never had a circulation above ten thousand. From week to week it captured journalists and editors, it went to colleges and libraries, and from these centers of intelligence and opinion its influence spread over the country. Meanwhile life for Reedy was harder every day. To give life he had to keep his own life replenished; to write about the new books he

had to read them; to take in the country from his watch tower he had to keep his eyes clear. Amid money anxieties, callers, demands upon him to preside at banquets, and to make speeches, his life was full of perplexity. His letters to me were sprinkled with remarks about the people who wanted him to write prefaces and articles for nothing, "the vaporous and fatuous limits" who calmly asked him to start off their magazine ventures with something "attractive;" the "barrels without hoops or staves" who asked him to help them with their manuscripts; the amateurs of St. Louis and elsewhere who flooded him with contributions without a particle of merit which he read and returned always with a gracious word. "If you sit in the editorial chair long enough a MS is sure to come in from any and every person that you have ever known in all the days of your life. Damn Cadmus!"

III

What bored him most was acting as toastmaster, but he was so happy and witty in this capacity that he could not escape the task, especially in St. Louis. In March 1919 he came to Chicago to speak at a single tax dinner given in honor of Harlan E. Read, the author of "Abolition of Inheritance." I attended this dinner, and for the first time heard him perform as a speaker. One could not tell that his heart was not in his words. For he had come to the pass where he wanted to be alone. "I hate crowds," he wrote me, "I am getting so that I believe I'll go to the theatres in the balcony. I'd never have time to do any work if I didn't pull in my hole. I'm sorry that I know any intellectuals at all. I much prefer bricklayers, structural iron workers, burglars, bartenders, cab drivers and policemen. I can get along with human

beings, but I'll be damned if I can get along with poets, or single taxers, or any of those malefically malodorous subdivisions of the human race."

In his desperation he would take to Homer. At Christmas time in 1918 I sent him the Iliad and the Odyssey; for in his moving about from place to place his best books had been lost. He had plenty of the modern books. And he read Homer with gusto over and over. Ay, but he was put to it in St. Louis, especially after the time when he could no longer fellow with admirers like John L. Sullivan, with whom he used to consort at Faust's in the old days of late hours and many beers; and especially when unsubduable persons like Emma Goldman, or idealists like Joseph Fels, taxed his waning interest in all reforms. More and more he wanted to fly to the pure air of the creators; and he took great delight in lecturing in St. Louis at the Vandervoort Auditorium on Shakespeare's World View. But in spite of everything, boredom settled down upon him. It came with declining health and the annoyance of callers; and the never ending labor of his editorship was full of cooties. "When you get to thinking about these things there isn't much satisfaction in the outcome, and there is nothing to do but call for the cup, and leave word for somebody to sacrifice a cock to Esculapius. Man born of woman, or married to her, is of few days and full of trouble—full, heaped up, pressed down and running over."

For years his days were spent entirely between his office and the place where he happened to be living. For the rest he slipped about town trying to find something to interest him. There was hardly one place in all St. Louis where he ever called, where he considered that the hospitality was of the quality which appealed

to him. He was invited steadily to dinner, to tea, to evening affairs. He refused them all. Once when I was entertained in St. Louis at a distinguished home which was most friendly to him, I wanted to make the occasion more happy by having Reedy; but he wouldn't come. He explained afterward to me that he could not stand such things any more. He did enjoy a call, though, on W. K. Bixby, the manuscript collector. In a letter of December 3, 1917, he wrote me that Bixby had acquired the correspondence between James Whitcomb Riley and a young school teacher, with whom he had had an affair before he became famous; and also the letters which passed between Mark Twain and Mrs. Fairbanks, who was with Twain on the journey celebrated in *Innocents Abroad*. "This correspondence shows," wrote Reedy, "that it was Mrs. Fairbanks who had the shaping of Twain's life and was instrumental in inducing the parents of the lady who was afterwards Mrs. Twain to consent to the girl's marriage with him. I thought as I was talking to W. K. B. what a mine of stuff he has that would be available to you." He was always thinking of me and my work and using his eyes in a ransacking of the country so that I could thoroughly exploit America. And I was not the only one. No young writer ever wrote or met him who did not derive from him some real light upon the problems of the literary life.

Face to face with Reedy one would not imagine that he had a care. He fairly oozed vitality, he radiated merriment, he laughed and talked in a way that infected everyone with optimism. Often he stole away from St. Louis to pay me a visit for days at a time. In April of 1918 he came to my farm place at Spring Lake, Michigan, where for two weeks we talked and motored about the country, while he wrote

for the *Mirror*. On Tuesday he would go to Grand Haven and telegraph his leader. We always stopped on these trips at Jack's Place in the village where Reedy drank near beer and fellowed with the bartender. We kept late hours, sometimes talking until well into the morning. I never spent a happier two weeks than these; and as for Reedy he went away rested and ready as he could be for the loneliness of St. Louis, and the vexation of his editorship.

Yes, and in those days there was something else, too. Reedy had capitulated to the charms of a young woman who looked upon him with idolatry; but there was nothing but looking. Reedy appraised himself too keenly not to see that he would be foolish playing the lover's part, with his mop of hair now turned gray and his head full of migraine and his heart skipping about. Whatever strength he had left was lowered by these appraisals of himself; and he had to fly. Often he went to New York to get away from his torture and sometimes to Chicago to see me. From New York his letters would be saturated with humorous wails about his ridiculous state. He envied, so he wrote, the men who could still go into madness over a woman, as Hazlitt did. It was worth all it cost, for it was a manifestation of life; and when you couldn't go mad, or when you couldn't make your madness effectual, you were passing out of life.

IV.

In the winter of 1920 word came to me that Reedy was in the hospital suffering from an intraocular rupture, and was going blind. Though he wrote me nothing about this I thought now that he might be nearing the end and that I should see him once again. I wrote that I was coming to St. Louis. He replied in a tone

not very enthusiastic; but just the same I went and put up at a hotel in order to make him no trouble. In the middle of the morning I telephoned him and went to his office. There he sat at his desk looking almost as fresh as ever. His color was good, his eyes luminous as of old. But he was distraught. He fingered the letters on his desk; he rose and scanned the books in his cases; he sat down again and talked briefly and intermittently. Something was weighing on his mind; and plainly I was not relieving it. I had no mission except to help him if I could, to cheer him up if possible. As the talk did not go very well I went out, inviting him to lunch with me. His face brightened and we made an appointment to meet at McTague's where in better days we had known such happiness.

At McTague's his spirits brightened. He laughed as of old. His voice came up impressively from the depths of his diaphragm. And as people strolled to our table to speak to him he volleyed wit as in the old days and laughed with the full *basso profundo* that he could command. After luncheon he wanted me to go to his apartment to see his wife. He had come down to a one room place with a Murphy bed and a kitchenette in a closet. The farm that he had bought near St. Louis had passed from him. This room was as barren as one's hand. There were only a few chairs, only a little rickety writing desk, and no book case, and no books. Truth to tell the place was in forbidding disorder. It was nearing time now for dinner; and so I took him and his wife to one of the well known restaurants. But it was impossible to pump into the occasion any vitality. My train for Chicago was leaving at about midnight. So we broke up our party at about eleven. Reedy strolled across a vacant square with me

to the street car, hardly speaking all the way. I boarded the car and looked back at him standing in the darkness, and waved him a farewell. I never saw him again.

For a while his letters continued as before but he seemed to be 'drawing more and more into himself, especially where contacts reminded him of what he no more could enjoy as he once had. He came to Chicago for the Republican convention, but I was out of town and did not see him. Then he went on to San Francisco to write about the Democratic convention. There he raced about like a young man with that bad heart of his. He went tuna fishing at Catalina, and wrote a piece about the sport which went over the country far and near, as his masterful things often did. All this was too much for him; and he died in late July quite suddenly one night after a busy day and a long evening of talk.

V

In June he had written me, "However you go and whatever you do I am with you, and I know that you are doing your best in the hands at the same time of the fates and the furies. I am beginning to realize to some extent how this life and the world and the mix-up generally made some of those old saintly fellows in love with death. The longer I go the more I incline to believe that eternal life is a threat, and that rest is about the best we can expect."

And in the expiring agony of angina pectoris when his friends stood about the bed trying vainly to help him he said, "You look as though you were afraid I am going to die. I'm afraid I can't." And so the last breath.

What Zoe Akins wrote of him at the

time of his death seems to me quite true. He was "a huge creature of exquisite sensibilities, romantic curiosities, and heroic ardors. He had something of the sheer intellectual size of Queen Elizabeth's day." And for myself I should say that for a man who wrote no books he had the richest, most catholic mind of anyone that I have known. It was a mind that didn't and couldn't rise to poetry, for his verses were quite ordinary; and he had no creative imagination that I know of. But he

could have written essays and criticisms much better than those of any other man of his time, barring Mencken.

Reedy was not exactly starved out economically, though he came close to that American fate, after having done everything he could for the sons of America. But in St. Louis, and even in America at large he was spiritually starved; partly on account of the state of the country, and partly because he had thirsts that the earth cannot quench.

THE TOWNSEND PLAN

A Challenge to Congress

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

WHEN the depression was at its worst, Long Beach, California, probably had as many personal tragedies within its small area as any city of like size in the world. Thousands of elderly men and women with small "permanent" incomes had gone there to finish out their lives under that famous sun. Thus, every time a bank closed its doors anywhere in the United States, or a business folded up, someone in Long Beach was left stranded. Suffering was widespread: the number of suicides was appalling.

Now the one man in Long Beach who knew more about the suffering and the suicides than anyone else was the assistant city health officer. His name was Dr. F. E. Townsend. The extent and the acuteness of the tragedy set him, unfortunately, to thinking.

Furthermore, in December of 1933, Townsend himself became part of the tragedy; there was a change of administration and he lost his job. He was 67 years of age, had a wife, and about \$100 in the bank. All the rest of his previous savings had been swept away. But by this time the elderly doctor had evolved a Plan, and now with leisure thrust upon him, he started out, like many an evangelist before him, to save the country. His Plan was (and still is) very simple. Every "worthy" citizen is to receive \$200 a month from the government, provided he ceases work and promises to spend the whole two hundred inside

of thirty days; the money to be raised by a two per cent sales tax. Townsend wrote this in less than 200 words as a petition to Congress. Out of his slender funds he paid to have it printed, with space below for signatures. These signatures he set forth on foot to obtain.

There has been no substantial change in Townsend's Plan from that day to this; at this writing it is before Congress in the form of a bill which comprises less than 1,000 words. The bill will probably be voted down or still more likely pigeon-holed, but, to him, that is just the beginning. One would have to be the seventh son of the seventh son of a long line of prophets to dare forecast what the eventual outcome will be—but this much, I think, is certain: the Townsend Old-Age Revolving Pension Bill will come back like a boomerang and lay low whole flocks of congressmen every time they go through the motions of brushing it aside—even though, according to all reports based upon studies of statistics by economists and experts in taxation, the Plan is not only utterly impossible but flagrantly absurd. The vast majority of congressmen and senators feel that they simply cannot support it. They are sure that it would wreck the country.

But Dr. Townsend claims he has now in his possession, affixed to the petition started only a little more than a year ago in Long Beach, 25,000,000 signatures!

How dependable these figures are is open

to some question, though, after a cursory examination of the organization's files, I am inclined to agree with them. If the figures are correct, he has roughly one-fifth of the population signed up—nothing remotely comparable to this has ever happened before in the history of the Republic. Letters pour into Washington by the thousand. Compared to this avalanche, the agitation for payment of the soldiers' bonus is not even a tempest in a teapot. It isn't a whisper in a cyclone. This begins to look like the most colossal campaign ever waged with pen and ink.

II

When Dr. Townsend stood before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives to defend his bill, congressmen tore his pet idea to pieces; he is not an economist and knows very little about taxation. But he told them, quite calmly, that if this Congress doesn't like his old age pension plan, there will be a different Congress, and if the President doesn't like it, there will be a different President. He meant exactly what he said, and he spoke in sorrow, not in anger. Let's see if there is any foundation for his assurance.

The congressman who introduced the bill is John Steven McGroarty of California, a neighbor of Dr. Townsend's. Mr. McGroarty is 72 years of age, a poet, and not a politician. He is serving his first term in Congress. He made the Townsend Plan of old age pensions the paramount issue in his campaign. His Republican opponent favored old age pensions strongly but declined to commit himself to the Townsend plan. He didn't actively oppose it; he merely said that he might support a better plan if a better one appeared. With this slight difference of opinion between them,

Mr. McGroarty defeated the Republican by 12,000 votes in a district that is normally Republican by a majority of 30,000. Moreover Mr. McGroarty is an Irish Catholic and the district is more anti-Catholic than pro. That is the first and thus far the only positive test of the vote-pulling power of this scheme at the polls. But let us see what the situation is elsewhere.

Dr. Townsend's plan of campaign from the beginning was to organize clubs in every community. The minimum membership of a club is 100. Many of them now have 5,000 members and more. Mass meetings of 10,000 persons are no longer unusual. Some months ago there were 5,000 clubs; during the early part of February clubs were being formed and reported to headquarters in Los Angeles at the rate of 100 a day. This movement is just catching its stride but already it passes anything of the sort ever heard of. For example, the South is just beginning to bestir itself. Dr. Townsend claims that there will be thousands and thousands more of these clubs and that they will blanket every state in the Union.

The scheme was incorporated under the laws of California, January 24, 1934, as a non-profit-making association, under the name of Old Age Revolving Pension, Ltd. Dr. F. E. Townsend is president; R. L. Clements, secretary-treasurer; Walter L. Townsend (the doctor's brother), vice-president. The Washington offices in the Southern building are small and plainly furnished. The Los Angeles offices in the Spring Arcade building, I am informed, are not elaborate. The organization furnishes a printed petition, with space for the names of 250 signers, for five cents. Folders explaining the plan are furnished at fifty cents a hundred. Membership in a club costs twenty-five cents a year. When a club is organized with 100 members it sends

twenty-five dollars to Los Angeles and receives 100 nicely printed booklets about the Townsend Plan. More can be had for twenty-five cents each. There is a weekly newspaper called *The Official Townsend Weekly* which sells at five cents a copy or two dollars for the annual subscription. It is a twelve page tabloid with no advertisements—yet. The circulation is only 75,000, I am informed. But the newspaper is just two months old. All this means receipts of about \$2,500 daily in the Los Angeles office.

The radio campaign is just getting under way. There are regular speeches on four stations; other addresses are being delivered as time can be purchased. The speakers ask their listeners to send in contributions so that more time can be purchased.

III

The volume of mail received at the Los Angeles headquarters has swamped the staff to such an extent that inspectors of the Postoffice Department are peering around to see what is going on. A few people who sent in money and didn't get prompt acknowledgment have made inquiries. The Postoffice Department asked to have a look at the books. And headquarters promptly announced that the investigation is welcomed and all financial statements are open to the world. They simply have more mail than they can yet handle. At the office in Washington, D. C., which is not a business headquarters, 500 letters arrive daily, most of them offering suggestions or volunteering aid. The White House staff doesn't know how many letters on this subject are received; they send them in a large packing case to Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor. Miss Perkins does not know how many she has received. I asked various members

of the House Ways and Means Committee how many they had received and the answer was "carloads." Still trying to get figures I went to a senator who has openly opposed the Townsend bill; he showed me a mountain of mail and said he had been informed that it contained 16,000 letters but he didn't know. Scarcely any senator or congressman has been able to answer this mail. They haven't the clerical staff to do it. And don't ever doubt but that they are aware of the bad political effect of leaving these letters unanswered.

At first the letters were prayerful and tearful petitions. "God will bless you, etc., if you support this worthy measure." Now they aren't so humble. The issue is crystallizing. Opponents of the bill are known. Dr. Townsend can turn on the heat in about thirty-eight states and almost bury a congressman or senator in angry protests. They look at this gaunt humanitarian with horror and alarm. More than a few of them would be delighted to compromise with him on some lesser sum than his pension plan provides, but he will hear of no compromise. His is not only a scheme for the relief of the aged needy but a complete recovery plan. He is fanatically certain that it will bring back prosperity and wipe out unemployment. Some of his closest advisers would consider a compromise, but not the Doctor. He realizes that he might be able to get an old age pension of \$100 a month and that many of the aged needy would deeply appreciate it, but that is only part of his scheme. With each pensioner receiving \$200 a month which must be spent promptly he is going to stimulate business to such an extent that the depression will blow away like fog. It puzzles and annoys him to see so many intelligent men laughing at his idea. He is grieved because he can't get economists to analyze and expound his plan before Con-

gress. Naïvely, he attributes this failure to his lack of acquaintance among experts and partly to bad luck and the pressure of other business. He still hopes to turn loose a battery of able economists on the congressmen and fairly blast them out of their stubbornness with irrefutable charts and graphs and statistics. Incidentally they have tried to do the same thing to him but completely without success.

IV

The Townsend Old-Age Revolving Pension Act, as it is described in the McGroarty bill, is certainly one of the most fantastic products of the depression; but if you are to estimate its political possibilities you must note its brevity and apparent clarity. Here is all there is to it:

Every citizen of the United States sixty years of age and over, while actually residing in the United States shall receive a pension of \$200 per month. Provided (a) the pensioner shall discontinue all gainful, competitive pursuits or salaried positions of any kind; (b) agree that he will within thirty days of receipt of said pension expend all of the same for goods, commodities or services within the jurisdiction of the United States.

Sec. 4: (a) pensioners shall not expend more than 15% for charity, church and fraternal organizations; (b) with the exception of disabled war veterans, pensioners shall receive no other pension from state or federal government; (c) inmates of jails, asylums, and eleemosynary institutions are barred. Pensioners convicted of crimes lose their pensions. Any person convicted of crime is ineligible for a pension for ten years following completion of his sentence. Any person who violates the conditions of the pension loses his pension.

The money is to be raised by a 2% sales tax, not just on retail sales, as we now have the sales tax in various states, but on each separate financial transaction. It is admitted

that this amounts in the aggregate to about a 10% sales tax. No one knows exactly what it would amount to, however. For propaganda purposes it remains just what the bill provides—a 2% sales tax.

Dr. Townsend estimates that the plan will retire eight million persons from the field of employment and force them to spend \$1,600,000,000 monthly. And if you think that is a large sum for the taxpayers to furnish he answers with "My friends, we can afford to spend thirty-three billions to promote a European war. Each year we spend twelve billions on our crime bill, crime being the result of economic pressure on our young men. Our plan will eliminate the driving force behind 75% of our crime and save nine billions a year. Each year we spend hundreds of millions on poor farms and community chests, and additional billions on so-called relief projects." All of the latter, he insists, would also become unnecessary with the Townsend Plan operating and four or five millions of jobs would be opened to young men as the older men retired on their pensions. In this connection, I am informed that seventy per cent of the 25,000,000 persons who allegedly signed the petition are under sixty years of age.

And now let's have a look at the Townsend Plan as it appears to a competent economist. I quote from a memorandum prepared by Edwin E. Witte, Executive Director of the Committee on Economic Security, Washington, D. C., and I shall simply snatch out the important sentences without regard for his literary style:

There were 10,385,000 persons over sixty years of age in the United States according to the 1930 census. The number now is estimated at 11,582,000. About 600,000 are not citizens. The number of criminals is very small. While 4,155,495 persons over sixty were gainfully employed in 1930 the vast majority would retire if they could

get a pension of \$200 a month. The number of pensioners under the Townsend Plan would approximate 10,000,000. On this basis the cost would be 24 billions annually. The combined federal, state, and local taxes in 1932 totalled \$8,212,000,000. The estimate of 24 billion dollars as the cost of the Townsend Plan would be only for the first year. The amount would increase because each pensioner at sixty has a life expectancy of about fifteen years. Actuaries employed by the Committee on Economic Security have computed that merely to pay pensions to those now sixty or over would cost the government a total of 245 billion dollars which almost equals the entire estimated taxable wealth of the United States and greatly exceeds the total estimated public and private debts of the country in the peak year of 1929 when they amounted to \$126,000,000,000. On the basis of all bank debits in the United States for the year 1933 it appears that the total transactions taxable under the Townsend Plan amounted to 400 billion dollars. Thus a 2% tax would have raised \$8,000,000,000 or about one-third of the amount required to pay the pensions. Even a 2% tax on the money value of all business transactions is so heavy that it would stop all business and could not possibly be collected.

Under the McGroarty bill, local pension boards would have to be set up in each of the 3,071 counties and approximately 3,500 wards in cities of the country. Most difficult of all would be the necessary checking to see that the 10,000,000 pensioners all spent their \$200 within the month. This would require going into the private affairs of the pensioners to an extent never before attempted and would necessitate a vast army of additional government employees.

The total income of all the people of the United States in 1933 was only 46 billion dollars. The people over 60 are less than 9% of the total. Under the Townsend Plan half the national income would be given to 9% of the people. Whatever the old people would have to spend, those under sixty would have that much less. Inflation and duplicate taxation involved in the Townsend Plan would cause prices to soar and soon, even with \$200 a month,

the pensioners would not be better off than they were before, while those under 60 would be immeasurably worse off.

That is incontrovertible and devastating. Yet the flow of propaganda continues serenely. The work goes blindly on.

This Townsend organization is now in a veritable state of frenzy trying to get its bill passed at the present session of Congress. They don't seem to know that the bill hasn't the slightest chance. They are dimly aware that they can make a lot of trouble for their opponents at the next general election, but it yet remains for the full political significance of this upheaval to dawn upon them. However, they are looking around for some political advice. They know that they are in strange, deep water which others have charted. I think they are going to find help. I can't understand why Huey Long hasn't invited Dr. Townsend to a friendly chat.

In the course of my inquiry one of the Townsend entourage said to me: "You probably know far more about this kind of a campaign than any of us do, Mister. I wish you would tell me something. I have been thinking it might be a good idea to bring one hundred thousand old people here to Washington. They could just stand out there in front of the Capitol . . . we wouldn't want them to say anything . . . just stand there and sing or maybe pray. I been thinking that might be a good idea. We would be very careful with the old folks, not let any come until their doctors said it was safe; and we'd make sure they had plenty of money for expenses. Just let them come in decently and quietly—nice, respectable people—and not do anything but pray or maybe sing a little. We could bring a hundred thousand. Do you think that would impress Congress?"

"Yes," I said, "I think it would."

These people are just getting started.

ROUND BY ROUND

A Story

BY CONRAD AIKEN

THE half-filled bottle stood at the right of the typewriter, and beside it the heavy tumbler; the green-shaded drop-light swung in the draught from the window over his head, he took a drink of whisky and typed in capitals ROUND ONE. He propped up his pencilled notes of the fight against the calendar pad, then pulled it nearer, trying to make out his own shorthand. Romero led with left and followed with light right before going into clinch. He typed quickly with his two forefingers. The door of the alcove opened and Cush came in with his coat over his arm, his hat on the back of his head. He dropped the coat on top of his roll-top desk and went to the window.

"Well, and how was the fight of the century?" he said, as if to the office building across the alley, or as if to the fire-escape. "Or was it in the bag like all the rest of them?"

"It was a peach, but I wasn't looking. Have a drink."

Cush brought a glass and poured himself a drink.

"These musical shows get my goat, they're all alike. Jesus, what the hell can you say about them? Sprightly and whimsical and fantastic. If you could only say the smut was only so-so, or A No. 1 gorgonzola. This one is a piece of cheese, but the chorus is pretty good."

"Was his honor the mayor there?"

"Sure he was—sitting right next to the

censor. But he needn't have worried. This one won't be taken off. It wouldn't hurt a fly."

"How do you mean, fly?"

He continued to type, while Cush pulled the black oilcloth cover off his machine. Micky then drove a right to the ribs and left to face. Romero landed a left to face. Zabriski landed right to body. Zabriski drove right and left to body, which Romero cleverly blocked. At this point, he remembered, the man behind him said, "he won't last it out, he won't last ten rounds. Zabriski will kill him, he hasn't got the guts." Zabriski's fiancée, in the fourth row, was being photographed—she was sitting with her mother and two other janes. She looked drunk. This was before she had begun to yell at Zabriski—come on Patsy, come on Pat, give it to him.

"Well," said Cush, to his typewriter, "did Zabriski win it, or who?"

"There is a new champion, and it was a swell fight, science defeats slugging, but I didn't watch it. I was elsewhere."

"All right, I'll bite, where were you?"

"I was picking flowers."

"You mean Ann's given you the bum's rush again, or something. Who is it now?"

He didn't answer at once, he frowned over his notes. Cush turned the sheet of paper into his machine and began typing. Round even. ROUND TWO. . . Zabriski scored a light left to jaw before clinch. Romero reached the champion with two

good rights to jaw. The man behind him was saying say this fellow's good, this fellow is pretty good, watch him. Zabriski can't touch him, look at the way he ties him up. O baby and was that a sock.

"It isn't the same guy, it's two other fellows. If you know what I mean."

"Well for Christ's sake why don't you call it a day and give her the gate? Why didn't you marry one of those chorus floozies and have someone faithful?"

"Faithfull! heh heh. Isn't that a laugh? That word isn't in the dictionary any more, I looked it up. Nowadays all you've got to do is be yourself, that's what the psychologists say, just be yourself. Ann's herself, all right—she's herself with everybody."

"Well, don't let it eat you, she isn't worth it."

Cush was typing quickly. The window shade began flapping in the draught, he got up and gave the cord a twitch so that the shade flew up to the top and wound itself silent with a series of ecstatic slaps against the casement. He leaned for a moment on the window-sill, and looked down into the squalid alley. Forty feet of midnight. Forty feet of emptiness surrounded by rusty fire-escapes. But to jump down was no good, he didn't want to die, that wasn't the idea at all. What he wanted was Ann, all right—Ann standing here with her hands on the window-sill, seeing how desolate an alley could be at midnight.

II

He sat down and took a drink, and turned the yellow copy-paper, and drew the pencilled notes still closer. The writing was hard to make out, he had done it carelessly. Romero stepped into a right to the jaw and missed a hard right to the head. Both traded wallops at close quarters without

damage. Romero landed a hard right to jaw but missed a left swing. Zabriski's right to body was blocked. Romero missed two hard rights to body. Romero's round. Four tough kids in the balcony began yelling and jumping up and down in their seats—what's the matter, are you yellow Zabriski, say would you like a nice piece of steak, what's the matter are you afraid of him. And then there was that new buzzer which announced when it was ten seconds before the bell, and the urgent bell following almost immediately, and the two men springing out from their corners, and the seconds climbing swiftly over the ropes with the stools in their hands and the towels over their shoulders. The enormous canopy hung over the ring, its forty lights looking like a vast brooch of opals, swirls of tobacco smoke ascended towards the obscure ceiling, and the two great clocks looked down at the fighters, counting the seconds with important hands. How much had he missed by watching the clock, looking up over the heads of the two men, over their shoulders, over the interlaced arms and struggling bodies, beyond the naked shoulders reddened with repeated blows. A lot, probably. He had taken it down automatically, all except the ninth and tenth rounds, when he had gone out for a glass of beer; and those he had copied from Peters.

"Oncet in a while," Cush murmured, "oncet in a while, why don't they give us a decent show oncet in a while."

"Next time we can swap assignments, I'll throw in Ann for good measure. That is, if you can find her."

"Well, where is she?"

"Ask me another. She was supposed to be having dinner with Mabel Innes, but when I called up Mabel, would you believe it, Mabel didn't know anything about it."

"Looks like bad team-work, boy."

"Yeah, I thought better of Mabel. She can usually think pretty fast, but this time I caught her on the wrong foot. *If* you know what I mean."

The four tough kids had begun yelling, say what will your fiancée think of you now, go on back to Worcester Zabriski, would you like a hot dog. She had turned and shouted angrily at them, shut up you coots, and then she began saying, over and over, come on Pat, come on Patsy, give it to him, show him what you can do, show the kike what you can do, go on in and finish him, he can't take it, he can dish it out but he can't take it. ROUND SIX.

He paused in his typing, and straightened his back, and looked up at the dingy whitewashed wall, on which hung a small photograph of the James family—Henry and William sitting in garden chairs beside a wicker table, Alice standing behind them holding a sunshade, a cocker spaniel sprawled on the path. The garden was an English garden, an apricot or perhaps a peach tree was crucified flat on the brick wall, and the three good faces looked forward at him with an extraordinary integrity. Integrity! Yes, that was it, it wasn't only the intelligence, the wisdom, it was the profound and simple honesty of all three faces—faces carved slowly out of serene honesty as if out of some sort of benign marble. A book lay on the table—too large for "The Wings of the Dove," too small for "Varieties of Religious Experience." What would it be? And what were they thinking, what were they remembering together, as they thus faced the camera, or the world, with such serene simplicity and kindness? They all seemed to be looking steadfastly at the truth.

He interrupted his meditations on the English garden, the peach tree, the three faces, by sitting forward again and dropping his hands at the side of the machine.

Cush went out of the alcove with a sheet of yellow paper, holding it up and reading it as he pushed open the door. . . Romero crossed a right to the jaw as Pat scored with a light left to face. The challenger neatly ducked Zabriski's right and left swings. Both landed light lefts to body. In a sharp mixup Romero outpunched the champion and forced him to break ground. Zabriski had a hard time finding his fighting range, the feathery-footed challenger weaving, bobbing, dancing around, making it impossible for the champion to score. . . . The man behind him was beginning to say, gee, what's the matter with Zabriski, come on Zabriski you're rotten, for Christ's sake keep that left up, keep up that left. Why, he's making a monkey out of you. . . The four tough kids, ejected from their seats in the balcony, had reappeared on the floor, at the back, they were standing up on their chairs and booing, everybody turned to look at them, and a cop began walking slowly down the aisle toward them. One of them had a dirty cross of sticking-plaster on his forehead.

Cush came in again, with the sheet of paper still in his hand, and said—

"I don't know what it is, but whenever you really want something in this office you can't get it."

"Ain't that the truth. What is it now?"

"Nobody cares, my boy, nobody cares. They just don't take any interest. By the way, you aren't driving back I suppose, by any chance?"

"No, I'm walking."

"Walking! for the love of God."

III

They both typed steadily for a while. Above the sound of the machines they could hear the shrill whine of the dynamo in the basement and a vague rumor from the press-

room. Now and then a voice floated up from an open window in the alley. The fiancée had certainly been a hardboiled jane, and no mistake—a genuine gum-chewing blonde, with a jewel in every hole. But she was game, she was loyal. The woman marching by the beaten man! Her voice rose to a scream. Come on for God's sake Patsy, that left can't hurt you, go on in under that left, make him stop dancing and fight, mix it up with him. Lookit, his knees are getting weak, he's getting gröggy. O come on and stand up to him you big boloney. . . . ROUND ELEVEN.

There was something merciless, something fascinating, something profoundly cruel, like the snake hypnotizing the sparrow, in the way Romero's long left kept flashing lightly to Zabriski's right eye, right cheek, jabbing the side of his head, pushing him off, stabbing again and again. The champion, at first mystified, and then annoyed, at last became angry—he tried to rush that grinning superiority, to break down that dancing guard, he pushed the challenger repeatedly to the ropes, trying desperately to get to close quarters, but always to find himself blocked. Above him would always be that eye, that curious half amorous, half derisive look, gleaming down at him with a kind of infinite understanding, an understanding faintly and humorously tinged with pity. The fiancée was becoming more and more silent—only now and then, but with flagging conviction, saying—come on now Patsy, come on now bozo, don't let him get away with it. But the murmur from the whole hall grew every moment louder, more excited, more electric—it was becoming obvious that there would be a new champion. If Romero could last, if he could continue to compel Zabriski to box, avoid a last-round knockout—ROUND THIRTEEN.

"I suppose you heard that Bill Coit was through?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I heard it. Too bad. But surprising it didn't happen before."

"And would have, believe me, if it hadn't of been for Mary. That's a game kid, and she deserved better. Right now she ought to be in Arizona or a sanitarium or something."

"Yes, I know."

"The demon rum."

. . . As they shook hands for the final round, Zabriski sent a hard right to Romero's head and sent lefts and rights to body. Romero swung himself off his feet when he aimed a right to Pat's head and dropped to the canvas. Romero made a great rally. While plainly tired, he stood toe to toe with the champion and slugged freely. Romero landed a stinging left jab to Pat's face, while Zabriski dropped a right and left on Romero's body. The champion fought madly, crowding Romero but missing badly. Romero drove home several good rights and lefts to the head to finish the round with a light lead. Romero's round.

The excitement of the decision, the unanimous decision, the whole audience standing on chairs, the ridiculous knock-kneed dance of Romero as he shook his two gloves together in the air high over his head, all this was much less impressive than Zabriski lying on the table to be rubbed down, just saying laconically I was overtrained, I knew two days ago I couldn't make the weight. Fifteen pounds was too much, now I know better.

He fell asleep under the hands of the rubber, while his fiancée was having a drink with the manager outside the door. Sure, she was saying, I know, you don't need to tell me, I wasn't born yesterday. You just watch him next time.

And, of course, yes, there would be a

next time. He pulled the yellow sheet out of the machine. Twelve o'clock. Cush had stood up and was putting his coat on.

"If you're going down will you take this, Cush, I want to write a letter."

"Sure. Good night."

"Good night."

IV

But it wasn't a letter exactly,—he got up and began looking at the photograph of the James family once more. What he wanted to say to her was something about that—something about those people sitting there in a garden. If it were somehow possible to say that. To make her realize what that could mean.

"My dear, instead of writing you a letter, in the ordinary sense of the word, or instead of arguing with you further about this issue which has reared its scaly head between us, or telling you again for the thousandth time that I simply cannot bring myself to believe in this easy and casual habit of promiscuous flirtation, which you and so many other men and women eagerly defend, I am going to do something else. Perhaps this means that I've given up all hope of convincing you, perhaps it doesn't; it may even mean that I think any attempt to do so is now too late, since the gulf between us is already so immense that the wings of Father Imago himself seem too frail for such a voyage. Are you in fact not already lost to me? am I not lost to you? When we argue about it, no matter how amiably, we speak in turn, but neither of us listens, neither of us hears. It is no use my repeating again that I do not like to see you being kissed by every Tom, Dick and Harry who claims that privilege on the ground of his friendship for us both; it is no use my saying that I experience a deep revulsion, a deep schism of the spirit, when

I see you yield yourself, not unwillingly, to attentions even more sensuous than these, not only in my presence, but in the presence of other people as well. You will merely reply, wearily, that I am jealous, which I am; or that I am a prude, which I am not; you will say again, as you have so often said, that these things do not matter, that these little physical manifestations do not matter—as if one could ever for a minute separate the physical from the spiritual, as if the body were not just as much a part of the soul as the soul is a part of the body. If body and soul are indeed at all separable, which I doubt, then they are separable only in the sense that a pair of dancers is separable: as long as they dance, they are one; when they separate, the dance is over, something vital has come to an end. It is this disunion which seems to me evil, seems to me destructive. To love with the soul, but not with the body, is to love God, and that is perhaps a kind of death; to love with the body, but not the soul, is certainly a kind of death, for it starves the soul as swiftly as the other starves the body; only when we permit body and soul to love together do we really live. Before me as I write is a photograph of three people. What I really want to tell you about is these three people. I would like to tell you what they mean to me, what art-shape they made of their lives, what it might mean to you or to anybody to *realize* what they are as they sit there —"

He dropped his hands from the machine in a sudden despair. It was impossible, it was a kind of absurd daydream, it was unreal, he ought to have known better. It could not be done, would never be done. It could not be said. You felt these things, or you didn't . . . Instead, they would quarrel, and then quarrel again, they would quarrel day after day and night after night, there would be no end to it forever.

BIRTH CONTROL AND THE LAW

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

SINCE that hallowed day when Anthony Comstock stalked this earth and served the Lord, certain notable changes have occurred in the minds of even the most sanctimonious. Not many vice-sleuths and smut-hunters practicing among us at the moment are still illiterate enough to misunderstand contraception; and very few of them boast of numerous progeny. As to the non-messianic part of the population, its conversion to the ways of Satan is so complete that the production of heirs is now generally regarded as a private concern—not as the official business of postal inspectors or state assemblies.

Nevertheless, the famous doctrines of Comstock, the inspired drygoods clerk, and his righteous legions have not shed a comma since they were first enacted sixty-two years ago. The prevailing duties of married folk toward the State are still exactly the same: procreative backsliding cannot be legally excused for economic reasons nor for personal convenience. Every able-bodied wife is still legally obliged to increase and multiply without interruption, regardless of the quality of her output or its chances of survival and growth.

Fortunately, the citizenry has escaped the only logical method of enforcing such a preposterous civic scheme: i.e., the stationing of watchers and warders in every bedchamber to make sure that all married couples behave with statutory decency. However desirable and delectable such

policing might have been to the zealous left wing of the vice crusade, the business is clearly contrary to the constitution. In Connecticut, to be sure, the *use* of contraceptives is a criminal offense; but the typical statutory provision necessarily limits itself to prohibiting the manufacture, sale and distribution of materials and information to prevent conception.

The inevitable result is that the intelligent spacing of births is made to depend on the cleverness of each breeder in smuggling the most effective forbidden supplies into the medicine chest. As must be the case with all bootlegged commodities, such articles are frequently worthless and even dangerous to health. Since the traffic is illegal, the purchaser must take his chances. Nevertheless, as every one knows, the more educated classes have managed to limit the visitations of the stork to those times when the household is prepared to receive him. The number of children in the average middle-class family is less than three, a figure considerably lower than prevailed when fruitfulness was first urged by legal enactment.

The only apparent effect of this pious conspiracy to preserve ignorance is the increase of misery in those sections of the population where lack of contraceptive knowledge is unavoidably associated with the smallest economic ability. From the recent studies made by the Milbank Memorial Fund it appears that the poorest families have the most children. In the so-

called white collar class in 1932, there were 129 births for each thousand married women between the ages of 15 and 44; while among skilled workers the birth rate was 150, and for unskilled laborers 184. The rate of increase in homes without employed workers during the same year was 48% higher than in those whose provider was employed; and the families receiving relief were having 53% more births than those who were self-supporting. According to a statement of the United States Children's Bureau the number of children under the age of 16 now receiving emergency relief is nearly 7,500,000, which "represents one-sixth of the child population" of the Republic.

A typical charity case in my community is an unemployed lumberjack, his ailing wife and eleven children. Their "home" consists of a storeroom with no other furniture than three beds, a table and a stove and their only source of income is Federal relief. As each year brings a new heir to the patrimony the proud father notifies the local quartermaster to increase the rations accordingly. In patriotic recognition of the government's paternal response he named his last offspring Franklin Delano and vows that, if the next is a girl, she will be christened Nira.

Thousands of such families are to be found on relief rolls from coast to coast. Hence it is not surprising to read of desperate mothers who have resorted to criminality in order to escape the burdens of fecundity in poverty. In California several women actually "sold" their newborn babies for the expense of confinement. Again, one woman smothered her ninth baby with ammonia; another cut the throat of her nine months old daughter with a razor. The readiest explanation for such shocking crimes is, of course, insanity. But since each of these women had been ob-

serving the slow starvation of her eight other young children, it must be admitted that the resulting lunacy was surprisingly methodical.

It would logically appear that the first step toward the improvement of such conditions is the immediate distribution of reliable contraceptive information and supplies, to enable the destitute classes better to follow the customs of their wiser or more comfortable neighbors. For aside from the pain and despair of the parents and the children themselves, this unlimited output of customers for the soup kitchens does not seem to be the most intelligent sort of eugenics. But we have seen that as a matter of sober justice the unplanned production of new paupers and starvelings is no less desirable than the gestation of potential congressmen and vice crusaders. The many attempts to repeal the various state laws on the subject have been no more successful than the efforts to abrogate the original federal Comstockian masterpiece from which they were largely copied.

II

Under the statutes of fully half the states, the subject of birth control is a part of the general provision against obscenity, nastiness, lewdness and voluntary miscarriage. A contraceptive recipe, however universal its use may be among the law-makers themselves, stands in the same legal position as indecent exposure and bawdy verses on the latrine wall. And any mother who provides her newly wedded daughter with "any medicine, nostrum, drug, instrument or device" that may defer pregnancy, belongs to the category of a quack abortionist.

It is a medical fact that nephritis, tuberculosis and other diseases are almost cer-

tain to be aggravated by child birth and may cause the death of the mother. Nevertheless, under the definition of common decency now effective in eight sovereign commonwealths and the District of Columbia, no exemption is given to physicians or nurses for the protection of patients under such circumstances. The doctor must wait until after conception has lawfully taken place and then save the mother's life by surgical means. But it is doubtful whether such an operation would be lawful on the ground that the child would be born with—say—congenital syphilis. Nor can a wife plead that she has already presented her moronic or alcoholic mate with half a dozen abnormal descendants. Under the laws of Missouri, Pennsylvania and Nebraska, it is provided that contraception may be taught in chartered medical colleges and included in standard medical books. But the knowledge cannot legally leave the doctor's technical bookshelves and the distribution of supplies is a criminal offense.

In New York and Minnesota a physician may give birth control instruction and materials to his patients, but only "for the cure and prevention of disease." If the ailment happens to be simply chronic starvation the case does not fall within the statutory exception. Presumably such patients must let nature take its course and notify the charitable authorities after confinement. Most statutes prescribe penalties for the sale, possession, giving away, or lending of contraceptive materials or implements but say nothing about the legality of conveying oral information on the subject. But in Mississippi, birth control methods cannot be discussed even in a whisper. In fact, this State regards the entire principle of procreation as a double shame. A fine of \$25 may be imposed against any person "who shall keep a stal-

lion or jack . . . in public view of an enclosure bordering on a public highway or nearer thereto than one hundred yards."

In Connecticut the prohibition against the *use* of contraceptives applies with equal force to idiots, epileptics and feeble-minded persons. Such defectives, however, are condemned by special statute to perpetual chastity. If they marry, and the woman is under forty-five years of age, both parties may be imprisoned for three years.

It is worthy of note that twenty-two States have no specific statutes classifying contraception among the "libidinous and scortatory" offenses. But none of these has been free enough of religious prejudice to recognize birth control as a salutary social policy. All of them save one have ample enactments on the general subject of obscenity; and whether the limitation of births violates such provisions depends on the peculiar religious or moral notions of individual judges. There are decisions to sustain both sides of the question.

The same lack of uniformity exists in the attitude of prosecuting officers. Some of them strive to make their legal performances conform with their private practices. But this does not mean that the grand sports of devil-worrying and sin-chasing have permanently lost the furor of the nasty nineties. As recently as March, 1934, the Hon. Leo A. Rover, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, addressing the Senate Judiciary Committee, asserted that it was impossible to explain birth control to laymen "without including grossly obscene matter." During the same hearings, Canon William Sheafe Chase of the Lord's Day Alliance discounted the growing illusion that people cannot be made good by law and insisted that the feat could be easily accomplished by good men, if "we have the law and the State behind us."

III

As if the various State laws were not sufficiently loaded with antiquated barbarity, they are all supplemented by the Federal enactment of 1873 which is still in force without modification in every jurisdiction. Thanks to an amendment that the holy Anthony affectionately called "my bill," the phrase "for the prevention of conception" was inserted in the catalogue of things "obscene, filthy, lewd and immoral." Consequently the transportation of contraceptive literature or materials by mail is punishable with a fine of \$5,000 in addition to imprisonment for five years. The general ban makes no exception in favor of scientific writings or the usual activities of doctors and hospitals.

On the question of what may be declared unmailable the Postmaster General enjoys the ample powers of an ex-officio censor of public morals whose special assignment is to guarantee the proverbial irresponsibility of storks. Federal judges have frequently ruled that his decisions "must be regarded as conclusive by the courts unless it appears that he is clearly wrong." So that even if a medical book manages to satisfy all statutory requirements it may still be denied a passport because of the moral scruples of the Department itself. To avoid all risks the publishers prefer to print nothing that explains contraceptive methods. Since the same penalties apply to transportation by express or common carrier, it may be imagined that the general stock of professional knowledge on the subject cannot legally reach a very high level. The doctor who prefers to be well informed and humane, instead of simply law-abiding, must obtain his information by subterfuge and then supply the materials to his patients with the help of illicit purveyors.

No less difficult are the functions of the various birth control clinics now in operation in a number of States. Such institutions could accomplish a truly civilized purpose if they were permitted to serve destitute families without legal restrictions. But in some commonwealths they must evade the obscenity laws and in others they are forced to pretend that their clientele consists wholly of physically disabled mothers. In either case the Federal law makes it impossible for them to obtain or distribute the necessary drugs or clinical information through the usual channels.

Among the favorite methods whereby the purity of mail boxes is maintained is the writing of decoy letters to provoke the unwary sinner to violate the law. The practice was resorted to with good results when Comstock wore the badge of postal inspector and has been employed ever since with judicial approval. In *The United States Vs. Ackley* (1912) and *The United States Vs. Pilson* (1918) the evidence obtained by postal officers posing as interested women was deemed sufficient to sustain conviction. Encouraged by such precedents the same sort of stool-pigeoning in the service of the Lord is also used under the State laws. In New York City, as recently as 1929, Mrs. McNamara, a policewoman, entered a birth control clinic ostensibly as a mother of a large family in need of contraceptive assistance. She returned soon after with other members of the police force, raided the office, took possession of confidential medical records and arrested two doctors and three nurses. The case was later dismissed by a friendly magistrate for technical reasons. But this method of law enforcement naturally discourages doctors in giving aid even to applicants in the most serious economic distress.

IV

Originally, the business of defining sin and suppressing it with policemen's clubs was a burden assumed almost entirely by protestant angels. Indeed the first committee for the Suppression of Vice was created by the Young Men's Christian Association. But during the last decade birth control has been endorsed by most of the Protestant sects, including the Federal Council of Churches of Christ, which comprises 27 denominations, and even the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

To be sure, a number of Fundamentalists appeared at the Senate hearings as agents for two or three militant societies for clean living. But the only Protestant churches officially represented were the several branches of the Lutheran denomination. The Mother Church, on the contrary, had nuncios from 2,694 lay societies with a total membership of 5,000,000 men and women. Among the speakers most alarmed about the decline of the birth rate was Monsignor John A. Ryan, a celibate priest who had taken special vows to leave the multiplication table to his parishioners. What renders such forensic performances even more entertaining is the fact that in the average Catholic home, John Malthus has been scoring heavily against Thomas Aquinas. The same Monsignor Ryan, writing in the *Commonweal* for February, 1934, laments:

We Catholics have been living in a fool's paradise as regards our assumption that we are having larger families. . . . It seems to be a fact that the present child-bearing and potential child-bearing generation of Catholics is not reproducing itself.

Yet when the bill was passed by the Senate, the request to reconsider it came from the Hon. Pat McCarran, the Catho-

lic senator from Nevada. Since nobody is trying to make the use of contraceptives compulsory, it is not easy to understand why an indoctrinated minority group should insist on enforcing its unpracticed theories on its more candid neighbors.

The favorite religious prejudice is that contraception, being "an interference with nature", is consequently contrary to "moral natural law." But unless it is also contended that barbers and surgeons are illegitimate pruners of the physiological processes, it would appear that the application of "natural" intelligence to increase human comfort is not necessarily a manifestation of evil. Moreover, nature herself is known to practice a few immoral economies. Every human female is born with not less than 70,000 primordial eggs, all latent sons and daughters. But the maximum number of her offspring, without contraception, seldom exceeds fifteen or twenty. All the rest is inscrutable "natural" destruction of potential heirs-apparent.

In *The People Vs. Ethel Byrne*, the learned judges soberly pointed out, among the blessings of the existing laws, "that men and women and boys and girls lacking in moral stamina are deterred from fornication by the fear of detection through the pregnancy of the female." From this it would appear that biological fright is conducive to virtue and that legally fostered ignorance is the best safeguard against the aberrations of moral weaklings; while bootlegged wisdom serves the purpose of their betters. That the statutes have had the very opposite effect is shown by the fact that 6,000 women die every year in the Republic as the result of unsuccessful voluntary abortions and 30,000 others become the unwilling mothers of illegitimate children. Nor is it easy to grasp any great moral lesson from the fact that thousands

of other infants escape the bar sinister, but die soon after with ironic legality. According to Ray Erwin Baber, the death rate for children born within two years after the preceding child is 50% higher than for those arriving after a longer interval. It is also certain that those who survive rickets and malnutrition in overcrowded and indigent households are frequently driven to such careers as child labor, illiteracy and delinquency. Yet in *Commonwealth Vs. Allison* the highest Court of Massachusetts held that the purpose of the birth control statutes is "to defend the sanctity of the home, and thus engender . . . a virile and virtuous race of men and women"!

Another favorite contention is that controlled maternity leads inevitably to race extinction. In other words, parents will no longer love babies when their arrival ceases to be accidental. It should be significant, however, that in Holland unlimited contraceptive instruction has been available for more than fifty years and Holland's birth rate is almost double the figure that Comstockery has been able to induce in the United States.

V

Some optimistic liberals entertain the vain hope that the Courts will eventually nullify the existing statutes. In support of their expectations they refer to two recent decisions in which the judges manifested less respect for Victorian prudery than for enlightened current opinion. One of the rulings was handed down in 1931 in *The United States Vs. One Book entitled "Contraception"*. The defendant before the bar of justice was a volume by Dr. Marie C. Stopes which gave "information to the medical profession regarding the operation of birth control clinics" and contained

the necessary diagrams, pictures and explanations. The question was whether such a book, printed in England, could enter the United States despite the provisions of the Tariff Act against the importation of "obscene" literature.

The Court ruled in favor of admittance because there could be nothing indecent in a scientific treatise. It must be remembered, however, that although the Tariff law forbids the importation of contraceptives, it does not specifically bar birth control information. The case did not involve the two other sections of the Federal code against circulation of knowledge by mail or common carrier. If the decision is to be taken as a modification of statutory law the ludicrous result is that such books may enter the United States but cannot legally move anywhere outside the port of entry!

The second case (*The United States Vs. Davis, Ohio, 1933*.) involved the interstate transportation of a well known rubber device. It was convincingly shown that the article had "a legitimate medical and surgical use in the treatment and prevention of disease" and that the accused manufacturer had shipped it to wholesale houses and retail druggists and not to the general public. There was evidence that this particular firm sold as many as 20,000,000 such commodities every year; a fact that was not easily explained by the theory of disease prevention. Nonetheless, the Court held that no crime had been committed since there was no proof that the accused *intended* that his product should be misused as a contraceptive.

But all this well-meant quibbling accomplishes nothing more toward the abolition of the statutory provision than to help the druggists in their delinquencies. Shipment for distribution to the ultimate consumer is still illegal. Besides, the ruling is neces-

sarily restricted to the article under consideration. The countless other prescriptions and devices that cannot masquerade as preventives of infection are still unmailable.

However much liberal judges may wish to limit the application of obsolete statutes, they cannot rewrite them. Nor can they reverse the legislative policy by saying that sociologists are doctors or that poverty is a venereal disease. Thus in *The People Vs. Sanger* (New York, 1918), the sentence of thirty days in the workhouse was allowed to stand. The opinion of Justice Crane, concurred in by all the judges, including Cardozo, holds:

Much of the argument presented to us by the appellant touching social conditions and sociological questions are matters for the legislatures and not for the courts.

In other words, the only way to be rid of statutory bigotries is to repeal them. Hence it is not easy to understand why birth control advocates are limiting their demands to the insertion of an exception in the Federal law, in favor of doctors and hospitals. It is not to be denied that intelligent contraception will always remain primarily a medical problem, but it does

not follow that the knowledge should be made a medical monopoly. After all, the use of the Federal postal authority as a means of regulating moral conduct in the various States is an obvious usurpation of power. It is likewise certain that all attempts by the Congress or the local governments to preserve lay ignorance on any question belong to the ridiculous category of the Tennessee enactment against evolution.

Since contraceptives have become, despite the law, commodities no less indispensable than any other drug or appliance in common use, it would appear reasonable that the law should recognize their existence and make the usual provisions for the protection of the consumer. The only legislative concern should be the purity and fair representation of the various products and the suppression of the quack advertising now fostered by the contraband nature of the subject. We have seen that the attempt to elevate moralistic hypocrisy into serene justice is not conducive to the most wholesome social conditions. Neither is it likely to increase the popular respect for the wiser provisions of law and order.

WOMEN AVAILABLE

BY RUTH L. PORTERFIELD

HERE are the case histories of five unemployed college women whom I know in New York. This factual account of the situation in which they find themselves may explode the common theory that it is the unfit who have not survived the depression and that those endowed with education and experience have come through unscathed. These girls, it is true, still have a few friends to help them out occasionally, but they are fast approaching the depths of destitution to which unemployed women of the working classes have already fallen. Theirs is a fair cross-section of the experiences of thousands of similarly well educated young women in all parts of the country.

Vera

Vera has never had a job. Almost every day of her first year in New York was spent in the discouraging routine all too familiar to the inexperienced college graduate looking for work. Employment agencies and prospective employers were equally indifferent to her plight when they discovered her lack of experience. And the money that she spent on stamps for answering want ads was wasted; her letters never elicited replies.

For a time she lived on a small inheritance. But by the summer of 1934 it was gone and she seemed as far as ever from any hope of getting a job. Despite the intense heat and the growing nausea and weakness of slow starvation she continued

to look for work for a month after her funds gave out. During this period she did not pay any rent for her furnished room and for food she depended almost entirely on occasional dinner invitations from her friends. There were not many of these invitations because she did not tell anyone how desperate her situation really was. Sometimes, though, she would borrow a dollar which usually went for carfare when she got so tired she couldn't walk further or, contrary to her better judgment, for food.

After four weeks of assuring her landlady that she would soon get a job and pay her rent she came home one night to find that all her clothing and personal belongings had disappeared during her absence. Frantic, she appealed to the landlady who told her that everything would be returned when she paid her rent. The value of her possessions was of course far greater than the amount of her unpaid rent and she asked friends to loan her twelve dollars, the sum of her indebtedness. When she went home that night to redeem her possessions she found that a new lock had been put on the outside door of the house and that her key no longer fitted it. She rang the bell and knocked for a long time, but there was no answer.

In a daze, she went to the park and sat on a bench and cried until a policeman threatened to arrest her on a charge of vagrancy if she stayed any longer. That night she slept, or tried to sleep, in the

waiting room of the Grand Central. Once a guard told her to leave, but when he discovered she was so weak and sick that she couldn't stand he relented. Later she discovered that homeless women often sleep in the big stations, pretending to be waiting for a morning train. She also found women lying behind the heating and ventilating shafts in subway toilets. In spite of the fact that the weather was exceptionally hot, most of them were wearing several suits of underclothing and two or three dresses. Not having any place to leave their belongings they had to wear everything they owned.

Vera herself slept in all the Y.W.C.A.s in town in rotation: homeless girls can spend one night in each. Finally someone directed her to the Girls' Service League. By that time she was reduced to a state of thinking that it would be a privilege to work without a salary—anything for some food and a dependable roof over her head. She was sent out for an interview with a prospective employer, but never got there. It was very hot and, except for a little bread, Vera had had nothing to eat for three days. She isn't sure what happened. But she remembers leaving the Girls' Service League and feeling especially dizzy and sick. The next thing she knew she was in a bed in Bellevue Hospital. Vera lay there three weeks: in falling she had struck her head on the pavement and suffered a severe concussion.

When she was discharged from Bellevue she was still too weak to look for a job. Consequently, she was forced to appeal to the few friends that she has in the city. But, since they are none too well off themselves, she refuses to take more than a small sum from them each month. She is living in a ramshackle tenement, sharing a room with a homeless woman whom she met at the Girls' Service League. The room is with-

out improvements, except for cold running water and a gas plate. The paint is dirty and no amount of washing seems to have any effect on it.

A mutual friend recently took me to see Vera. It was early evening and the two girls were having their dinner which consisted of rice and carrots. While they ate, cockroaches ran across the table. For weeks they have been trying to get rid of them and of the other vermin that infest the place, but so far their efforts have been unavailing. The walls separating the apartment from the others in the building are so thin that we could hear almost every sound in the house: water running, dogs barking, children crying, and angry voices raised in interminable quarreling.

A few days before our visit someone had thrown a stone through one of the windows and cold blasts of air increased the discomfort of an interior that is always tomblike and damp. The girls were wearing winter coats; their fingers were blue with the cold; we could see our breath as we talked. The broken window had been called to the attention of the owner who promised to get around to it when he could. "In the meantime, stuff the hole with rags," he advised, "fresh air is good for you." He is similarly indifferent to the fact that the ceiling is falling: a few inches come down every day when there are fist fights in the apartment upstairs.

Vera is now in the third year of her unemployment. If she is completely discouraged, she does not say so. In fact, she told me she had recovered sufficiently from her fall to start looking for work again. "Only I'll have to have something to wear first," she said. "No one will hire me looking this way." Her one dress has been cleaned and mended until there is nothing left of it; she has no hat and there are large holes in her shoes.

Lately she applied for relief, but so far nothing has come of it. The woman who was sent to interview her by the Home Relief Bureau spent the morning discussing her own religious problems and trying to convert Vera to Christian Science. After much talk about the "free flow of a supply of light" she suddenly announced that she was "frozen to death" and left in a great hurry, promising to return in a few days. So far she has not returned.

Margaret

Margaret presents a strong contrast to Vera: her morale has been completely shattered by the depression. Eight years ago this past June she was the pride of the graduating class of one of the best known women's colleges in the country. She was offered a fellowship, but felt that she should decline it in favor of working and trying to help her family in the Middle West. She went into publishing in which she did exceptionally well, partly because publishing was in its heyday and partly because of her ability. She sent money home and had an attractive apartment.

Her magazine stood the first two years of the depression, but in 1931 it went under and she was out of a job. At first she looked for a position as good as the one she had lost, but there were not many like that in 1931. And the weary months, during which her savings went like snow in the sun, taught her to take anything she could get. She ran the gamut of cheap typing jobs: fourteen dollars a week and a lame back were all she had to show for the longest, hardest days she had ever known. If she typed less than two thousand form letters a week her salary was cut to twelve dollars. And when the nervous strain of such work and living in a cold room made her ill and she stayed away from the office for a day or two, she got fired.

By 1933 she seemed to be permanently out of a job. She spent much of that year looking for work but could find nothing and now she has stopped looking. She can no longer bring herself to face the self-assured indifference of receptionists when they turn her out at the mere mention of the word job. A well developed inferiority complex makes her think that her misfortunes are her own fault and no one can convince her that this is not the case.

The tables are reversed now: her family sends her a few dollars each month—enough for the rent of a bleak loft. They are in bankruptcy themselves and cannot afford even the little that they give her. Nor can they afford to have her come home; they think that in the city she will soon find work. Not having seen her in a long time they have no idea of the tragedy of her situation; in her letters to them she tries to conceal the truth. If it were not for her friends she would starve. They have a regular routine for entertaining her so that she has a dinner invitation almost every night. Dinner is her only meal. When one of the friends forgets that it is her turn to be hostess, Margaret doesn't eat at all.

She knows that she should reward the hospitality that is offered her by seeming her former gay self, but it is almost impossible for her to be anything but apathetic and apologetic. She feels herself a burden and she knows that her appearance is anything but attractive: she hasn't even the facilities for keeping clean. Worst of all, she has lost almost half her teeth, although she is not yet thirty. Dental clinics will extract an aching tooth without charge, but fillings and inlays run into money. . . .

Frances

A little over a year ago Frances lost her job when the advertising agency in

which she had been employed since her graduation from college failed. Since then she has found that education, six years of experience, and the most tireless energy can count as nothing in the search for work. Her terror at being jobless was intensified by the fact that in a small upstate town she had a mother and younger sister who were almost completely dependent on her for support: each week she had sent them part of her salary. Because of this generosity she was not fortified by much of a savings account when the disaster of unemployment came and her downfall has been unusually rapid.

At present Frances seems as far as ever from finding anything, although her days are still given over to an intensive program of job hunting. She would rather be out in the cold streets and winter storms than in her tiny hall bedroom with its one window opening on an airshaft and its nauseating odor of grease, kerosene, illuminating gas, and defective drains. The absence of light and heat and air she finds as nothing compared with the horror of this overpowering and inescapable stench. However, she has tried enough cheap rooming houses to know that they all have similar drawbacks.

Besides looking for work, her other major preoccupation is the everlasting struggle to keep up appearances—to look well dressed on nothing a year. If she is shabby she will never find work. But without running water or electricity she finds it practically impossible to keep herself or her clothing clean and so she takes her laundry with her when she goes to see friends and utilizes their facilities. On such occasions she bathes, too; there is no tub in her house.

Frances has sold her fur coat and all her more valuable clothing. First she had to part with her furniture at a great finan-

cial loss and then her clothes; and by Christmas she was reduced to selling her books. Every other day she took six of them to a second-hand shop, and if they were nicely bound and in good condition she got twenty cents for the six. That was all the money she had for food. She had fallen behind in her rent, too, and was being threatened with eviction.

Always ravenously hungry, Frances decided to apply for a Christmas basket from one of the relief agencies: if she were careful, she could make such a supply of food do for a week or more. The day before Christmas the basket was delivered. Visualizing fruit and a cold roasted chicken, Frances tore frantically at the paper; she was so hungry that she couldn't wait to untie it. Inside the basket there was a purplish slab of raw beef and an uncooked chicken. Since she had no cooking facilities she asked her landlady to cook the meat in exchange for a share of it. The arrangement was eagerly assented to but, unfortunately, the landlady, filled with holiday spirit, got drunk and let both roasts burn up.

Sometime ago Frances applied for relief, because she felt that such a course would be less distasteful than accepting money from her friends. Last week, after the usual procedure of investigation, she was notified that her application had been acted on favorably. This means that from now on her rent will be paid and that, every two weeks, she will receive \$6.60 for food, clothing and other necessities of existence.

Janet

I climbed four flights of rickety stairs to see Janet and her mother. The room was very cold, and her mother was lying on a couch shivering beneath a pile of blankets. At the clinic they said she can-

not live more than a few months: cancer, advanced stage.

Janet sat with a scarf round her neck and her hand spread over one side of her face. She always sits that way now, trying to conceal her birthmark—a reddish, purple patch that covers one side of her neck and part of a cheek. In other and better years she was able to afford a certain patented product that completely hid the blemish. Twice a day she painted her face and neck with this cosmetic that meant all the difference between the normal life she once lived and the life of the shrinking social outcast that she is today. Although the lotion is worth its weight in gold to her, she cannot afford it; the price is ten dollars a bottle and she has no money and no job. Furthermore, she is afraid that she never will have one as long as her disfigurement is so apparent. She tries to cover it with ordinary face powder, but without success.

The room would be unspeakably dreary if it were not for the fact that there are a great many books. Books are a liability, though, if you have to go on relief, as Janet and her mother discovered a few months ago. The investigator who came to see them was "shocked" to note such evidence of former prosperity and suggested that they sell the books at once. Unimpressed by their explanation that the books would bring practically nothing, she asked them if they didn't regret not having saved their money. Later she sent a colleague around to see what he would make of the strange situation. After urging them at some length to "come clean," he was finally convinced that they were not millionaires in disguise and endorsed their application for relief.

Except for this relief they have absolutely no money. It is a far call from the day, not so long ago, when Janet held

a good position in the personnel department of a large bank. The depression meant consolidations, amalgamations, and retrenchments that finally left her without a job. Her experience and the fact that she is an alumna of a famous New York university and has done graduate work at Oxford do not seem to have helped her much in the two years that she has been looking for work. She couldn't even get a job in a department store during the Christmas rush last year. "You have to be very chic to do merchandising these days," she was told by a young girl in the employment bureau.

Just now she probably couldn't take a job because the days when her mother is so ill that she can't be left alone are increasingly frequent. On relief it is impossible to buy the expensive medicine, the morphine, the thousand and one things that a sick person has to have. Janet denies herself literally everything so that she will have more money for these necessities. She lives largely on potatoes, and not very many of them. The brother of a college friend, who is interning in a local hospital, tries to prescribe for her mother, but there is little he can do.

Louise

A newspaper man discovered Louise while he was on an assignment and later took me to see her. She is a college graduate with five years' experience as a teacher in a secretarial school. Two years ago the school closed and she was not able to get another job. Her savings went quickly, especially since she was ill—threatened with tuberculosis—and had to spend a few months in a sanatorium. When her money gave out she knew what it was like to be hungry and she was evicted from more than one furnished room and cheap boarding house.

Finally she came down to sleeping in the various emergency shelters that have been provided for women since the depression. In the daytime she wandered about in a stupor of hunger and fatigue, looking for any kind of work—however menial and however badly paid. By that time she was too miserable to be very efficient or to know exactly what she was doing. And after a night or two in each of these shelters she had to think of some other place to go: there is a rule that the shelters are for temporary emergencies only.

There was nothing left but the municipal lodging house. She was trying to reconcile herself to going there when another unemployed girl whom she had met at one of the shelters invited her to spend a few nights with her and two of her friends. The three of them had found a room for which they did not have to pay any rent and, with characteristic generosity, they asked Louise to share their meager quarters.

These girls have been there for several months now. One of them is on relief and she shares her biweekly stipend of \$6.60 with the others. That is all the money they have. The owner of the house lets them stay without paying any rent because the room is so undesirable that she can't get a tenant for it. If she does have a chance to rent it, they will have to go. The room is small and there is no heat, artificial

light, or running water. The girls have to sleep in shifts because there are only two cots. Other furniture is at a minimum, but they do not mind that as much as they do the absence of cooking facilities. Because they can't cook they have to live on bananas: they read somewhere that bananas are more filling than anything else at the same price.

Pooling their resources in the way of clothing, the girls have one costume fit to appear on the street. They try to keep it clean and in repair, and in rotation each of them wears it for a day and goes out job hunting. While she is gone the others sit around in their rags and talk about food. Sometimes they are so hungry that they visit the owner of the house around meal time, hoping she will offer them something to eat. It is a foolish idea, though, because she looks at them and says, "Did you know that if you're hungry a good drink of water will take away your appetite and do you as much good as food?"

Louise has no family. If she has friends in the city she will not admit it—probably because she does not want them to see her desperate poverty. She insists that she will either get a job soon or else be successful in going on relief and that, in any case, there is no cause for concern about her. But she looks tragically tired and worn, and she has an ominous cough.

THE WHISKEY RING FRAUD¹

BY GRAYSON L. KIRK

“THE plague is advancing west. Advise our friends to leave the city.”

This cryptic telegram, sent from Washington, D. C., to St. Louis in May, 1875, gave final warning to the great Whiskey Ring that it had run its course and that the government had at last determined to put an end to one of the most calloused frauds of the miserable Grant administration. The Ring, an organization of distillers and corrupt government officials, had flourished for nearly five years. Millions of gallons of whiskey had been illicitly manufactured by reputable firms and dumped upon the market without contributing a cent in taxes to the Federal Treasury. Millions of dollars had been diverted to the pockets of the thieves. It had been a great game while it lasted.

The leaders of the Ring had believed that it would last. There was so much profit that they had ample funds for bribery. With this money they had so carefully built up their organization that they boasted almost openly that no force in the government was powerful enough to crush them. Their conspiracy did not rest merely upon a corrupt bargain between the distillers and a few underpaid revenue collectors, but ran across the country to Washington, through the offices of the Treasury, and even into the White House where many of the Ring members had been led to believe that General Grant

was privy to the whole affair. When perfected, the Ring did include the President's secretary, General Orville E. Babcock; William Avery, the chief clerk in the Internal Revenue Office; General John A. McDonald, supervisor of Internal Revenue for the district of Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Indian Territory, New Mexico, and Texas; numerous subordinate collectors of revenue, including especially C. W. Ford and Colonel John A. Joyce of St. Louis; various local Missouri politicians; and the owners of ten or more large distilleries and rectifying plants. J. W. Douglass, United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue, while not a member of the Ring, knew for years of its existence and made no effort, until just before his dismissal, to take any action against it. Obviously, there was good reason for the arrogance of the Ring. Few fraudulent conspiracies in the nation's history have had such distinguished patrons.

Indeed, had Secretary Richardson, of the Treasury, not appointed an obscure collector of delinquent taxes named Sanborn, the Ring might have enjoyed a long, if not an honorable, existence. But Sanborn's activities were so offensive that public exposure, and a congressional investigation, forced both men out of office in disgrace. The Ring was not aware of it, but Richardson's resignation marked the beginning of the end.

The vacant Secretaryship of the Treasury was filled in June, 1874, by the ap-

¹ This is the fourth in the Thieveries of the Republic Series.

pointment of Benjamin Bristow, a lean Kentuckian who had the rare virtues of personal integrity and a keen solicitude for honesty in public administration. Bristow had not been in office three months when he became convinced that the revenues from the whiskey taxes were suspiciously small. Time after time inspectors were sent out from the Treasury department to check the records of collectors and supervisors and to examine the books of the distillers. And time after time the inspectors reported that, as far as they could determine, all was in order. But the new Secretary did not dismiss the matter. He still felt that something was mysteriously wrong somewhere along the line, and he decided to test his theory by a general shift, transferring a number of supervisors and special agents, including those at St. Louis, to new posts.

The order was given—and almost immediately official word came from the White House to revoke it. Thereafter, Bristow must have been sure of two things; that corruption did exist, and that the ordinary channels of official action could not be used for ferreting it out. Wisely enough, he decided to confide in almost no one, even in his own department. While he was casting about in the early months of 1875 for a method of attack upon the problem, he had a stroke of rare luck. One day a stranger called at the Treasury and gave him a letter from G. W. Fishback, proprietor of the St. Louis *Democrat*. Fishback, who had sent the letter by way of a friend because he knew the regular lines of communication could not be trusted, informed the Secretary that he knew of the existence of a gigantic organization to defraud the Treasury, and volunteered his aid in establishing proof. If Secretary Bristow would secretly send a special agent, Fishback

could show him how to conduct his investigation.

II

Bristow was delighted and immediately replied, suggesting that Fishback come to Washington for a conference. As a result of this, Myron Coloney, secretary of the St. Louis Cotton Exchange, and commercial editor of Fishback's paper, the *Democrat*, received a special commission to begin the investigation. This time, Bristow had no intention of allowing the matter to slip through his hands. He knew the character of the Grant political appointees, and in his entire department he trusted only his young solicitor, Major Bluford Wilson; one supervisor, Hunt; and one special revenue agent, Yaryan. Elaborate precautions were taken. A new cipher was devised and, as an added safeguard, all correspondence with Coloney was sent *via* a private citizen in Washington.

The Coloney-Fishback method of investigation was in itself comparatively simple. With the help of a small clerical force and Yaryan, the one trusted agent, who was ostensibly in St. Louis to investigate delinquent railroad taxes, they began to check railway bills of lading in order to secure accurate figures of the amount of liquor shipped out of the city by the various distillers and rectifiers. These totals could then be checked with the sworn returns upon which the manufacturers had paid taxes. The difference, except for the relatively small quantity consumed within the city, would represent the extent of the fraud.

At the same time Coloney and Yaryan sought to fortify their case by posting special secret watchers near each distillery to check movements of grain and whiskey.

These watchers soon reported that, contrary to law, all the suspected plants were receiving grain and shipping whiskey during the night, and that nearly all of them continued in operation throughout the night hours.

Despite the elaborate plans of the investigators, the Ring soon knew that something was up. Fishback's hostility was well known, and his trip to Washington had been observed. Failing to secure information through the regular Washington agents, the Ring had sent a special emissary to the Capitol, who pretended to be a private citizen who knew of the Ring and desired to coöperate with the Treasury in exposing it. Bristow narrowly missed being taken in by this ruse. His suspicion having been aroused by the man's curiosity concerning government plans, he managed to put him off without revealing what he proposed to do. Later, the Ring discovered the watchers at the distillery gates, and learned of the railway shipment investigations. But, by this time, it was too late to cover up. The harm had been done and the evidence could not possibly be concealed.

The Ring's only hope then lay in forcing Bristow's hand. Officials hurried to Washington, but, while the White House was not enthusiastic about the investigation, relations between the President and Secretary Bristow were such that informal pressure could not be used without further arousing the already growing suspicion of the Secretary. Clearly, the fat was in the fire!

As Bristow had anticipated, the results of the investigation more than bore out his suspicions. It was reported that the Treasury was being defrauded in St. Louis alone of approximately \$1,200,000 a year, and that the stealing had been carried on in an organized fashion since 1871.

Similar stealing was apparently going on at Milwaukee, Chicago, and other points where distilleries were operating.

Armed with this information, the Secretary gave orders to a group of special Treasury agents to proceed at once to St. Louis, and to seize the distilleries, their operators, and the revenue agents who had obviously connived at the falsification of tax returns. These agents were "the plague" referred to in the telegram of warning. Ten distilleries—all of them supposedly reputable—were seized and the government laid its proofs in the hands of the district attorney who set his entire office staff at work upon the huge task of preparing the cases for the grand jury. As far as the public knew, the Ring had been taken by surprise in a swift and dramatic coup.

Naturally, all of this made excellent newspaper copy. "A Gigantic Ring Exposed," flamed the headlines of the New York *Tribune*. For days, columns were filled with accounts of the seizures, and speculations as to the possible extent of the frauds. It was a stirring time for sensational news reporting. The air was filled with rumors of the whereabouts of Charley Ross, child victim of the most famous—and unsolved—kidnapping plot of the time. The Beecher-Tilton trial—in which Henry Ward Beecher, foremost divine of his generation, was stridently defending himself from lurid adultery charges—was drawing to an inglorious close. And now, to the long succession of governmental scandals was added the whiskey disclosures.

In spite of such a welter of scandal, the whiskey affair provoked surprisingly little ire among editorial writers. The usual comments, trite by this time, were made, but there was an air of weariness even about the acid remark of the *Nation* that

"as far as our observation has gone, people are much more occupied with the vast extent of the whiskey frauds . . . than with the condition of the civil service which has made these frauds possible."

III

The story which was being unearthed, bit by bit, by the investigators and later by the grand jury was extremely interesting. Early in 1871, Conduce Megrue, a former revenue agent in Cincinnati, went to St. Louis where he entered into an agreement with C. W. Ford, the district revenue collector, General McDonald, the supervisor, Joyce, his secretary, and William McKee, a local newspaperman and a power in the Republican party. In this agreement among these five men, the Ring had its origin.

The first step was to reach an understanding with the distillers whereby the latter would, for a consideration, be permitted to manufacture and sell whiskey on which no tax had been collected. The conspirators had little trouble in accomplishing this. The distilling business had been precarious ever since the Civil War, at which time successive increases in taxation, which raised the rates from nothing at all to \$1.50 a gallon, had first led to a rapid over-production and then inevitably to the accumulation of huge quantities of surplus stocks. Evasion of the law had been widely resorted to, and whiskey was often sold in the market for less than the amount of the Federal tax. In 1868, a committee of the House of Representatives had reported the existence of numerous frauds in the form of forged brands, secret pipes from distilleries to rectifying plants, and the like. Consequently, with habits of tax evasion already established, most of the distillers welcomed the formation of

the Ring and the protection which it afforded. Those manufacturers who did not voluntarily enter the arrangement, and who had not been evading the law, were promptly framed by the Federal agents who then offered the alternative of lucrative Ring membership or Federal prosecution. So the Ring was formed.

The next task was to establish connections in Washington, connections which would either guarantee immunity from investigation or provide secret advance notice of the impending visit of special revenue inspectors. Both methods were used, and arrangements were made with various officials and subordinates whereby, for a split in the profits, full information would be made available. In making these arrangements, General McDonald was invaluable. A personal war-time friend and appointee of Grant, he had access at all times to the White House, and it was extremely easy to use this friendship in such a way as to give the inference that the President had lent his approval to the scheme.² Grant owned a farm near St. Louis and, when he visited it in the fall of 1874, he appeared with McDonald at the St. Louis fair, drove about with him publicly, and stayed as his guest at the Lindell hotel. McDonald, in his turn, lost no opportunity to cultivate his powerful friend. He saw to it that the President's mediocre stallion, Young Hambletonian, won first prize at the fair. He made the President a gift of an expensive buggy, a whip costing \$25 and a fine team of horses equipped with gold-plated harness. He showered the White House with shipments of wild game, fresh fruits, and rare tit-bits for the Presidential table.

² Later, McDonald wrote, or probably ghosted, a personal and rancorous account of the whole affair entitled "Secrets of the Great Whiskey Ring" (Chicago, 1880).

Even more personal hospitality was shown by the Ring to General Orville E. Babcock, the President's dapper, ruthless, little private secretary. While Babcock was in St. Louis, there was placed at his disposal a glamorous lady, actually named Lou, but who was known by the elect as "the Sylph." Her charms may be partially inferred from McDonald's prosaic description. He said, "Her form was petite, and yet withal a plumpness and development which made her a being whose tempting luscious deliciousness was irresistible. Most beautiful of face, with eyes of deepest azure, in whose depths the sunbeams seemed to gather, and the fires of love from flames of flickering constancy, seemed ever and anon to melt into love itself. . . . She was the essence of grace, distilled from the buds of perfection, and with a tongue on which the oil of vivacity and seduction never ceased running; she was indeed a sylph and siren, whose presence was like the flavor of the poppy mingled with the perfumes of Araby." In addition to the money payments described later, Babcock was also given a four-carat diamond costing \$2,400. When he complained that the stone had a flaw in it, the obliging McDonald assessed the distillers and gave him a larger and finer stone.

With the Washington lines clear, the Ring was free to operate. Their methods of fraud were numerous and ingenious. One device, which of course required the collusion of the gaugers, was to collect all the revenue stamps which had been affixed to shipments to the rectifiers, return them to the distillery, and use them again and again. Regular prices were paid by the distilleries for returned stamps. In other cases, forged stamps, bearing the same numbers as stamps on which the tax had been legally paid, were used. Still another practice was to take tax-paid, stamped barrels

of spirits to the rectifiers, dump them, return them, and refill and reshipe them with the original stamps kept carefully intact. Even more common was the simple arrangement whereby the distiller was permitted to ship double or treble the amount actually entered on the stubs of the revenue stamps. For example, note the following shipments from Bevis, Frazier & Company, to William Bryce & Company of Philadelphia:

	<i>Tax paid on</i>	<i>Amount actually shipped</i>
January 4, 1875..	2,065 gals.	4,395 gals.
January 15, 1875.	1,006 "	4,423 "
February 5, 1875.	2,473 "	4,429 "
February 5, 1875.	1,262 "	4,480 "

The financial arrangements were apparently somewhat irregular. Approximately 40% of the money—some four or five hundred thousand dollars a year—was paid to the revenue officers who divided it among themselves. Out of the remaining 60% the distillers paid hush money to their clerks, storekeepers, gaugers, etc. From the testimony of all concerned the Ring never hesitated to make arbitrary blackmail collections whenever it felt the need for more money.

IV

District Attorney Dyer of St. Louis was cast in the Bristow mold. With his two assistants, and former Senator J. B. Henderson as special prosecutor, he pressed the government's case energetically. Scores of indictments—253 in all—were returned by the grand jury. Many of the distillers pleaded guilty and paid their fines, undoubtedly glad to be out of the wretched business.

General McDonald had at first put up a bold front. He had hastened to proffer his resignation when things became hot

and he blustered to a New York *Tribune* reporter that "he had been forty-five years making a reputation and did not intend to let anyone trifle with it. He intimated that he would make it a personal matter with anyone who dared to impeach his honesty." Privately, he was confident that his powerful political friends would save him; he had apparently been given assurance from highest authority that, if convicted, he would be speedily pardoned—provided he kept his mouth shut. At best, his defence was lame and he received a sentence of three years and a fine of \$5,000. McKee, the politician, received a fine and two years in jail.

William Avery, chief clerk of the Revenue Office, and later of the Treasury, was rather a pathetic figure. When McDonald and Joyce had at first approached him, seeking news as to the movements of the revenue inspectors, he had indignantly refused to divulge the information; whereupon he had received a letter from the White House, signed by President Grant, saying, "Joyce and McDonald are reliable and trustworthy. Let them have the information they want." On the basis of this order, it had been easy to lead Avery into the Ring and it was demonstrated at his trial that he had furnished information and received Ring money. He, too, received a fine and a two year sentence.

Most colorful of all the local culprits was the handsome young revenue agent, Joyce, who also acted as McDonald's secretary. After receiving his sentence of three and one-half years, while awaiting the promised pardon, he occupied his time writing an autobiographical novel, copiously embellished with specimens of his own verse. Whatever he may privately have thought of his own conduct, his writings were exemplary in their defence of

some of the virtues. Witness this touching admonition to young ladies who might yearn for the primrose path:

Libertinism has no line to mark its bounds; no mansions to measure its audacity, and no law to limit its terrible temptation—ever seeking, plotting, and betraying the holiest sanctuaries of affection. . . . The sordid smiling villain that kneels at your feet is the viper that stings when your innocent love worms him into confidence. The strong battlements of your womanhood and the voluptuous parapets of your beating bosom are taken and desecrated when the angel of virtue sleeps on guard.

During all the exposures and trials, the White House preserved an air of dignified support. "Let no guilty man escape," wrote Grant, and the country applauded this somewhat belated interest in civic virtue. But it was one thing for the President to approve the punishment of subordinates and distant friends, and quite another to welcome the exposure of treachery in his own official family.

By late summer, Dyer and Henderson, the prosecutors, had become thoroughly convinced that the trail of corruption led directly to the office of General Babcock. From the telegraph company they had obtained copies of suspicious telegrams addressed to the St. Louis conspirators. These messages were signed "Sylph," but they came from Washington and the originals were unquestionably in Babcock's handwriting. The communications were, of course, somewhat cryptic, but the presumption of guilt seemed strong enough to warrant an attempt to secure an indictment. And it was obtained!

This was news! News which shook the capital as few scandals had done. If the President's own secretary had been in the Ring, was the President involved? What effect would the exposure have on the fate of the Republican party at the elec-

tion, now less than a year distant? Tongues wagged, and official ardor for further prosecution promptly cooled to the freezing point. Edwards Pierrepont, Attorney General, who had directed the course of the prosecutions, was aghast at the temerity of his subordinates, and he uneasily warned Dyer and Henderson that they must be exceedingly careful and sure of their ground. Babcock wired in a panic to St. Louis, "I am absolutely innocent and every telegram which I sent will appear perfectly innocent the moment I can be heard. I demand a hearing before the court where I can testify." At the same time he besought the President to order a military trial so that a person of his rank might avoid the indignity of appearing before a civil tribunal. Grant, ever loyal, agreed, appointed Generals Sheridan, Hancock, and Terry as judges, and selected as Judge Advocate one of Babcock's personal friends who was then teaching at West Point. The court was ordered to convene at Chicago with all possible speed.

But this scheme failed dismally. Dyer obstinately refused to allow his evidence to leave St. Louis, and Pierrepont was reluctantly forced to rule that the military trial could not possibly supersede the work of the civil court. The military trial order was rescinded and preparations in St. Louis continued. Babcock now knew that he was in a difficult position and he began to use all possible tactics. His friend, Levi Luckey, the President's other secretary, was sent to St. Louis to watch developments, to engage counsel and, if possible, to prevent Babcock from being forced to appear in person.

Dyer could not safely be tampered with, but it was possible to cripple the prosecution by eliminating Henderson, the special counsel who, admittedly, knew more

about the whiskey conspiracy than any other man. In summing up the government's case against Avery, Henderson had pointedly questioned the propriety of the President's interference to revoke the transfer of the supervisors. At the time no comment came from Washington, but, as soon as Babcock was indicted, word arrived from the Attorney General that, in the opinion of the Cabinet, Henderson's speech constituted "an outrage upon professional propriety." A new special prosecutor was to be appointed and Henderson was to be removed immediately from all further connection with the proceedings. This move deceived no one for, as the New York *Herald* commented, "If he [Henderson] has given offence to the President, it would have been better to let the affront pass unnoticed, when both the interests of justice and the honor of the White House are so deeply involved." Dyer's entire staff protested to Washington that no slur had been cast upon the Chief Executive, and that the retention of Henderson was vital to the prosecution. But the dismissal was not revoked, and the country echoed Henderson's own explanation, "I can only account for it by Grant's madness and desire for revenge on hearing of the indictment of General Babcock."

Events now came thick and fast. The prosecution was deliberately embarrassed by the administration at every step. Robbed of Henderson's invaluable aid, it was further injured by the publication of an amazing letter from the Attorney General, issued at the request of President Grant, in which warning was given that no leniency should be shown those culprits who wished to turn state's evidence—a move obviously designed to frighten those who might otherwise have come to the aid of the prosecution.

V

The depths of treachery were perhaps reached when one of Babcock's admirers, George Bliss, United States District Attorney for New York, and, hence, a colleague of Dyer's, sent a special agent, approved by the Attorney General, to work with Dyer, ostensibly to assist Bliss in preparing cases of his own against New York recipients of illicit shipments. This agent secured all the information he could, including some extremely valuable letters, and actually turned them all over to Babcock's counsel.

The trial, itself, was a farce. Babcock, who had attempted every avenue of escape, now came to St. Louis with much fanfare. He was sure of a speedy vindication because he had two trump cards: the pledged word of McDonald, Joyce, *et al.*, not to reveal their dealings with him, and the assurance of Grant's support. Possessing these cards, the one which he could play, the other which the prosecution could not, he conveniently forgot about his impassioned message demanding the right to explain the telegrams and did not take the stand at any time during the trial, but sat "chewing the tag-ends of his moustache," "as dumb as an oyster" throughout it all.

The public now witnessed the amazing spectacle of the President of the United States voluntarily taking the stand to defend an individual who was being prosecuted by the government. Babcock was his friend and Babcock was in trouble. Babcock had pointed out to him that the whole affair was a political scheme undoubtedly cooked up by Bristow to discredit the administration so that he might gather behind him the reform element within the party and win the presidential nomination for himself. Never question-

ing for a moment the truth of this version, Grant would willingly have gone to St. Louis, but both sides agreed that his sworn testimony taken in Washington would suffice. In an impressive scene witnessed by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Grant testified that Babcock had orally explained the incriminating telegrams to his complete satisfaction. The President further said that he had "great confidence in his integrity and efficiency," that Babcock had never, to his knowledge attempted to aid or protect the Whiskey Ring, and that, prior to his indictment, Babcock had never discussed the subject with him.

With the full weight of presidential support behind him, Babcock listened calmly to a half-hearted charge to the jury, and, three hours later, to the expected verdict of acquittal. That night he was serenaded at his hotel by a band from the government arsenal. Congratulatory messages came from all over the country, even one from District Attorney Bliss which said, "Permit me, whose faith, as you know, has never wavered, to congratulate you on the triumph of justice and a decent administration of law, over political and personal persecution, a malignant press, and popular clamor." Babcock's friends made up a purse of \$10,000 to reimburse him for the expenses of the trial, and he returned to Washington in triumph. He did not go back, however, to his old post, for he became almost immediately involved in a charge of complicity in an attempt to rob a safe and secure possession of some incriminating documents. Once again Grant saved his favorite but was forced to yield to public opinion and to transfer him to an obscure position as a Light House Inspector.

There seems to be no doubt but that Babcock was really guilty and that he

shared in the Ring profits. McDonald, for all of his understandable bias and resentment, did publish in his book facsimile reproductions of numerous messages to and from Babcock, and insisted that he made payments of various amounts to him. Specifically, he mentioned the payment of \$5000 at one time, a second \$5000 at another, and, at a third time, a \$1000 bill presented in a box of cigars. "We [Grant and Babcock] enjoyed the excellent flavor of those cigars," responded the secretary.

The certainty of Babcock's guilt seems further borne out by the fact that, shortly after the presidential election, the anticipated pardons for the four men who had been jailed began to appear. McKee and Avery were both pardoned on November 17, 1876, exactly six months after their commitment, and McDonald, after threatening to publish his knowledge of the whole affair, was pardoned the following

January. Joyce was released by President Hayes in July. Grant had kept his promises, and none of the culprits served out even the short sentences which they had received. Surely this is convincing proof of official collusion to protect the already blackened name of the Administration.

This case study in administrative corruption would be complete if it were possible to accept McDonald's reiterated charge that Grant was at least an honorary member of the Ring. But this seems quite unlikely. As simple minded and gullible as he was, not even Grant's enemies dared to impugn his personal honesty. Rather one may agree with the *Nation's* comment (March 9, 1876) that "The crisis came when an ignorant soldier, coarse in his tastes and blunt in his perceptions, fond of money and material enjoyment and of low company, was put in the presidential chair."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

The American Composer Gets a Break

By AARON COPLAND

NONE of the New York newspapers noticed it, nor did the professional music magazines, not even the one which devotes itself expressly to the cause of the native composer. Nevertheless, February 28, 1934, was a red-letter day on the calendar of American music. That night the curtain rose simultaneously, in the nation's music capital, on three modern American operas. Far uptown, at the Juilliard School, George Antheil's "Helen Retires" was having its première; in the Roaring Forties, Virgil Thomson's "Four Saints in Three Acts" was rounding into its second week of successful competition with Broadway hits, cinematic smashes, and the flea circus; while slightly lower on the map, though not on the social ladder, Howard Hanson's "Merry Mount" was being re-performed before the diamond horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera House. Three American operas on one night! Nobody who remembers the hubbub that formerly accompanied *one*—will fail to appreciate the significance of this event.

But the next few days witnessed several other events, all pointing in the same direction. On March 18, eight Americans were commissioned by the League of Composers to write works which had been pledged *in advance* for performance by eight outstanding organizations: the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Cleve-

land Symphony Orchestra, the Harvard Glee Club, the Adesdi Chorus, the Stradivarius Quartet, and the Pro Arte Quartet. Moreover, on April 1st, the Columbia Phonograph Company issued the first full-length symphony by an American ever to be recorded. And perhaps most remarkable of all, on March 4, the conservative first-line music critic of the *New York Times* ended his regular Sunday article with these extraordinary words: that he is possessed of more than the hope—in fact, he feels an optimistic certainty—that the time is near for some real American achievement in music and some enduring American masterpieces.

Later in the year, the indigenous Werner Janssen was engaged by the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York as guest conductor, with the specific understanding that he was to feature American compositions on his programs. What is more, following his successful concerts of last November, he has since been re-engaged with the same understanding. And, extending the native triumphs to another realm, the National Broadcasting Company has sponsored a series of six concerts of chamber music, half the programs to be by Americans. In short, our composers have gained victories of late on almost every front.

It was not always thus. I do not have to stretch my memory to recall the time when an American piece of music, particularly of the kind apprehensively called "mod-

ern," was the signal for hoots in the concert hall and wisecracks in the press. Only a short time ago, the critic from the *Times* was not throwing bouquets. Indeed, to judge by some of the things written in the last ten years, it would almost have seemed that the American composer was a deliberate nuisance.

Some of the misapprehensions of this earlier period still exist. It is not even now appreciated that a serious and important type of composer functions among us; nor, as a man, is he properly understood. It will be a purpose of this article to correct some of the erroneous impressions that have grown up about him. I have no desire to plead his cause, since in the last analysis his music will have to speak for itself; but I think I may bring to light certain things that will make the situation clearer.

It cannot be doubted that he occupies little or no place even today in the mind of the public at large. We seldom find his name, for instance, on impressive lists of celebrities, though American artists of other kinds are frequently mentioned. He is also subtly high-hatted in the awarding of the Pulitzer Prizes. (This is a typical example of a hangover from an earlier day.) The literary prizes go to those supposed to have written the best novel, the best play, the best biography, etc., during the season; but the single music award is not a prize for something actually done, but a travelling fellowship. Our writers, in other words, are treated as artists who have already arrived; while the composer is regarded as a student who, if encouraged, may possibly do something in the future. One reason for this, perhaps, is that music develops more slowly than the other arts; its entire known history is comparatively recent as compared to the history of literature, painting, or sculpture. In her reluctance to put the composer on a par

with other artists, therefore, America is merely mirroring the rest of the world. Another reason, no doubt, for the poor place of the composer in the public's horizon, is his difficulty in being heard. As we all know, the majority of plays produced and books published are new; but seven-eighths of the music performed is old. This allows the contemporary American little room to make himself known, especially since of the remaining eighth the lion's share falls to Europeans.

If the big public is unaware of the composer, the little public, the *cognoscenti*—perhaps through no fault of its own—shows the vaguest acquaintance with him and his work. No informed or thoughtful people still associate him with a flowing necktie or long hair; but our intelligent minority does have other associations with him that are equally incorrect. The gist of these associations is that the American species of composer is without character. This notion was developed in an article which appeared in *The New Republic* in January, 1935, entitled "Wanted—An American Composer." It has also been stated in these very pages by George Jean Nathan, who wrote that the weakness of American music "lies in the circumstance that its hopeful composers are in the aggregate trivial men." By way of refuting this notion, which I consider false, I will describe four living young American composers, all still in their thirties, who emphatically are not trivial men; who, if they worked in other fields, I am convinced, would be well-known and generally respected. I will attempt no more than a thumbnail sketch of each, without trying to prove any point. Moreover, I will confine myself to their characteristics as composers—though I hope the reader will begin to perceive that, first of all, they are exceptional men.

II

It was Roy Harris whose "First Symphony," contrary to precedent, was recorded last spring by the Columbia Company. A considerable legend has already grown up around his log-cabin origins and early life as a truck-driver. He has had great success with the recording companies; much of his work is already on the "immortalizing disc." This means that it is no hothouse music, but manifestly alive, full, flowing; for not only do the companies record it, the public buys it. His melodic gift is his most striking characteristic. His music comes nearest to a distinctively American *melos* of anything yet done—in the more ambitious forms. Celtic folksongs and Protestant hymns are its basis, but they have been completely reworked, lengthened, malleated. Harris begins with this natural wealth of melodies (he says he has enough now in his notebook to last him ten years) and then it becomes his problem to combine, juxtapose, develop, elongate them—in short, to rework them into significant forms. (Thus far he has succeeded best in his scherzo movements.) But at this point in the process of composition, technique comes in; and the adequacy of Harris' technical equipment has often been questioned. At first the late start in his musical education was observed in a certain awkwardness, both in handling his material and in writing for instruments. But gradually, as though in spite of himself, this awkwardness became part and parcel of his style, taking on a charm of its own. As Walter Piston acutely writes: "The slightly uncouth awkwardness, the nervous restlessness, Harris would undoubtedly consider defects rather than qualities. If these characteristics are due, as some think, to a lack of technic, let us hope the man can in

some way be prevented from acquiring a technic that would rob his musical language of some of its most valuable attributes."

One thing is certain, however, his grasp of materials has become stronger with each new work, and he is gradually forging a technique of his own. There is something impressive in the progress of this former backwoodsman. What he writes, in general, is music for the "big public"; it has sweep, power, emotional breadth. His chief weakness so far lies in his slow movements, which tend toward good-old-fashioned sentiment—out of style with the rest of his work. His nine years in music have produced thus far mainly chamber music: sextets, quartets, trios, etc. But recently he has turned to orchestral work. The Boston Symphony Orchestra played his "First Symphony" last season, and announces his "Second" for 1935. He is prolific; he seems to have just hit his stride.

No one could be more unlike Harris than Roger Sessions, the second composer on my list. Harris comes from the West; Sessions is a New Englander. He is cultured and scholarly, has profited by Harvard, Yale, years of close association with Ernest Bloch, and years of living abroad. He has been reproached for the meagerness of his output, though critics who labor this point ignore the many compositions he has written but not shown, as well as the fact that mere productivity means little. Sessions is a perfectionist. Each work signed with his name is sure to be the result of extraordinary care, perhaps exaggerated meticulousness. But that does not mean his music is precious; on the contrary, it is solid, full-blooded, robust. It contains no Americanisms, in the facile sense of that word; yet one is reminded irresistibly, for example, by the second

movement of his single "Symphony", of a New England landscape. Aesthetically, he believes in aligning himself with a universal tradition in music, overlooking national boundary lines. This results in a certain relationship to the later work of Stravinsky, a resemblance which has been overstressed by his critics, since it is more in theory than in substance. As an artist, he is master of the sensitive, delicate, molded line. Owing probably to his stay in Italy, he has moods of almost Latin gaiety, as in the final movement of his "Piano Sonata". His "Suite from the Black-Maskers"—for large orchestra—has gone the rounds of the middle- and far-western orchestras, but has never been performed in New York. Nor has his singularly impressive "Symphony". These conductorial oversights are one of the reasons why he is not better known. Even so, among musicians he already has a prodigious reputation for sobriety, solidity, all-roundness; and much can unquestionably be expected from him.

III

It is a wide jump from this earnest philosopher-musician to the urbane and devastatingly clever Virgil Thomson. Thomson comes from a middle-western background, but many years in Paris have made a thorough cosmopolite of him. As the entire world knows, he leapt into sudden prominence last year with the success of Gertrude Stein's opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts". For it was he who wrote the music, and had much to do with the unconventional staging. This, however, was only one of many interesting, though lesser known, works.

Thomson is a man with a theory. His theory is that modern music, to a certain extent, has forgotten its audience. He in-

sists that music should *entertain*. Swinging away, therefore, from whatever might jar or confuse the ear, he writes with a simplicity unprecedented among modern composers, often confining himself to the most elementary scales and chordal progressions. This aspect of "Four Saints" came as a kind of shock to both the critics and the public—a shock which they enjoyed. Few of his admirers appreciated, however, that to these simplicities of melody and harmony was linked a most subtle and natural setting of the Stein words. His gift for allowing English to be natural when sung is unique among American composers. In "Four Saints" he employed an ingenious trick: his musical emotion was thoroughly serious, no matter how trivial the thing said. This is what gave his music its amusement and charm. One is able to perceive the same device in some of his chamber works, notably the "Second String Quartet" and the "Violin Sonata," where he handles the most imponderable trifles of thematic material (such as old waltz tunes, *romances sans paroles*) with an air of perfect solemnity. This fails to delight the musical fraternity; but I have a sneaking suspicion that if these works were performed at Carnegie Hall before a regular concert public, they would arouse as great a response as "Four Saints". I do believe, however, that his future lies on the stage, or at any rate in vocal writing, as he has been especially felicitous in these fields—witness not only his opera, but his setting of Max Jacob's "Stabat Mater" for soprano and string quartet, and his "Five Phrases from the Song of Solomon" for voice and percussion.

Walter Piston, the fourth of these personalities, is the least known—though his "Suite" enjoyed the distinction of being performed within a short period by our three most prominent symphony orches-

tras, the Boston, the Philadelphia, and the Philharmonic: a thing which rarely befalls an American work. Piston is a New Englander and a traditionalist. The success of his "Suite" was due to no easy graces or clever agreeability, but rather to the high level of its technique and his peculiarly direct way of expressing himself. Piston's music has a way of going straight to the point. Almost never does he write a piece that lasts longer than fifteen minutes. He knows what he has to say—and says it, without elaboration. He is apt to stick close to rather usual forms, his music being most daring in its harmonic aspect. In its technical sureness, it is comparable to the work of Sessions, though it tends to be lighter in texture. He has a special fondness for fugal forms which leads him sometimes into academisms. He belongs to that valuable class of composers who esteem craftsmanship as well as originality and inspiration, and without whom no national school of American music will ever be formed. Works like his "First String Quartet," with its astringent first movement, the poetic mood-painting of its second movement, and its breezy finale, set a superb standard of taste and excellence. His music, even if considered only from its technical aspect, constitutes a challenge to every other American composer.

All four of these men belong to a larger public. They have suffered in reputation because their profession is music. If they were poets instead of composers, I am convinced that more people would know their names and demand their work. It is worth noting that all are warmly interested in the future of American music, and determined to further improve the lot of succeeding composers. All, in fact, with the exception of Thomson, teach composition. Piston is an associate professor at Harvard; Harris is with the Westminster Choir

School at Princeton, N. J.; and Sessions has his own New Music School in New York. Engaged in an art where technical competence counts so much, they want to get the new talent off to a good start.

Lately, as we have noticed, owing to the spade-work of fifteen or twenty years, things have seemed to be coming the way of our serious modern composer. He has been getting a break. But his real desire is still a long way from fulfilment. His real desire is a genuine and natural place in society: not merely to be tolerated and encouraged, but needed. The first step toward this is a public with an active appetite for music—no spineless, custom-led body of automatic handclappers, but an audience so hungry for music that it rejects as much as it accepts. The creation of such an audience is of paramount importance to the real, the vital composer.



The Truth About Cosmetics

By JEROME W. EPHRAIM

THE skin is primarily a protective covering for the body—but, in the words of Ormsby, it is much more, "not merely an inert envelope . . . but a living *organ* comparable in importance to the liver, kidney and other similar organs." Clendening is more eloquent. He thinks of it as a veritable "mirror of the system" and remarks: "How its texture and color change with changes in bodily health—now white with the pallor of fatigue or sepsis, now blue with the cyanosis of heart failure, now greyish-yellow with what physicians call the cachexia of degenerative disease! It reacts to heat by pouring out perspiration, which cools on evaporation; to bitter cold, to the blowing of the winds. The very storms of the soul are recorded on it"—anger, humiliation, fear, excitement, ec-

stasy. Moreover, specialists are agreed that skin disorders rarely heal when the emotional apparatus is being frequently disturbed or battered. Anxiety may ruin the complexion as well as ill health.

The skin is normally well-equipped to take care of itself. It is the seat of the sense of touch, with thousands of nerve-filaments reaching to the brain. It also has a rich equipment of vasomotor nerves which control its blood supply. It is resistant to bacteria, and almost impervious to water. Thus it is not in any real sense an absorptive membrane. It cannot be fed from the outside. On the contrary, it is an organ of excretion, eliminating through some two or three million sweat glands more than a quart of moisture on the average every twenty-four hours. In addition it possesses an almost equal number of oil glands. These glands, which are associated with the hair follicles, secrete a natural semi-liquid fat known as sebum, the function of which is to keep the epidermis, or horny layer of the skin, soft and pliable.

These considerations suggest that the skin is a highly complicated mechanism. They also suggest that many cosmetic procedures, even though traceable to Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba, are highly illogical, if not entirely valueless. "The way to a healthy skin is through a healthy body," is the reiterated warning of the dermatologists. Peasant girls are universally reported to have lovely complexions—which, however, they lose all too early, due to the adverse influences of sun, weather, child-bearing and over-work. What then are the facts about cosmetics? What can they reasonably be expected to do? What is mere hocus-pocus? Finally, what are the dangers, if any, likely to be connected with their use?

Until recent times it would not have been possible to answer these questions

with any degree of certainty. Even today beauty lore remains largely pre-scientific. It is characteristically a realm of superstition, old wives' tales and incredible marvels. Perhaps it will always continue so, at least for the purpose of sales talk. But the problems involved are not trivial. Coincident with the tremendous increase in the cosmetic business, "there has been an alarming increase in the number of local diseases of the skin," says Downing. More serious ailments resulting from cosmetics have also been reported. This alone would justify a truly scientific approach. And to a certain degree scientific knowledge—drawn from such diverse fields as chemistry, toxicology, histology, dermatology and physiotherapy, to name the most important—is now available. It is rarely applied. But a cosmetic manufacturer who turns out merely another face lotion in a fancy package without giving any attention to these matters is failing in his obligation to his customers. As Miss Florence E. Wall, Everett McDonough and other cosmetic chemists have pointed out, there is genuine need for reform in this direction.

Broadly speaking, cosmetics are used for three purposes: for adornment, for cleansing, and for "treatment." Critics and commentators tend to confuse these functions. It is important to distinguish them, and to consider each on its merits. To lump them together in sweeping generalizations, as is too commonly done, is unintelligent and irrational.

Half or more of the cosmetic industry subsists on the demand for decoration, "war paint," cosmetic adornment. While this demand is probably greater than ever before, it has a very respectable antiquity and probably antedates the dawn of history. Modern make-up aids are multifarious, but include principally face powder, lipstick, rouge, eye shade and mascara.

Some (though not many) of these products may be harmful or potentially dangerous. Some may have a tendency to cause allergic reactions, *e.g.*, hay fever, asthma, skin eruptions. With skill and knowledge it is possible to compound make-up products having a maximum of decorative or aesthetic value with minimum possibility of harm. Face powders should be free from lead and bismuth and preferably should contain no orris root or starch. They should also be entirely free from coarse, gritty or needle-like particles. Rouge and lipstick should be compounded with dyes having no tendency to irritate the skin. The question of perfumes is also important, since some are more irritant than others.

II

Cleansing creams are probably indispensable when make-up is used. It is considerably easier to remove powder and grease paint with oils than with soap and water. And most dermatologists are of the opinion that normally all cosmetics should be removed at night to give the face a "physiologic rest." This is the basis for the advertised warnings (by a soapmaker) against "cosmetic skin." The beauticians, on the other hand, have in general sought to engender a prejudice against soap which is unjustifiable. The skin, being an organ of elimination, requires frequent cleansing. Normally this is best accomplished by using a pure mild soap and warm water. Occasionally, if the skin is dry or chapped, cleansing cream affords a useful substitute, medically sanctioned. After listening to the conflicting arguments of the makers of soaps and the makers of creams, many women compromise by using both, which is perhaps as good a solution as any: no hard and fast rule can be laid down.

As opposed to make-up or simple hygi-

ene, "treatment" products are designed to effect some actual improvement in the character of the skin or to postpone aging. They include not only the legitimate creams and lotions but also a vast number of somewhat spurious pore refiners, wrinkle removers, muscle oils and similar "rejuvenators." It is against such preparations that the shafts of the critics find their surest mark. Advertised claims are frequently ridiculous and impossible. "Every cosmetic chemist knows that most of such claims are grossly exaggerated and a few of them quite untrue," states an able technician, the chief chemist of a large cosmetic manufacturer. "Patent medicines and cosmetics lead all others in fraudulent advertising," says the U. S. Federal Trade Commission, referring particularly to the much-exploited claims for "skin foods" and similar products.

In practice, "treatment" creams serve at least three limited, but entirely legitimate, functions. (1) They act as pleasing and efficient emollients, softening and "suppling" the skin when the natural oils of the skin are deficient. This is technically "lubrication." (2) They afford protection against weather, make-up and other possible irritants. (3) They are a useful adjunct to massage, which, however, is likely to be over-rated as a therapeutic measure.

Some creams serve one purpose better than another, depending on the character of the ingredients. Cleansing or liquefying creams are modified treatment creams, being thinner and having a lower melting point. So-called cold cream is the prototype of all these products. Humorists have pointed out (quite accurately) that it is not cold and there is no cream in it. Nevertheless it is a product of great antiquity, having been invented, it is said, by Galen, the celebrated physician of the second century.

Moreover, physicians still prescribe it as Unguentum Aquae Rosae or Ointment of Rose Water, under which title it appears in the U. S. Pharmacopoeia. It is composed of white wax, spermaceti, almond oil, borax and rose water. What distinguishes all creams of this class is that they are *emulsions*. If well made of pure ingredients, without added medication (which may be objectionable), they are generally regarded as harmless and even occasionally beneficial.

So far as a consensus of authoritative opinion exists, it is probably represented by the following brief resumé given by the Journal of the American Medical Association (September 30, 1933):

"Face creams," says this authority, "supply fat when nature fails to do so. The fat is an important ingredient of the skin, keeping the horny layer soft, flexible and water-tight, and forming over it a thin protective film. The lack of fat predisposes to sunburn or windburn in summer and chapping in winter, both of which lead to earlier aging of the skin. . . . Face creams used for cleansing dry, irritable skin also prevent irritation from soap, which would be necessary were a cream not available. Wrinkles are one sign of aging skin, and anything that will prevent these irritations helps to postpone the onset of wrinkles."

Here, certainly, is sufficient justification for the use of cosmetic creams by those who like them or need them. But the beauticians have never been satisfied with simple straightforward arguments of this kind. Instead of concentrating on the best possible products for these somewhat limited purposes—there is still much to be learned—they want to offer miracles. In consequence the cosmetic chemists have scoured the earth for substances that would appear to justify at least some of the milder claims. The search is frantic, but it ap-

pears foredoomed to failure. Says Dr. Cramp of the American Medical Association: "Actually there is no such thing as a skin food in the sense in which such products are advertised. One might just as well speak of a finger food or a big-toe food. The skin can be nourished only by the food that is taken into the digestive tract."

This is not to say that so-called skin foods may not have value—as *emollients*. The better grades usually contain lanolin, which, being similar in composition to the natural oil secreted by the sebaceous glands, is held to be preferable to other fats. Most authorities believe it is beneficial to the skin, particularly when irritation from dryness is present. In other words it is an excellent product, frequently misrepresented. It is not a rejuvenator. But what about the claims for vitamins and hormones and turtle oil and other "youthifying" agents? "It is equally preposterous," continues Dr. Cramp, "to advertise cosmetic preparations that have been so treated as to incorporate into them certain vitamins. . . . Even if the vitamins were absorbed, there is no evidence to indicate that it would have the slightest value in rejuvenating the skin, eliminating wrinkles or performing other cosmetic marvels. Another line of cosmetic humbugs is the one which is said to depend for its action on the alleged presence of certain hormones. Usually the advertiser claims the hormones come from animals that are said to be long-lived, such as turtles, etc. . . . Such products are the ultimate in cosmetic quackery."

Without exception, the virtues of wrinkle removers and muscle oils are grossly exaggerated. Regarded as adjuncts to massage, they may be useful, but whatever benefits accrue must be largely attributed to the massage. They do not "firm" contours or "tighten" muscles—except the

muscles of the beauty operator. "A vast number of claims have been made for muscle oil, with none capable of substantiation," says Chilson, author of *Modern Cosmetics*. It is, however, quite a lucrative item for the beauticians, as it is usually a simple mixture of mineral or vegetable oils with a little perfume and sells for as much as \$1 an ounce.

Bleaching creams and "freckle removers" heretofore nearly always contained ammoniated mercury, and some still do. Less objectionable and less effective are the preparations containing peroxides or one or more of the milder acids. It is unwise to use any product of this nature without knowing the ingredients, their action and the percentages. In the case of "skin peels" the possibility of serious burns is always present. Numerous cases of severe irritation and poisoning have been reported as a result of their use. They are usually advertised as entirely harmless. Skin peeling—exfoliation of the epidermis, as it is medically known—has a definite place in dermatology, but is outside the province of the layman. As a general rule, the treatment of acne, eczema and other skin diseases should also be reserved for the physician. At the very least, if you buy a preparation for this purpose, insist on knowing the ingredients. These may surprise you. Suggested formulas for such creams, as published in the cosmetic journals, usually call for highly potent substances—carbolic acid, potassium arsenite, mercuric salicylate, ammoniated mercury, etc.—which ordinarily should not be applied to the skin except under medical advice.

Among miscellaneous products that sometimes cause trouble are depilatories, deodorants, hair tonics, hair dyes and eyelash dyes. Some of these require caution; some should not be used at all.

In general, however, it is probably true that fewer *dangerous* cosmetics are sold today than ever before. Manufacturers who wish to stay in business are not anxious to incur damage suits or the ill will of their customers. Yet, as already indicated, the increasing use of cosmetics has brought in its train an increasing number of cases of dermatitis and other illnesses attributed to face creams, powders, rouge and similar preparations.

According to Downing, every busy dermatologist sees one or more cases a week of some result of cosmetics. Yet the cosmetics themselves, or most of them, would ordinarily be regarded as harmless. Recent advances in our knowledge of allergy furnish the explanation. In a word, allergy is idiosyncrasy. With care, it is possible to eliminate from cosmetics offending materials—orris root, rice powder, corn flour, lard, phenol, certain dyestuffs and perfumes—that are most widely recognised as likely to be allergic in character. It does not follow that this is always or even generally done.

When cosmetics are suspected, it is desirable to have a patch test made by a competent physician. This will usually indicate the source of the trouble. In addition, many dermatologists are now recommending that all cosmetics should be labeled to show their composition. This would enable the purchaser to avoid (1) actually dangerous products, (2) the most common allergens, and (3) any special ingredient to which she might be hypersensitive.

Notes on Products

Cold Cream.—An all-purpose product. The modern tendency has been toward more specialized creams, better adapted for the purpose in view. The time-honored Pharmacopoeia formula, unfortunately,

has a tendency to turn rancid. Hence it is fairly customary to add anti-oxidants and preservatives. This affords the basis for germ-free claims. In some cases, however, the preservative may be irritating. There is no scientific foundation for the ancient superstition that some creams grow hair.

Cleansing Cream.—There are two types—the cold cream type and the wax-and-oil without water type. Mineral oil is one of the principal ingredients of both. Like other creams, cleansing creams vary greatly in the quality of ingredients and the skill with which they are compounded. A desirable product should melt at body temperature, flush the pores, and leave the skin smooth and clean. Recently some manufacturers have added bleaching agents, a practice not to be recommended.

Tissue Cream.—The formulas are legion, some incorporating undesirable or even harmful ingredients. Absurd claims are sometimes made for the product, which is really an improved or richer type of cold cream. Better grades usually contain lanolin, as explained in the text. Freedom from all materials known to cause irritation is very important since it is frequently applied as an adjunct to massage and left on the face overnight.

Vanishing or Foundation Creams.—These are usually oil-in-water emulsions, “consisting of a soap emulsifying agent, free stearic acid and water to which other materials such as glycerine, mineral oil, cocoa butter, etc., are sometimes added” (Chilson). The soap content may be irritating to some skins. Some powder-base preparations, however, are virtually free from this objection. The brushless creams sold to men for shaving are modified cosmetic creams, somewhat similar to vanishing creams.

Face Powder.—“The use of bland cosmetic powders in general is a protective

measure, and does no harm,” says Pusey. Formerly lead and bismuth compounds were much used; they are dangerous. Modern face powders are mixtures containing such substances as talc, chalk, kaolin, magnesium or zinc stearate, zinc oxide, titanium oxide, orris root and starch (*e.g.*, rice powder). The use of starch and orris root is not recommended, because of the frequency of allergic reactions. Starch also tends to swell with moisture and clog the pores. Certain perfumes may cause dermatitis. Some powders contain coarse or gritty particles.

Rouge, Lipstick, etc.—Since these products contain large amounts of color it is highly important that the dyes should be chosen from those that have proved harmless in experience. High grade synthetic ochre (the natural product may contain impurities, *e.g.*, arsenic) and the cosmetic lakes are believed to be entirely safe. Somewhat questionable for this purpose are eosine (a bromine compound), erythrosine (an iodine compound), alizarin (an aniline product) and mercurochrome (a mercury derivative), all of which have been known to cause dermatitis. In lipsticks, particularly the orange type which turns pink on the lips, bromo acid is employed to give permanency. It may be irritating; other ingredients are added to counteract this tendency. The only safe coloring to use on the eyelashes and eyebrow is a mascara. Liquid lash dyes are dangerous—have even caused loss of eyesight.

Manicure Preparations.—These are generally harmless, though occasionally infection occurs from the use of unclean instruments. Some cuticle removers contain powerful caustics that may have unpleasant results if permitted to remain in contact with the skin for any length of time.

Depilatories and Deodorants.—Practically without exception chemical depilatories are sulphides, usually detectable by the unpleasant odor. They are often very irritating and have occasioned many damage suits. Regardless of claims, they do not remove hair any more permanently than shaving, which is safer. For permanent removal, the electric needle affords the only safe method. X-ray treatments are hazardous in the extreme. Most deodorants are really perspiration suppressors. They usually contain aluminum chloride, an astringent. If too concentrated they may cause local irritation or injury to fabric. A suitable antiseptic such as chloramine will truly deodorize (not simply cover one odor with another) without suppressing perspiration.

Beauty Treatments.—A “facial” at a beauty parlor is said to be refreshing and may be beneficial through the stimulating effects of massage. Regrettably, beauticians cannot remove wrinkles, though many intimate their ability to do so. The causes of wrinkles are the relaxation of the normal tension of the skin and the disappearance or redistribution of the underlying (subcutaneous) cushion of fat. Wrinkles are a concomitant of age. They can, perhaps, be postponed but not obliterated. For prevention, general hygienic measures are as important as local applications. It is revealing no secret to say that the foundation of beauty is health, depending largely on proper diet, exercise and rest. Nor should worry be overlooked.

Hair Dyes and Hair Tonics.—With the exception of henna, few if any dyes, are safe for home application. Many cases of poisoning have been reported in the medical journals. As performed by a competent operator properly trained, hair dyeing is relatively safe, but it is usually advisable to

have a skin test made the day before the dye is applied. Hair tonics frequently contain mercury and arsenic. They should not be employed indiscriminately without some knowledge of their ingredients and possible effects. Many are harmless but entirely useless for the purpose intended.

Literature.—A useful book intended for the layman is Dr. William Allen Pusey’s “Care of the Skin and Hair”, (Appleton, 1930). Works intended for the trade are W. A. Poucher’s “Perfumes and Cosmetics”, (Van Nostrand, 1932), and Francis Chilson’s “Modern Cosmetics”, (Drug and Cosmetic Industry, 1934). Standard treatises on dermatology are those of O. S. Ormsby (Lea and Febiger, 1934), Sutton and Sutton (C. V. Mosby, 1933), and G. C. Andrews (W. B. Saunders, 1930). Details of allergy will be found in Samuel Feinberg’s “Allergy in General Practice”, (Lea and Febiger, 1934), and in Warren T. Vaughan’s “Allergy and Applied Immunology”, (C. V. Mosby, 1934). “Cosmetics, Past and Present,” by John G. Downing (Journal of the American Medical Association, June 23, 1934) gives a valuable summary of medical opinion. Students should not overlook Miss Florence E. Wall’s interesting paper on “Cosmetics—The Outcast of Medical Science” (Medical Times and Long Island Medical Journal, November, 1933). Other periodical literature that may be consulted includes: “Cosmetics,” by Lawrence K. McCafferty and Serafino Genovese (New York State Medical Journal, 28:303, March 15, 1928); “The Uses and Dangers of Cosmetics,” by Alice Carleton (British Medical Journal, 1:999, June 10, 1933); “Use of Cosmetics, Historical and Modern,” by Oscar L. Levin (Medical Record, 139:292, March 21, 1934).

THE LIBRARY

BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

Gentleman from Mississippi

PYLON, by William Faulkner. \$2.50. 5½ x 7½; 320 pp. New York: Smith & Haas.

It is possible that one of the three writers struggling for possession of Faulkner's heart may be a genius. That writer is hard to distinguish because so much nonsense has been written about him, as every man of high talent provokes critical nonsense. For example, the short story "A Rose for Emily" is an immensely comic piece; but its significance can be left to those critics who wish to draw some sociological inference from every piece of fiction—even from the fact that once upon a time in Mississippi an old maid fed rat poison to her faithless lover. One hopes that Faulkner lends no ear to the jitney sociologists who patronize him; for this truly comic side of his work is his best side, and the conversation of the bedraggled lily who ran the Memphis house—in "Sanctuary"—is downright genius. Faulkner has a whole gallery of tragicomic figures from the back-waters of Huey Long's kingdom; but I think he would have peopled this gallery with similar studies had he been born in Swampscott. So much for the number one Faulkner.

There is a second Faulkner; and this second one has a yearning for the halcyon. Witness his recent story of the old pioneer woman who remembered the fine things brought on from the Old North State. That story had the gift of lending enchantment and grace to past things lovingly remembered. However, the natural

animosities athwart our unseen frontiers have hailed his delineation of the more sullen streams of human conduct in Dixie as being the whole South itself. It is true that Faulkner has never done as well with his Gascons as with his Freudian clowns: witness his failure to make a fine novel out of "Sartoris." Yet in a summary of all his work, it will be discovered that at least a third of Faulkner's writing is teeming with an affectionate regard for the ante-bellum gallantries of Thomas Nelson Page.

It is still another Faulkner who has written the new novel "Pylon." This is the Faulkner who writes with a rush of prose engendering enormous technical friction which inexorably overheats the oil of narration. There is always a great difficulty—at least for Faulkner—in this method of narration. I can only think, for a simile, of a jockey rating the pace when he is in at top weight and the distance is a mile-and-a-half. When Faulkner goes the full distance and writes a novel, he breaks with a great deal of smartness and the reader is instantly plunged into the shifting field of his rushing characters.

In "Pylon" these characters are typically Faulknerian in their curiously compelling sympathies which transcend a natural impulse of disgust. These are a barn-storming pilot, a parachute-jumper, and a woman shared by the two; there are also a little boy whose parentage was settled by a throw of the dice, a stupid mechanic, and a dipsomaniacal newspaperman. Faulkner is all eyes for the woman. She is the dark horse of the race, the unknown entry.

The barn-storming group is competing with a worthless old crate for a speed trophy at a New Orleans aviation meet (incidentally, Faulkner stubbornly persists in referring to the city as New Valois). Of necessity in the dash of the opening chapters, Faulkner cannot stop for a breather. And inevitably, he must pull up to do so later on; he must place and unmask his characters in their proper positions. Were it not for his superb technical facility as a writer, he would be out of the running at the first sudden check. "Pylon" is written in this manner of sprints and breathers. It is a strange, incalculable story which he has to tell, and he tells it for all he is worth, whipping heavily in the home-stretch to bring the woman in under the wire. I put down the novel with the feeling that the thing has not come off, and yet with the curious satisfaction of a reader who has been incited to pity, to terror, and to laughter throughout.

"Pylon" has a wonderful feel of the aero about it. The speed-race around the closed course must be a First in the comparatively meager literature of the air, but it is all secondary to "a woman not tall and not thin, looking almost like a man in the greasy coverall, with the pale strong rough ragged hair actually darker where it was sunburned, a tanned heavy-jawed face in which the eyes look like pieces of china." It is this woman upon whom Faulkner lavishes his innate love of modernism which is never better exemplified than when he writes of airplanes. He has in other stories, such as "All the Dead Pilots," revealed this feeling before. One could almost say that so committed is Faulkner, a war pilot himself, to a zest for the empyrean, that he is only within those characters who, like Faulkner, have learned to spurn the earth. The sheer description

of the air-race is superbly brilliant. The birdman's scorn of the earthbound is profoundly voiced, so profoundly that I believe the man will only rise above the limitations of the comic novelist by heeding this voice and giving himself over to it.

Faulkner's pilot and his parachute-jumper, who between them share the bovine woman dumbstruck by her two tramps of the bright blue sky, are themselves a group-hero of the age which the Wright brothers ushered in at Kitty Hawk. For those who love to discern symbolism in modern work attention is drawn to the studious passion of Jiggs the mechanic for his boots. These boots are made for men of a pedestrian psyche, men earthbound and unwinged. Much of "Pylon" is told among the sodden morass which is the mind of Jiggs. The unconscious heroism of two boys throwing their lives away in provincial aviation meets is the quality the novelist is intent upon divining; it is rendered striking by the lack of divination which Jiggs brings to his task of overhauling valves and adjusting superchargers.

The desire of the hen-brained woman to fly, and to love carnally all men who fly, is not as brilliantly wrought. Faulkner is hesitant in revealing in her the things which he has brought to her; had he let go at full rev he would have given his novel wings. She is of a piece with Faulkner's women characters—endowed with a grotesque motivation. She eludes recognition as a palpable character, shifting as Temple Drake changed in "Sanctuary". Her last despairing curse as her lover breaks his ship in mid-air against the final pylon is hardly human, hardly understood. The little boy whose parentage must remain in question forever is an eaglet, and it suffices that he was sired by an eagle, and was born on a parachute pack. Yet these things are not

shown clearly in the continuity of the novel, but are revealed in cut-backs which appear awkwardly and in spell-breaking pauses. Those who follow Faulkner, and like myself maintain an unflagging interest in the work of an artist, can dismiss such disappointing turns, and once more find it pleasant to adventure into the imagination of the curious gentleman from Mississippi.



True to the Navy

THE PRICE OF PEACE, by Frank H. Simonds. \$3.00. 8 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 5 $\frac{3}{4}$; 376 pp. *Harper & Brothers*.

MUST WE FIGHT IN ASIA?, by Nathaniel Peffer. \$2.50. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8 $\frac{3}{8}$; 244 pp. *Harper & Brothers*.

FRANK SIMONDS' book is really a tract, but it is a valuable one, and I wish it were notched like a dictionary. Naturally it would have been impossible for such a book to have been written without embodying immense masses of controversial opinion. He writes that "with the League of Nations itself nothing is wrong; with the assumptions upon which it was established, everything." Here is a statement already debated for fifteen years and an argument for perhaps a thousand years to come. The author's superb facility in controlling masses of material gives the book its value. From start to finish, "The Price of Peace" is a swiftly moving strip of the last fifteen years of diplomacy.

Fascism constitutes "the revolt of the capitalistic and new middle classes against the apparent purpose of the masses, under the inspiration of the Russian Revolution, to exploit the machinery of representative democracy to establish Communism." This is also ground for debate. However, one is only concerned with a man's instincts for civilized decency when he is writing any-

thing whatsoever regarding the political state of the world. I respect Simonds as a liberal, and am not greatly concerned that he is one. The skill with which he makes a *tour de force* is the pith of his work.

Communist or Fascist will agree with Simonds that the world "will presently be condemned to witness new struggles between the great powers, some seeking to acquire, others to retain those resources in raw materials and minerals essential to modern industrial life." In a time when any thinking man must challenge everything, his book is welcome for its urbanity and temper. Liberalism may be bankrupt of ideas, but at least one idea no longer listed as an asset is the purge of a Hitler or a Stalin. For a long time the liberal was a harassed man, actually fearful for his life. Just now he must be in danger of laughing himself to death.

The price of peace must be paid for by those nations "of which the United States is the most striking example"; whose material resources bestow the largest measure of economic self-sufficiency. Simonds thinks that "the American Pacifists are the true profiteers in peace, for they are seeking by means of pacts, covenants, and disarmament agreements to insure for themselves the undisturbed exploitation of approximately monopolistic control of material resources which were originally acquired by the very means they are now seeking to outlaw. All such undertakings are foredoomed to futility, however, because the economic necessities of many nations have become irreconcilable with the sovereign rights of all."

The book is an excellent background against which to consider Nathaniel Peffer's work. If Simonds takes a long view of the world, Peffer puts Manchuria under a microscope. Californians will rejoice to know that the possibility of a naval duel be-

tween the United States and the Japanese battle squadrons is a close probability. Downing Street can be once again assured that still another country will pull its chestnuts from the fire. Stalin, who knows a great deal better than Stimson how to deal with the East, can go serenely on with the building of his socialist state, confident that admirals, not of his making, will make unnecessary a step-up in steel production at Kuznetsk.

Nathaniel Peffer does not actually say that we are bound to fight in Asia, and to fight very soon; but he does say that we shall have a battle there almost immediately if we do not go in for planned economy on a scientific basis, and learn to trade jack-knives with ourselves. This, to anyone who has scrutinized the Roosevelt Academy in its trend towards that economy—and the race in Tokyo away from it—is tantamount to the salvos of sixteen-inch guns. Peffer is a realist. His book in its frank dealing with the aims of the great powers is superbly callous. He assures us England dreads the spectre of the thick Red line reaching down through Tashkent even now, and will, no matter what the cost, see to it that the apostles of the next Comintern are not knocking at the other side of India with the gospel of Lenin. He knows of course that Japan, by every rule of Western chicanery, has a divine right to partition China to suit the needs of its gimcrack salesmen. Nor is Peffer deceived by the false hopes of those who think that the Japanese middle class will suddenly put aside its ingrained love of militarism and show. And he assures us that America, as long as the assembly lines run in Detroit and oil gushes in Oklahoma, will go to the mat for a few Hong-kong dollars.

Nathaniel Peffer having decided all this—and the decision is perfectly accept-

able to me—the only speculation left concerns just what manner of conflict this will be. I do not think that we will make it a crusade this time. The Annapolis gentlemen who were so severely slighted in the late one will have their innings. Peffer, I think, dismisses too lightly the task our government will face in creating a popular demand for an unpopular war with Japan. I would prefer a confidential report from the Chambers of Commerce along the Pacific slopes; but that the new generation will go with a high heart there can be no possible doubt. I would like to see an estimate, based on present armament, as to the possible length of time our superdreadnoughts could stay afloat in a theatre of naval warfare somewhere between Luzon and Yokahama. It might very well be that such a battle would rehabilitate war with much of the glamour it has lost. Naval battles are magnificent spectacles. The principals conducting them are usually gentlemen addicted to excessive courtesy. The thing may make a very great spectacle some day.

At any rate here in Peffer's book is the finest possible matter for a tap-room debate; indeed, emprising makers of parlor-games might well re-design their parchesi boards using Peiping for a home-place and in the four corners four little men, Russian, Japanese, English and American, each accompanied by an automobile salesman, a textile engineer, and a missionary—unless the miracle happens and we immediately solve the riddle of production and distribution. The Japanese are a polite people and they are going to do China over in a polite manner. The factory-owning samurai have decided to let loose a few almond-eyed Shermans to emancipate the Chinese coolie from those harsh masters who have no manufactured goods to sell him.

Young Men With a Past

PERSONAL HISTORY, by Vincent Sheean.
\$3.00. 6 x 8¾; 403 pp. New York: *Double-day, Doran & Co.*

THINGS TO LIVE FOR, by Francis Stuart.
\$2.50. 6 x 8¾; 278 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Co.*

MOSCOW CARROUSEL, by Eugene Lyons.
\$3.50. 5¾ x 8¾; 370 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

YOUNG MEN just now turning into their thirties have survived remarkably a chaos which was not of their making. Hardihood is evident in all their writings, and most clear in those which attest their personal records. The men past forty—who made the world these thirty-year-olds must live in—are not adapted for survival in this new environment which they themselves adjusted; but the successor generation has shown wonderful adaptability, rapidly acquiring protective characteristics much as a child moving into a new neighborhood, if he is hardy, soon gains the key to the street.

The most vivid newcomer among these hardy ones is Vincent Sheean, and the title of his book indicates that he knows exactly his own worth. It is a personal record, and no more, of his search for maturity and mastery in the bedlam bequeathed him by his elders. This book is in no sense the research magnificent along the Wellsian line which was the vogue of 1914; for not scrutiny, but *tourism*, has been Sheean's method. And it has also been an immensely fascinating one, with Sheean a good enough writer to communicate most of this fascination to the reader. He has been a driving, excited reporter, living the good reporter's life in half the saloons of the world. His accounts of moving accidents and persons in China, Russia, Arabia, Morocco, convey to the reader the temper of the generation whose un-

fortunate privilege it was to follow on the heels of the world's legionnaires.

Sheean is a believer, in the sense that any newspaperman worth his salt, whenever he enters the realm of politics, considers himself in infidel parts. Sheean has the definite flair; and his account of the fighting in the Riff will adorn many an anthology list.

There is still another young Irishman, Sheean's contemporary, who tenders a personal record; he too is in his thirties, but there the resemblance ceases. "I have gained a little wisdom and not much else" says Francis Stuart. When Sheean left a university to become a roving reporter, Stuart was sitting in Maryborough Prison awaiting his turn before the firing squad of an English regiment. Readers may remember, notably, his "Pigeon Irish" of a few seasons past.

Stuart's autobiography is a series of vignettes and *pensées*—things which the French are supposed to do so superbly and which old George Moore actually did better. Stuart posts his record in a more or less senseless fashion, and writes with the disarming simplicity that was once Sherwood Anderson's. He is addicted to public houses and the society of nobodies, chiefly those to be found around the minor Irish race-tracks. His list of attainments would gladden the heart of a Kentuckian; he is a breeder of horses, a gambler, a good drinker, a judge of beautiful women and a man who likes to live in his own county.

Stuart has survived much more than Sheean, has seen incredibly less, and yet he is much the wiser young man, for he has within himself induced some rational synthesis out of an awry world. He is a rare bird, and his book is a rare thing. I think no book on the new list illustrates more vividly the difference between the young men of thirty and those who are graying past forty; for Stuart

has known in his own private little hell things that the men past forty knew on an immense scale, and yet it is inconceivable that a man past forty could have produced such a smooth book as Stuart's. If there is a Catholic heaven, and fine Irishmen go to it, then these proofs must have been read by Francis Ledwidge to the sound of the blackbird's song; for the book has a lilt to it.

A third young man who has posted his record is Eugene Lyons. He has returned from six years in Moscow the wiser man, but with a sadness not shared by these other two. He gives us a book made in the martial city of Marx though it is singularly free from the lush slang of dialectical materialism. Most writers exposed to the moujik fundamentalism become old soaks at the bar of dialectic and, even though some take the Keeley cure of living in Russia, remain sociological lushes ever after. "Moscow Carrousel" is written as plainly as though Lyons were covering a precinct, so level-headed is its manner. He can avoid the easy cynicism of the callow reporter who will not believe in any political group. The man makes a vigorous defense of Stalin's honesty, insisting that he knows a square administration when such a miracle occurs. He excellently portrays Moscow types:—Aaron Soltz the lovable Tory at his ease in the Old Bolshevik's Club, his copy of *Pravda* open upon his knees as he scolds the younger generation for its harshness towards those less fortunately born to rank and station—the lower communist classes; Stalin leisurely taking his immense responsibilities in the Kremlin; the blowsy courtesan cadging drinks for the state at a bar.

Lyons offers a sheaf of notes covering six years' residence in the lively city of Chekov's bureaucrats, tempering them with such shrewd comments as the "almost pathological sense of personal property which becomes rampant in cramped quarters among communists"—just as two recruits will come to blows in barracks over the ownership of a cartridge belt, though the thing remains government property at the end of the dispute.

The chief grace of "Moscow Carrousel" is the author's ability to take his disillusionment with a smile; often there has been something almost pathological in the railings of back-sliding pilgrims who have stubbed their toe against Lenin's shrine. I like Lyons' reminder to his readers that Stalin's ruthlessness towards Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kameney, *et al.*, was no sudden whim but only the forfeit of the old army game and a penalty lighter than the losers deserved.

Here is a good simple book about Russia, that country which has an autocrat behind the Kremlin walls, the Dictator who wheels a gigantic standing army, controls a gargantuan secret police, and swings a ruthless ax on dissenters. Lyons learned to take the commie in his stride, which is no mean social grace. When he writes of the endless tingle and excitement of Russia one thinks of Hilaire Belloc's poem to the Balliol men who had gone to South Africa while he remained at home to contest Victorian imperialism:

But angry, lonely, hating it still,
I wished to be there in spite of the wrong.
My heart was heavy for Cumnor Hill,
And the hammer of galloping all day
long.

Six Poets—Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

AVALANCHE OF APRIL, by Kimball Flaccus. \$2. 6½ x 9½; 60 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

POEMS, by Stephen Spender. \$1.50. 5¾ x 9¼; 67 pp. New York: Random House.

POEMS, by W. H. Auden. \$2.50. 5¾ x 9; 218 pp. New York: Random House.

MAN WITH A BULL-TONGUE PLOW, by Jesse Stuart. \$3. 5½ x 8¾; 361 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

AMARANTH, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. \$2. 5¾ x 8¼; 105 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

RIDERS OF THE SKY, by Leighton Brewer. \$2.50. 5¾ x 8¾; 163 pp. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company.

KIMBALL FLACCUS is a young poet who says everything gracefully and nothing memorably. His first book, "Avalanche of April," is in the tradition of sleek—or should it be slick?—writing which has characterized the work of so many recent graduates from our more literate universities. It recalls the first volumes of Joseph Auslander and George Dillon, though it lacks Auslander's sharp if tricky twist of phrase and Dillon's melodic fluency. An excerpt from the opening invocation reveals the temperament as well as the tone. The trailing arbutus, Mr. Flaccus writes,

Unfolds a spray whose mute, miraculous
bells
Speak prelude that is caught and rung
from the throat
Of the young trumpet-lily, imperious note
To squire the ultimate spring,
The long-heralded, the once more awak-
ening.

Here, in the best regimented taste, well-groomed, and rhymed without a crease, are the proper gestures and the prescribed syllables. "Mute, miraculous bells," "prelude . . . rung from the throat," "the young trumpet-lily," "to squire the ultimate spring." Can this softened speech be the

utterance of the youth of 1934? Is this the thrilling voice heralded in the public prints? The other fifty-seven pages tell us nothing more startling. There are poems about the changes of weather, love and nature, and poems about the Connecticut river; there is a poem which praises a village grocer for showing the poet the "lore of earth," and there is a poem reproving Mr. Robinson Jeffers in a nice way. It is all very precise and very pretty. But it is nonsense for the publishers to say that this is "sinewy verse, stripped of rhetoric." It is stripped of everything else.

Rhetoric is also present in the books of Stephen Spender and W. H. Auden, but it is rhetoric of a new order. Both of these young Englishmen are in reaction against the tone, the taste, the purpose, the very properties which condition such verse as Mr. Flaccus's. Spender's revulsion is dignified and deliberate; Auden's is impetuous, alternately restrained and bellicose, clearly persuasive and obscurely perverse. But both of them are unified in aim and attitude. Both, apart from their implicit Communism, are fed up with polite Romanticism, with the escapes into stock poeticisms and ecstasies induced by getting drunk on words. They are as opposed to the false grand manner of the pre-war big-wigs as they are to the artificial bucolics of the late, but scarcely lamented, Georgians. Spender indicates the attitude in an aside:

Real were iron lines, and, smashing the
grass
The cars in which we ride, and real our
compelled time . . .
Unreal were cows, the wave-winged storks,
the lime:
These burned in a clear world from which
we pass
Like *rose* and *love* in a forgotten rhyme.

Spender and Auden are important not only as poets but as portents. They mark a break not only with the classical English convention, but with the current fashion. Most of the younger men have been declaring their independence by imitating T. S. Eliot. Spender and Auden are as little influenced by Eliot's manner as they are by his philosophy. The Eliot allegiance is Catholic and Royalist—and defeatist. Spender and Auden are Communist—and affirmative.

Of the two, Spender is the more secure in spirit as he is more certain in his effects. He does not fear the world about him nor does he despair of its mechanical materials; his poetry encompasses politics, the Church, the embalmed aristocracy ("those ladies like flies in amber, those financiers like fossils in coal"), a bankers' government, men subordinated not only to machines but to statistics, as well as the eternal abstractions. Spender's great gift is his power of animating facts and figures; his passion warms whatever he touches into life, a life that is solemn though never pompous, intense, intimate and, without placarding its importance, noble.

Auden is the more brilliant; he is quicker intellectually and far more experimental in technic. But where Spender occasionally wanders through an ambiguous image, Auden too frequently loses himself—to say nothing of the reader—in clouds of dream-fantasy, jig-saw narration, communications in a private code, and sheer unmeaning. To compensate for such obscurities Auden will write passages of the most stimulating vigor and almost brutal clarity. He is, manifestly, a more fecund but a less integrated poet than Spender. His self-division shows itself not only in his program—he speaks for those who are continually exploited, though he is never really one with them—but in his style: he

uses every modern device, every means of shock, suspense, and dissonance, yet he seems not quite comfortable even after he has mastered them, and his least obscure passages are those in which he relies on the older mediums, straightforward blank verse, odes, even an orthodox antique sestina! Whatever his defects, dullness is not one of them. Reading Spender and Auden may not be the pleasurable experience the reader usually asks of poetry. But it is doubtful whether mere pleasure—or pleasure at all—was the poets' objective. Such poems do not lull, they rouse; they stir the imagination—and the pulse—more swiftly than anything which has come out of England since the vivid poems of Owen and Sassoon.

If Spender and Auden have little in common with Flaccus, Jesse Stuart is, as poet, the antithesis of all three. They have subtleties of technic; he has none. Their minds are disturbed by travel, education, world movements; his mind is occupied with the details of a mountain farm and (a little too consciously) the business of being a poet—it is not so much a mind as a series of simple responses. Because he composes as he plows, Mark Van Doren and others have spoken of Stuart as "an American Burns," which is unfortunate. Such a comparison will only harm the young poet, for it will lead the reader to expect qualities in Stuart which are not his. Burns was a lyricist whose musical effects were conspicuous and carefully planned; Stuart has written a combination of semi-biography and "Spoon River Anthology" in rough sonnets in which the artistry is accidental. For example:

When little Judd and his tall wife Min
Moore
Set their Kentucky burley on the hill,
They set deep in their woods a moonshine
still

And nine daughters carried to the store
Whiskey and eggs and bartered them for
grub.

That was much easier than using a wash-
tub.

They had a mortgage on their farm to pay
One thousand bucks at fifty cents per day!

The very crudity has an undoubted charm; Stuart's candor, his vigor and honest vision go far to compensate for the repetitiousness (there are over seven hundred sonnets here), and the not always interesting incidents he has to tell. He is, as I have implied, far too concerned with his status as a poet—he devotes too much space to the purity of his connection with the Kentucky soil and his scorn of Ph.D.s—but a rugged fertility and a clean gusto rise from him. He has an untutored strength, with material enough for a dozen poets. It is too bad that he must suffer from the wrong kind of praise, from such conclusion as "he is in the line and tradition of the great poets." Even a publisher should not try to believe that.

Edwin Arlington Robinson has always been the laureate of the frustrated and defeated, of the deluded failures and dream-ridden mediocrities. "Amaranth" is the apotheosis—or the *reductio ad absurdum*—of his preoccupation with the social and artistic misfits. Here the Miniver Cheevys, the Richard Corys, and the Bewick Finzers are multiplied and distorted in a limbo which is something like an allegory and something like a nightmare. Here are assembled Fargo who turns from painting to manufacturing pumps and back to painting; Evensong, who used to be a composer with a theme for a quintet—

. . . It sounds like nothing now,
But once it sounded as if God had made
it—

Doctor Styx, who should have been "a
diver, a silversmith, or a ventriloquist";

the Reverend Flax who was a clergyman
because he liked to talk—

But he saw nothing that he could believe
And one day said no more—

Ipswich, the crazed inventor, whose inven-
tions have come to nothing; Atlas who
was a King stevedore before he was an
artist; Pink, the poet, who set his words

With an exotic skill so scintillating
That no two proselytes who worship them
Are mystified in the same way exactly—

Elaine Amelia Watchman, another of the
basilisk-women who fascinate and repel
Robinson, a lady with

. . . white hair, and a young face not
young,
Who writes and writes and writes . . .

All these self-driven, self-deceiving crea-
tures center about Amaranth whose eyes
they avoid but eventually steel themselves
to meet, Amaranth, the flower that never
fades, whose rôle it is

To save, and when discredited or feared,
To quench or to destroy.

Amaranth, it becomes evident, is the
embodiment of Truth, and his pitiless gaze
shrivels the last illusion with which the
crowd of incompetents can comfort them-
selves. Unfortunately, the poem, for all its
dramatic possibilities, is wholly without
drama. Worse, it seems to have no sense of
direction, and though this aimlessness may
give it the dream-like quality the poet is
after, it leaves the reader almost as baffled
as though he were part of the nebulous
tale. It is difficult to tell whether Robinson
is sympathizing with his lost shadows or
satirizing them. It is not easy to gather
what Robinson is saying about human
suffering—it is not even clear that he is
trying to say anything about it other than
the more human the more suffering. But

if "Amaranth" is a dubious allegory, it is a compelling nightmare, with all a nightmare's confusing but logical incongruity.

Leighton Brewer was an air-fighter in France, and so, like Frank Ernest Hill, he writes about flying. Hill, however, is a poet and his verse communicates the combination of excitement and exaltation which is the flyer's. Brewer has more of a story to tell, but he lacks both the narrator's skill and the poet's persuasion. The style varies from overworked rhetoric to flat banalities.



Spinoza

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPINOZA, by
Harry Austryn Wolfson. 2 vols. \$7.50.
6¼ x 9; 440 + 424 pp. Cambridge, Mass.:
The Harvard University Press.

Reviewed by
JEROME ROSENTHAL

THE posthumous career of Spinoza presents a remarkable phenomenon in the history of thought. For a long time shunned and vilified by respectable and God-fearing people as a horrible example of intellectual depravity, he gradually came to be regarded as the model philosopher and sage. Experts and laymen began to vie with one another in scanning his utterances for hidden meanings and in reading into them anticipations of what happened to be the philosophical fashion of the day. The very inaccessibility of his style was utilized by intellectual parasites as a screen behind which to conduct an illicit traffic in adulterated ideas.

To rescue a great thinker from the hands of over-zealous admirers may not have been the direct aim that prompted Professor Wolfson to devote two bulky volumes to Spinoza. The reader, however, will not fail to carry away the impression that Spinoza has been reduced

here to human dimensions. A perusal of the work will make one realize that Spinoza's philosophy, far from having been generated spontaneously and full-fledged from an ecstatic vision, was a result of persistent efforts made by a tenacious thinker for grappling with problems which were closely circumscribed for him by the traditions in which he grew up.

It is the story of Spinoza's struggle with these problems as reflected in his chief work, the "Ethics," that is told here. Written in the arid and flat style of a text-book of geometry, the "Ethics" notoriously is not a self-explanatory book. Professor Wolfson accordingly tries to reconstruct the background from which it arose. Obviously believing that the realm of thought forms a closed system and that every doctrine must be born of another doctrine, he turns for this background not to the general cultural conditions of the time but exclusively to the philosophical teachings of Spinoza's predecessors. It is the doctrines of the Scholastics, particularly the speculations of the Jewish theologians, that are made to yield the clue to the seeming peculiarities of the terms, method, nature and order of the problems exhibited in the "Ethics." Although the synagogue anathematized our philosopher, it was powerless to obliterate the deep marks left upon his mind by the dusty volumes of rabbinical lore he had absorbed during the formative years of his life. In fact, Spinoza is characterized by the author as the last of the medievals.

Paradoxically enough, Spinoza is shown to have supplied the acid that helped both destroy and preserve Scholasticism. In one sense he was most instrumental in causing its collapse. By carrying its premises to their logical conclusions he beat it with its own weapons. For it is from Scholastic premises that he appears to have derived

such anti-medieval conclusions as the denial of existence of an immaterial God distinct from the material world, of a soul distinct from body, the elimination of design from nature and freedom of the will from human actions.

Yet in another sense Spinoza may be said to have given Scholasticism a new lease on life. The fact is that the new edifice erected by him upon the ruins of the old is more medieval than is commonly realized. The traditional God may have become secularized and transformed into "an appeasive term for the most comprehensive principle of the universe." But the term substance which epitomizes this principle, instead of being a shadow of glory that had gone, is as fundamental to his system as God was to traditional metaphysics. It essentially expresses his refusal to identify reality with the aggregate of material things, over and above which he puts a collective and unifying principle forming the source of their intelligibility and existence. Although substance has been stripped of personality, it is invested, like God, with eternity, self-sufficiency, and necessity, concepts so baffling to the modern outlook.

The present work is an important con-

tribution to our understanding not only of Spinoza but also of medieval philosophy. Jewish medieval thought particularly has been vindicated here, through revealing its independent and original assimilation of the Aristotelian heritage, as a worthy rival to Christian Scholasticism. The author's fresh approach to Spinoza deserves special comment. In his interpretation Spinoza was neither a God-intoxicated visionary, nor was he a rebel and iconoclast who delighted in trampling under foot the cherished beliefs of a society and age that treated him like a step-child. "Spinoza was a hard-headed, clear-minded empiricist like most of the medievals and like Aristotle."

Steeped in the traditions of Spinoza as few scholars are, and endowed with a large dose of common sense and imagination, Professor Wolfson has produced a work that is a model of historic writing. One must admire the imaginative manner in which he reconstructs from the hints scattered in the "Ethics" and from his own vast stock of learning the unfoldment of Spinoza's "communication with himself." This, coupled with a style possessing clarity, urbanity, and mellowness of humor should make the work appeal also to the non-specialist.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

JOSEPH AGOR is a Pennsylvania newspaperman well known to the mine and mill workers in the anthracite fields. Going underground at the age of sixteen, he has been breaker boy, miner and mechanic. He has a dozen short stories and a book to his credit and is at present completing a novel of coal region life. He is associate editor of the *Shamokin News-Dispatch*.

CONRAD AIKEN is the well-known poet and novelist. His most recent books include "Preludes for Memon" and "The Great Circle." He is at present living in Sussex, England.

KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS was a naval aviator in the World War, a flying instructor, an airport manager, and a pilot on international air mail liners. He is the author of "Flight Hazard."

AARON COPLAND, the American composer, had his first orchestral work introduced by the New York Symphony in 1925. He was the first composer to be awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship (1925-27). His principal works include: First Symphony, Dance Symphony, Symphonic Ode and a ballet "Hear Ye! Hear Ye!" His Music for the Theatre has been heard widely, here and abroad. At present he is Lecturer on Music at Harvard.

CHESTER T. CROWELL is a widely-read contributor to the magazines and newspapers. He was once editor of The Mexican *Herald* in Mexico City and later managing editor of The Austin (Tex.) *Statesman*. He is at present in Washing-

ton, D. C., watching the greatest show on earth.

JEROME W. EPHRAIM heads his own consumers' manufacturing and technical service in New York. He is the author of "Consumers' Guide to Scientific Buying and Saving". Other articles similar to "The Truth About Cosmetics" will appear in forthcoming issues.

FORD MADDOX FORD is the distinguished English novelist, author of the superb tetralogy of the war which appeared under the titles: "Some Do Not," "No More Parades," "A Man Could Stand Up" and "Last Post." His latest novel is "Henry for Hugh"; an autobiography, "It Was the Nightingale", appeared recently. He spends much of his time in New York.

EMMA GOLDMAN is the well-known American radical. She recently completed a lecture tour in this country and is now living in Canada. Her latest book is "Living My Life".

GRAYSON L. KIRK is Assistant Professor of Political Science at the University of Wisconsin.

IRVING KOLODIN writes music criticism for The New York *Sun*. He studied at the Institute of Musical Art and has contributed articles to the reviews.

SAUL LEVITT has been a shipping clerk, a civil service employee and a factory hand. He is now contributing stories to the magazines and lives in New York.

NEWMAN LEVY was for four years Assistant District Attorney in New York. He is at present practising law in that city. "The Right To Be Let Alone", another article from his pen, will appear in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* shortly.

ROBERT LITTELL was formerly associate editor of *The New Republic* and later dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Post* and *The World*. He contributes to the magazines and is the author of "Read America First."

EDGAR LEE MASTERS, the renowned author of "Spoon River Anthology" and "Lincoln—The Man," lives in New York. His most recent book is "The Tale of Chicago." He will contribute other literary essays to these pages in the future.

RUTH L. PORTERFIELD is a Vassar graduate engaged in editorial work in New York.

JEROME ROSENTHAL is a frequent contributor of articles on philosophy and literary criticism to the reviews.

OLAND D. RUSSELL was *The World's* correspondent in Japan and was

also news editor of *The Japan Advertiser*. He is at present on the staff of *The New York World-Telegram*.

LAURENCE STALLINGS is the widely-known dramatist and critic. With Maxwell Anderson he wrote "What Price Glory?" and is the author of a novel "Plumes." He has contributed literary criticism to *The New York Sun*, *The World*, and the reviews. For the movies he wrote "The Big Parade" and "The First World War." His last book bore the latter title.

ANTHONY M. TURANO came to this country from Italy in 1905 at the age of twelve and has been machinist, grocery clerk, section hand, teamster, bushelman, tailor and candy-mixer. In 1915 he was admitted to the bar in Nevada and has practised law there ever since. He has contributed to *The Forum*, *The American Spectator*, and to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* frequently.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER is the distinguished critic. His most recent book is "Poetry—Its Appreciation and Enjoyment," written with H. Carter Davidson.

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXIV

Adams, Grace: The Lesser Ways of Love . . .	24	Joffe, Eugene: Mountain Driving	69
Agor, Joseph: The Bootleg Coal Industry . . .	416	Kaufman, Schima: Also-Rans of Music . . .	220
Aiken, Conrad: Round by Round (<i>A Story</i>) . .	461	Kelly, Eugene A.: Morgenthau's Rise to Glory	12
Angoff, Charles: The Library	118, 244, 375	Distorting the News	307
Armfield, Eugene: The Old Block	209	Kirk, Grayson L.: The Whiskey Ring Fraud	479
Arts and Sciences, The	488	Knight, Bruce Winton: How to Round Up Cannon-Fodder	31
Authors, The American Mercury	128	How a Navy Kills People	137
256, 384, 510		Le Sueur, Meridel: Biography of My Daughter (<i>For Rhoda</i>)	63
Ballagh, Thomas C.: Bargains in Tariffs . .	192	A Hungry Intellectual	154
Barrett, E. Boyd: The Sociology of Nun- neries	175	Levitt, Saul: The Slant on Politics (<i>A Story</i>)	436
Bates, Ernest Sutherland: The A. F. of L.: Enemy of Labor	52	Levy, Newman: Justice Goes Tabloid . . .	385
Beals, Carleton: Japan Invades Latin America	299	Library, The	118, 244, 375, 499
Bendiner, Marvin R.: Corruption in the World War	225	Littell, Robert: The Price of Comfort . . .	430
Berkman, Aaron: Against Proletarian Art . .	337	MacMillan, Donald B.: Why Go North? . .	202
Bird, Virginia: Wedding Night	282	Masters, Edgar Lee: Literary Boss of the Middle West	450
Boyle, James E.: Our Three Henry Wallaces .	319	Mulhern, Alice: Last Rites	88
Bromley, Dorothy Dunbar: Nicholas Murray Butler— <i>Portrait of a Reaction- ary</i>	286	Murray, Marian: Improving on the Acts of God	364
Buck, Pearl S.: Heat Wave (<i>A Story</i>) . . .	409	Nock, S. A.: When Soft Voices Die . . .	184
Burck, Jacob: For Proletarian Art	332	Parry, Albert: A Minimum Wage Comes to New York	235
Burdette, Franklin L.: Nebraska, a Business Corporation	360	Porterfield, Ruth L.: Women Available . .	473
Carlson, Oliver: The Revolution in Cotton .	129	Pratt, Theodore: Discontent in Heaven . .	108
Carmichael, Alice: Calles and the Mexican Malaise	343	Recorded Music	No. 133, x; No. 134, x; No. 135, x; No. 136, x
Check List of New Books	No. 133, iv; No. 134, iv; No. 135, iv; No. 136, iv	Revolution in the Art World	332
Collings, Kenneth B.: Why Not Use Para- chutes?	444	Russell, Oland D.: Japan's War Machine . .	422
Copland, Aaron: The American Composer Gets a Break	488	Schoenstedt, Walter: Illegal Periodicals in Germany	40
Crowell, Chester T.: The Townsend Plan — <i>A Challenge to Congress</i>	456	Scott, Jonathan F.: Crisis in European Agriculture	44
Dodge, Daniel: An Empire in Hock— <i>The Story of the Van Sweringen Railroads</i> . .	160	Shields, James M.: Woes of a Southern Liberal	73
Eliot, Lester P.: Troubles of American Catholicism	267	Spiess, Jan: You Just Don't Understand Him .	22
English, Jack: Monks Die Good	328	Stallings, Laurence: The Library	499
Ephraim, Jerome W.: The Truth About Hair Tonics	369	State of the Union, The	108, 235, 360
The Truth About Cosmetics	492	Stewart, Kenneth: The Free Press in Cali- fornia	112
Ford, Ford Madox: Hands Off the Arts . . .	402	Talman, Charles Fitzhugh: Waterspouts . .	104
Goldman, Emma: There Is No Communism in Russia	393	Turano, Anthony M.: Birth Control and the Law	466
Goodale, Martin L.: Walter Damrosch . . .	352	Ulman, Joseph N.: Chaos in Criminal Justice	80
Grafton, Samuel: Propaganda from the Right	257	Villard, Oswald Garrison: Wendell Phil- lips, After Fifty Years	93
Guide to Buying	369	Al Smith—Latest Phase	145
Herbst, Josephine: The Farmer Looks Ahead	212	Wilson, Walter: Labor Fights the Ameri- can Legion	1
Hustana, Luis A.: Orphans of the Or- chestra	100	Young, Marguerite: Ignoble Journalism in the Nation's Capital	239

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

SO LITTLE... SO LOVABLE



and so dependent on you

WHAT excitement there was when she got her first tooth. And her second! And now there are seven. Already she is making brave attempts to say a word or two.

Much of your life is given over to keeping her well and happy. For she is so little and lovable—and so dependent on you.

During the day and through the darkness of night you have a feeling of safety and security because of the telephone. It is an ever-watchful guardian of your home—

ready to serve you in the ordinary affairs of life and in time of emergency.

In office and store and factory and on the farm the telephone is an equally important part of every activity.

The telephone would not be what it is today if it were not for the nation-wide Bell System. Its unified plan of operation has developed telephone service to its present high efficiency and brought it within reach of people everywhere.



An extension telephone in your bedroom, sun room, kitchen or nursery will save many steps each day. It insures greater safety and privacy yet the monthly charge is small.

B E L L T E L E P H O N E S Y S T E M

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

GREAT WHITE FLEET

to the *Guest Cruises* WEST INDIES and the CARIBBEAN



LIKE accomplished and thoroughly gracious hosts, Great White Fleet ship staffs and shore staffs entertain you informally, intimately . . . making sure that you and your congenial ship-mates enjoy the best at sea or ashore in the brilliant tropics.

FROM NEW YORK—A wide selection of cruises of 10 to 20 days—variously to HAVANA, JAMAICA, B. W. I., PANAMA, COLOMBIA, S. A., COSTA RICA, GUATEMALA, HONDURAS. Rates vary from \$115 to \$215 minimum. Sailings Thursdays and Saturdays.

No passports required. All rooms outside. Swimming pools. A brilliant schedule of ship entertainment and shore trips.

Similar "Guest Cruises" from NEW ORLEANS, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO.

Apply authorized travel agency or Pier 3, North River, or 332 Fifth Ave., COBE New York.



UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

BELLOWS & COMPANY

Established 1830



BELLOWS CLUB SPECIAL

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

ALL MORE THAN EIGHT YEARS OF AGE

*Specially reserved and bottled by
Portal, Dingwall & Norris,
London, England.*

*Imported by
Bellows & Company, Inc., New York City*

Available at the leading Clubs,
Restaurants, Hotels and Retail Stores

Recorded MUSIC

RHAPSODY FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA ON A THEME BY PAGANINI.

By *Sergei Rachmaninoff.*

R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8553-8555)

\$6

Camden, N. J.

6 parts; 3 12-inch records

This latest work of Rachmaninoff is remarkable chiefly for the extent to which the composer remains constant to himself and his long-formulated modes of expression. Rather than dating only from last summer, it might have been written thirty years ago when the composer was fresh from student years in Russia, so little does it reflect contemporary trends in musical thought. The "theme by Paganini" on which Rachmaninoff has built his twenty-four variations is that same subject from the violin Caprices on which Brahms wrote his two books of Paganini-variations. But of further resemblance there is not the slightest trace. Brahms worked outward from the kernel of musical thought, while Rachmaninoff is rather more intent on embellishment and figuration of the physical outline of the theme. The result, in totality, is another Rachmaninoff piano concerto—rather more ingenious in sheer musical resourcefulness than the four formal concerti, but emotionally threadbare and undistinguished. As played by the composer and the Stokowski-conducted Philadelphia Orchestra with enormous vitality and precision, there are more than a few nervous thrills in this set. But very little music. The recording is magnificent.

QUARTET IN G MINOR (Koechel 478).

By *Wolfgang Mozart.*

R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8562-8565)

\$8

Camden, N. J.

8 parts; 4 12-inch records

Unquestionably one of the most superb works of Mozart for either small or large ensemble, the G minor piano quartet is here given very worthy treatment by Artur Schnabel and Messrs. Onnou, Presi and Jo and Maas of the Belgian Pro-Arte Quartet. More than a fraternity of keys unites this work with the great G minor viola quintet of Mozart; there is (in the first two movements at least) a related subjectivity which Mozart did not often permit himself. And also (as if to dispel the sombre picture which he had conjured onto paper) there is a gay little

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

top the composition. Whether it is the fault of recording engineers or simple domination by the Austrian, Schnabel often gives the impression of a pianist accompanied by three somewhat reticent strings—and the ensemble is never of the best. However, his conception is sufficiently sturdy to place the onus upon his associates, for not rising to his level. They are, however, conscientious musicians and skillful executants. The *andante* is somewhat heavily-paced into a virtual *larghetto*; but there is little to cavil with in the superior reading of the *allegros*. Aside from the lack of balance noted, the recording is excellent.

GRAND FUGUE (*opus 133*).

By Ludwig van Beethoven.

R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8586-8587)

\$4

Camden, N. J.

4 parts; 2 12-inch records

The gentlemen of the Budapest String Quartet (who have already recorded the B flat quartet of which this is the discarded finale) here complete the job with the fugue. Although few persons who have heard this movement played by a large ensemble of strings can accept the quartet version thereafter, the Budapest ensemble do the job as thoroughly as one can expect from four men. Not a work well-suited for phonographic reproduction, the recording is nevertheless mechanically able.

VALES NOBLES ET SENTIMENTALES.

By Maurice Ravel.

R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 11727-11728)

\$3

Camden, N. J.

4 parts; 2 12-inch records

SCHERZO FROM SYMPHONY NO. 3 IN D MINOR.

SCHERZO FROM THE "YOUTH" SYMPHONY IN D MINOR.

By Anton Bruckner.

R.C.A.-Victor (No. 11726)

\$1.50

Camden, N. J.

2 parts; 1 12-inch record

The Ravel clinical waltzes are an interesting item for specialists in either Ravel, French music or waltzes; but in the latter category, only as an object lesson in misapplied energy. As a composer, Ravel reminds one of a skillful actor who insists on appearing in poor plays of his own contriving; his orchestrating ability is so much more palatable when it is applied to the completed thoughts of other men. Piero Coppola leads the Paris Conservatory Orchestra in an adroit performance, but the recording is hardly up to current standards. The two Bruckner scherzi are a pleasant enough introduction to this composer's works; one should not make the error, however, of expecting the bulk of these symphonies to be so happily realized. Fritz Zaun directs the Berlin State Opera Orchestra in the first, and Anton Konrath what is called the "Vienna Symphony" in the second. Both are competent and the recording is satisfactory.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



Even Stokowski marveled!

NO one more intimately knows the process and the progress of Victor Recording than Leopold Stokowski. No one is more exacting in the making of a record; no one more critical of the finished disc. Yet even he, when he heard the new Philadelphia Orchestra recording of

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S FIFTH

was delighted and amazed. For like a crystal ball that condenses color and sharpens detail of everything it reflects, this superb recording gave back to the conductor something approaching his own ideal performance; a quality of brilliance, warmth and clarity impossible even in an actual performance. If such a statement seems exaggeration, we invite you to hear this incredibly beautiful recording, available today at your dealer's.

PARSIFAL, ACT III

A Symphonic Synthesis

Of the reverent yet humanly passionate poem that Mr. Stokowski has made of certain music from Act III of Wagner's *Parsifal*, it is difficult to speak with restraint. *Parsifal* may be, as someone has said, a work of "exquisite moments and interminable half-hours", yet in these two records there is nothing but the potent distillate of Wagner's genius; a synthesis of all the elements that make *Parsifal* a wonder of mystical loveliness—that made Wagner not merely a personage, but a force in the world of music. The recording is worthy of the music and of the orchestra.

ASK TO HEAR ALSO

Bach—Concerto in D Minor (Piano)

Edwin Fischer with Orchestra

Mozart—Piano Quartet in G Minor

Artur Schnabel—Messrs. Onnou, Prevost and Maas

Beethoven—Quartet in B-Flat Major, op. 130

Budapest String Quartet

VICTOR RECORDS



RCA Victor Division
RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc.
Camden, New Jersey

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

SPECIAL \$1 OFFER

Now You'll Surely Want This LIVELY STUDY OF CONTEMPORARY WASHINGTON

Its Departments—Personalities—Failures

AMONG liberal minded men of affairs The Nation has a reputation for exposing significant facts omitted from most publications. Now The Nation announces an important series of factual articles, engagingly written, giving a comprehensive survey of the departments of government in Washington. It tells who dominates them, why they do not always function for the social good, and it dares to trace the responsibility for most of the New Deal Disappointments to the Chief Executive himself—Roosevelt!

The Series Outlined

The author of the series is Paul Ward, of the staff of the Baltimore Sun, Washington Bureau. An outline of his series follows:

1. "Please Excuse Miss Perkins." . . . An analysis of the New Deal's labor relations and the growing Fascist trend thereof with particular reference to her part in the process.
2. "The NRA: Haven for the New Cake-Eaters." . . . A study of the National Recovery Administration debacle and of the forces and personalities responsible.
3. "Roper Builds the Perfect Lobby." . . . New light on the Secretary of Commerce who to date mistakenly has been treated as a comic character.
4. "Economic Planning on a Quarter Turn of the Heart." . . . A revaluation of Mr. Wallace in the light of the AAA "purge" and other matters.
5. "Harry Hopkins, Tailor to the Existing Order." . . . An analysis of the New Deal's relief policies with particular reference to the part Mr. Hopkins has played in shaping them.
6. "Old-Fashioned Honesty Revalued." . . . A study of the Interior Department and PWA and, perforce, of Mr. Ickes and his conferees.
7. "Hacking to Justice on Gift Horses from Farley." . . . Why Mr. Cummings' Department runs but gets nowhere.
8. "Hull House on Pennsylvania Avenue." . . . The sad, sad story of the Secretary of State's attempt to Jeffersonize twentieth century foreign policy.
9. "Refurbishing an Old Ghost." . . . The story of banking and taxation under the New Deal and the parts therein of Messrs. Morgenthau and Eccles.
10. "The President Is Not Norman Thomas." . . . Dissecting The New Deal's nerve center, the White House, where "Yes, yes, go on" means all things to all men.

You'll read Ward on Washington in book form next fall—keep ahead of the times—read him in The Nation now. His articles appear every other week beginning March 28.

17 Weeks for \$1

The regular price of The Nation is \$5 a year. So that you may become better acquainted with America's foremost liberal weekly we offer an Introductory Subscription of 17 weeks for only \$1! Subscriptions begin with Ward's first article so long as copies are available. Fill in the coupon below, attach a dollar bill, and mail it today!

The Nation

A.M.A.

ORDER FORM

THE NATION 20 Vesey Street New York City
Send me 17 weeks of The Nation beginning with Ward's first article on Washington. I enclose \$1.

Name.....

Address.....



Check List of NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising
section, page vii*

Louise, Countess Larisch von Wallersee-Wittelsbach, whom she once admonished to the effect that "silence is golden; always bear that in mind." The Countess has borne this advice in mind, now, for many years, and as a result has found herself repeatedly described in history as a half-mysterious, half-villainous actress in the dynastic drama of the imperial Hapsburgs. So she has finally decided to tell her story, and thereby give the curious a peep through the keyhole of the Hapsburg closet. At the same time, she has rather convincingly extricated her own name from the tangle of the Meyerling tragedy of 1889. A spicy bit of royal gossip. Illustrated.

AT THE SHRINE OF ST. CHARLES.

By E. V. Lucas.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$2 5 1/4 x 7 3/4; 141 pp. New York

Mr. Lucas is the author of a standard biography of Charles Lamb. The present volume is apparently composed of the scraps and shavings which the author had left on his hands at the conclusion of this earlier work. Rather than keep them tucked away in his closet—to which a proper modesty would have consigned them—Mr. Lucas has decided to wish them off upon the public. Among these odds and ends may be found a few unimportant facts about Lamb's friend, Randal Norris; an unilluminating essay on the evolution of whimsicality; an account of Lamb in connection with the universities; a rather pedantic investigation into the matter of Lamb's performances as an after-dinner speaker; and a few recently unearthed letters. On the whole, a very dull and unimportant book.

MISCELLANEOUS

CANNIBAL COUSINS.

By John Houston Craige. Minton, Balch & Company

\$2.75

5 3/4 x 8 1/4; 304 pp. New York

Despite the misleading title, this is really a good study of life in Haiti. Captain Craige, whose Black Bagdad was enthusiastically received by the critics less than two years ago, first visited Haiti in the days before the American occupation. Later he returned to serve with the Marine Corps. He has amassed a wealth of interesting material—which he presents, for the most part, in story-form—about the superstitions of Haitian peasants and the villainies of the Haitian politicians. His style is racy throughout, and a certain well-tempered impudence renders his narrative manner eminently pleasing and readable. There is a bibliography, but an index is lacking.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF CERTAIN NINETEENTH CENTURY PAMPHLETS.

By John Carver & Graham Pollard.

Charles Scribner's Sons

\$6

6½ x 9; 400 pp.

New York

Followers of the amazing auction room activities of Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, E. Edward Newton and J. P. Morgan will be shocked by this book. It is a scholarly and impressive exposé of forged Nineteenth Century first editions which have victimized even the most eminent collectors. Messrs. Carver and Pollard have examined very carefully more than fifty of these so-called first editions of Wordsworth, Tennyson, the Brownings, Thackeray, Dickens, Ruskin and a few others. They have gone into the history of paper manufacture, examined the paper of the suspected forgeries under the microscope, and studied the type in use at the time. Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the great London book-collector, they attack vigorously because of his "shocking negligence" in not making public what he alone knew about these forgeries. Their evidence is so weighty, their methods so fool-proof, that it is impossible to consider their findings anything but indisputable fact. The book is fully documented and indexed.

BLACK MONASTERY.

By Aladar Kuncz.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$2.75

5½ x 8¼; 409 pp.

New York

The memoirs of a cultivated Hungarian schoolmaster who, while vacationing in France during the summer of 1914, was arrested along with many other Central Europeans and immediately returned: first at Périgueux, then at Noirmoutier (in the rat-infested Black Monastery), and finally at L'Île d'Yeu in the Vendée. The story of his suffering, as here recorded, is a story of horror, resignation and despair. Over a period of four and a half years, Kuncz struggled on amid death and disease, studying the prisoners around him and forming unforgettable mental pictures of his and their tragedy. Months after the Armistice he was given freedom to return to Budapest, then a city of red flags and starvation. "From pain," he writes sadly, "to greater pain." A deeply moving, intensely interesting narrative.

THE RIDDLE OF JUTLAND.

By L. Gibson & J. E. T. Harper.

Coward-McCann

\$4

6½ x 9½; 416 pp.

New York

On May 31, 1916, the British and German navies met to fight what has come to be regarded as the most important and fateful single naval episode of the World War—the Battle of Jutland. In this straightforward account of the proceedings, actual records alone are adhered to. The legend of German victory is discredited, although no attempt is made on the part of the authors to disparage the true and brilliant genius of Admiral Scheer. "But to history the Battle of Jutland was to become synonymous with the name of Jellicoe and with British victory." There is a bibliography and also an index.



SPRING GIFTS

A Torgsin Order will enable your relatives in the U.S.S.R. to buy clothing, shoes, underwear, food-stuffs, household utensils, tobaccos and countless other domestic or imported articles.

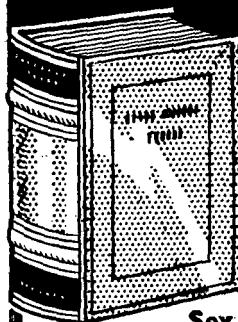
Prices compare favorably with those in America

For orders on Torgsin apply to your local bank or authorized agents.



General Representative in U.S.A. at Amtorg—361 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

AMERICAN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEX



Here is the most educative, most informative, and most authoritative sex work in English! It will be found useful to scientists, judges, clergymen, and scholars; and a necessity to doctors, lawyers and educators.

THE ONLY COMPLETE Sex Work in English

CONTENTS INCLUDE: A Dictionary of Sexology • A Manual of Noted Names in Erotology • A Lexicon of Medico-Sexo-Legal Expressions • A Compilation of Sexual Allusions in History and Literature • Glossary of Foreign Sex Terms • Scientific Sex Works • Etc.

Send for free pamphlet now!

The Panurge Press 70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Please send me without cost or obligation your brochure on the American Encyclopedia of Sex.

Name.....Age.....7304

Address.....

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

IMAGINE somebody writing about Moscow the kind of book that "Washington-Merry-Go-Round" was about our own capital! Only instead of concentrating on statesmen and politicians, the center of interest here would be the everyday people of the city. And instead of intrigue and scandal, the book would revolve about the thoughts, habits, troubles, loves, ambitions, amusements, and homes of the people. Wouldn't such a book be the first real human interest book written about Russia? Well that is exactly what this book is —

MOSCOW CARROUSEL

By **EUGENE LYONS**

For six years Mr. Lyons was Moscow correspondent for the United Press. He was a great reporter; he was the first to interview Stalin. Now he has returned to the United States and he has put together all the impressions and recollections of the things he saw and heard there. The result is an intimate revue of life as it is now lived in that strangest and most fascinating of cities. The book is about Moscow only — not about the peasants, the steppes and the new dynamos! But the big city reflects the entire nation, Meet that city here — from Stalin and Kaganovich to the most famous soldier and the most humble child. It is an absorbing experience.

With 78 photographs. \$3.50.



ALFRED · A · KNOPF · PUBLISHER · N · Y ·

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



for publishers . . .

composition

hand
monotype
linotype



**one phase of a
complete service**



The Haddon Craftsmen

INCORPORATED

NEW YORK, 393 SEVENTH AVE., PHONE: PE 6-9790
PLANT, 19TH & FEDERAL STS., CAMDEN, N. J., PHONE: CAMDEN 6800

Are You Over 45 Years of Age?

Are You an Executive of a Million Dollar or Larger Corporation?

● If so, you may be the person to inform that there are advertising mediums such as buses and street cars which can do an advertising job just as well—and better in many cases—than other forms of advertising.

● Campbell's Soup started their tremendous business with less than five thousand dollars a year for advertising space in street cars.

● The Fifth Avenue buses offer the last chance to advertise to thousands of persons just before they step into many shops to buy millions of dollars' worth of merchandise.

● Based on a month's tabulation, the Fifth Avenue buses delivered to

	<i>passengers per year</i>
Lord & Taylor's	378,000
Altman's	423,000
McCreery's Fifth Ave. Entrance	233,400
Best & Co.	184,500
Franklin Simon & Co.	134,700
John Wanamaker	284,294

● These figures are from a survey made by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company a few years ago, when the coaches were carrying only 43,000,000 passengers a year. During the past 12 months the buses carried away from Wanamaker's 366,918 passengers.

● It is just a little more trouble for your agent, after he buys space for you in the Fifth Avenue buses because he probably has to put through an order for a drawing besides a printing job, but we know that many of the concerns headed by those who have reached the "Age of Plenty" can profitably use advertising space in the Fifth Avenue buses. Mr. Executive, why not learn about this advertising medium? It naturally limits competition because of the limited number of spaces. It has a low cost visibility statistical standing that beats most mediums all hollow. Let us send you our presentation. A post card will bring it.

JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, Jr.

Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Buses

425 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Caledonia 5-2151

It's the Story they tell



Smoke Room
seen on the
S.S. Statendam

that holds their interest . . . and we, too, have a first class story that we are all agog to tell . . . of smart people who enjoy the congenial atmosphere on our ships . . . of gourmets who want the best in food . . . of milord and lady who demand the most exacting service . . . of fussy people for whom we scrub and rub . . . of many inveterate travelers who always sail with us . . . a story that reveals the delights of First Class travel on our ships...**AND**, it's all in our new, tremendously interesting book . . . yours for the asking at your Travel Agent's office . . . he will gladly give you details.

CONVENIENT SAILINGS TO ENGLAND FRANCE AND HOLLAND

S. S. VEENDAM	APRIL 20
S. S. VOLENDAM	APRIL 28
S. S. STATENDAM	APRIL 30

and frequent sailings thereafter

Holland-America Line



THE BEST IN EVERY FIELD

by *Rachel Field*
TIME OUT OF MIND

A novel of the America of enduring traditions and unshakable ideals. The scene is Maine in its first transition from shipping as the principal industry. In her story of the little coastal town Miss Field has crammed incidents, types and action. **\$2.50**

by *Richard Coleman*
**DON'T YOU WEEP,
DON'T YOU MOAN**

A novel of the *real* Southern negro: the Charleston "Gullahs". In it is all the sensuality, the primitive fanaticism, the easy humor and quick exuberance of the race . . . woven into a tumultuous love story. **\$2.50**

THINGS TO LIVE FOR by *Francis Stuart*

"A remarkable and exciting book! Few autobiographies have been more revealing of an author. Written from the heart and from the soul . . . there is scarcely a dull paragraph."—*New York Times* **\$2.50**

NEW PATHWAYS IN SCIENCE

by *Sir Arthur Eddington*

With the same mastery of subject and clarity of style which made his *Nature of The Physical World* so widely popular, Eddington here analyzes for the layman the new avenues opened up by modern research in science. **\$3.00**

DANTE VIVO by *Giovanni Papini*

The long-awaited life of Dante by the author of the world-renowned *Life of Christ*. Not "just another book on Dante", but an enthralling study of the man, the statesman, the patriot, as well as the poet. **\$3.50**

**THERE IS
NO TRUCE**

by *Rudolph W. Chamberlain*

The absorbing story of the dramatic life and work of Thomas Mott Osborne, pioneer American penologist. **\$3.50**

**THE DELIGHTFUL
DIVERSION**

by *Reginald Brewer*

The whys and wherefores of book collecting; what to collect and where and how; rare books and their values. **\$3.00**

at bookstores everywhere

The MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue

New York City

by *H. E. Bates*
THE POACHER

A full length novel by the author of *The Woman Who Had Imagination* is a literary event of first importance. In his ability to depict dramatically how the smallest things alter a man's fate, Mr. Bates is without a peer. **\$2.00**

by *Elizabeth Sprigge*
**CASTLE IN
ANDALUSIA**

Color — romance — exciting suspense distinguish this novel of modern Spain. It is the story of an English girl who marries a nobleman and, as their chateau, the protectress of oppressed villagers. **\$2.50**

**WHEELS AND
BUTTERFLIES**

by *William Butler Yeats*

A volume of his four latest plays which again display his genius for lyric beauty in words and his fine philosophy. **\$2.00**

